



















# SELECT PLAYS,

FROM CELEBRATED AUTHORS:

*J. M. Holland*

PERFORMED AT THE

*1825.*

PRINCIPAL THEATRES

IN THE

United States of America.

==  
VOLUME SECOND.  
==

CONTAINING,

ROBBERS,

FIESCO,

CABAL and LOVE.

---

Baltimore :

Printed and Sold, by

WARNER & HANNA.

—  
1802.



RBL  
Jantz  
#828

---

# The Robbers.

A TRAGEDY,  
BY FREDERICK SCHILLER.

---

---

## Dramatis Personæ.

---

Count Moor.

Charles, } *His Sons.*  
Francis, }

Spiegelberg, } *Libertines, who become Robbers.*  
Schweitzær, }  
Grimm, }  
Schufterle, }  
Roller, }  
Razman, }  
Kosinski, }

Herman, *the natural Son of a Nobleman.*

Daniel, *an old Servant of Count Moor.*

Commissary.

Amelia, *Niece of the Count.*

*Robbers, Servants, &c.*

---



---

# THE ROBBERS.

---

A C T I.

---

SCENE—*An Apartment in the Castle of* COUNT MOOR.

*Enter* COUNT *and* FRANCIS.

*Fra.* **B**UT are you well, my father?—you look so pale—

*Cou.* Quite well, my son. What tidings do you bring?

*Fra.* The post is arrived.—A letter from our correspondent at Leipzig—

*Cou.* (*With eager anxiety.*) Does it contain any account of my son Charles?

*Fra.* It does; but I fear, if you be ill—if you feel in the smallest degree disordered, allow me—I will communicate the matter to you at a more proper time. (*Half aside.*) This intelligence is ill adapted to the ear of a feeble, sickly father.

*Cou.* Heavens! What can he mean?

*Fra.* First let me step aside, and drop a tear of pity for my poor lost brother. I ought to be mute—for he is your son. I ought to conceal his disgrace—for he is my brother: but to obey you is my first duty, and by this mournful duty I am bound to speak—therefore forgive me.

*Cou.* Oh Charles, Charles! didst thou but know how thy conduct tortures thy father;—didst thou but know that happy tidings of thee would add ten years to my existence—whereas, all I have lately heard has led me, with rapid strides, to the grave.

*Fra.* If my father's life be dependent on happy tidings from my brother, I must go. Were I to state all I know, we should, even to-day, tear our hair over your corpse.

*Cou.* Stay.—The step to the grave is but short.—Be it so. (*Sits himself.*) The sins of the father are visited even unto the third and fourth generation. Be it so.

*Fra.* (*Draws a letter from his pocket.*) You know our correspondent. I would forfeit this finger if I could say he lied. Collect yourself. Forgive me, if I do not allow *you* to read this letter : you must not know all.

*Cou.* As you will. My son, you are the prop of my declining years.

*Fra.* (*Reads.*) “Leipzig, 1st of May. Your brother seems, at length, to have filled the measure of his infamy, unless his genius, in this respect, soars above every thing I can comprehend. After having contracted debts to the amount of forty thousand dollars,”—a decent sum, Sir—“after having seduced the daughter of a rich banker, and, mortally wounded her lover in a duel, he, last night, with seven of his dissipated companions, escaped the arm of justice by flight.”—Father ! for heaven's sake, father—how do you feel ?

*Cou.* Enough, my son ; read no further.

*Fra.* I pity you sincerely. “Warrants have been issued against him ; the injured cry aloud for redress, and a reward is offered for his apprehension. The name of Moor”—No, my lips shall not destroy my father. (*Tears the letter.*) Do not believe it, Sir. Do not believe one syllable of it.

*Cou.* (*Overpowered with sorrow.*) My name—my honourable name—

*Fra.* Oh that he did not bear the name of Moor ! Oh that my heart did not feel such warm affection for him ! It is an affection which I cannot

eradicate, though I feel that the Eternal Judge will hereafter condemn it.

*Cou.* Oh my prospects—my enchanting visions!

*Fra.* Yes, yes, “That ardent spirit,” you were wont to say, “which already appears in my boy Charles, which already makes him feel the force of every thing sublime and beautiful. That candour which beams in his eye—that sensibility—that manly courage—that juvenile ambition—that unconquerable perseverance, and all those shining virtues which adorn my son, will one day make him a sincere friend, a worthy citizen, an illustrious hero.” How gloriously is your prophecy fulfilled! The *ardent spirit* has shewn itself, and admirable, indeed, are its achievements. The *candour* is transformed to impudence, the *sensibility* is shewn by attachment to every wanton Phryne. Can the pleasures of six years have burnt away the oil of this illustrious fiery genius? Yes—so completely, that, as he passes through the streets, the passers-by exclaim—“C’est l’amour qui a fait ça” The *illustrious hero* has, indeed, achieved exploits beyond his years, and when he has attained the age of maturity, what may we not expect? Perhaps, father, you may live to enjoy the happiness of beholding him at the head of a troop, which takes its station in the sacred recesses of the woods, in order to ease the weary traveller of his burden. Perhaps, ere you die, you may behold the monument erected for him between heaven and earth. Perhaps—Oh my father! seek, seek another name; lest the boys, who have seen the effigy of your son in the market-place of Leipzig, should point the finger of derision at you.

*Cou.* Must you, too, torment me thus? How do my children lacerate my heart.

*Fra.* You perceive that I have a spirit, too; but ’tis a scorpion’s spirit. “Yes,” you were

wont to say, "that poor puppet Francis, that weak creature"—with twenty other titles, pointing out the difference between me and Charles, as he sat upon your knee, and pinched your cheek—"that inanimate dolt will die, decay, and be forgotten, while his brother's fame will fly from pole to pole." Yes, with uplifted hands I thank thee, heaven, for having made the *poor puppet* Francis unlike his brother.

*Cou.* Pardon me, my son ;—rail not against your father, when he owns himself deceived. The God who doomed that Charles should cause these tears, will wipe them from my eyes, through thee, my Francis.

*Fra.* Yes, dear father ; Francis will wipe them from your eyes : Francis will employ his life in prolonging yours. You shall be the oracle which guides his actions—the mirror in which he surveys his every project. No duty shall be too sacred to be broken, when your precious life depends on the transgression.

*Cou.* I thank you, my son. Heaven reward you for what you have done, and will do, for me !

*Fra.* Confess to me, then, that you would be a happy man, if you were not obliged to own my brother as your son.

*Cou.* Hold, oh hold ! when the nurse first brought him to me, I raised him in my arms towards heaven, and cried : "I am most happy."

*Fra.* And feel you happy now ? No, you envy the condition of your meanest vassal. Charles is the cause of your sorrow ; as long as he remains your son, this sorrow will increase, and at last prove fatal.

*Cou.* True ! True !

*Fra.* Well, then, disinherit this son.

*Cou.* (*Starts.*) Francis ! Francis ! what say you ? Wish you that I should curse my son ?

*Fra.* That do I not. But whom do you call your son? That man, to whom you have given life, and whose constant endeavour is to shorten your's?

*Cou.* I own his conduct is unnatural—but still, still he is my child.

*Fra.* An amiable child truly, whose constant study is to put and end to his father's life. Oh that you could view his conduct in a proper light! Oh that the scales would fall from your eyes! But no: your indulgence confirms him in his dissolute pursuits—your supplies of money justify his conduct. True it is that you thus remove the curse of heaven from him, but on you father, on you will it fall with tenfold vengeance.

*Cou.* It is just—most just. Mine, mine is all the guilt.

*Fra.* How many thousands, after having drenched the voluptuous bowl of libertinism, have reclaimed by suffering? Is not the corporal pain, which succeeds every excess, a proof of heavenly interference? Shall man dare to avert this by impious affection? Shall the father dare to destroy, by ill-timed tenderness, the pledge entrusted to his care? Consider, sir—if you doom him to undergo, for a short time, the misery he has prepared for himself, must he not reform? In the other case, must he not become habituated to vice?—Then woe be to the father, who, by countenancing the crimes of his son, has destroyed the intentions of a higher Power.

*Cou.* I'll write to him—I'll tell him that I abandon him for ever.

*Fra.* Such conduct will be wise.

*Cou.* I'll forbid him to appear again before me.

*Fra.* That will have a wholesome effect upon him.

*Cou.* (*In a tone of affection.*) Till he reforms.

*Fra.* Right, sir. But may he not come with the mask of a hypocrite; sue for your compassion; with tears implore your pardon; and, after having obtained it, may he not depart, and, in the arms of his harlots, laugh at his old father's weakness?—No, sir; believe me he will, of his own accord, return as soon as his conscience has acquitted him.

*Cou.* I must write to him without delay. (*Going.*)

*Fra.* Hold! another word, my father. Your anger may, I fear, dictate to your pen expressions which may drive him to despair; and, on the other hand—will he not deem a letter written by yourself to be a token of forgiveness? It will, therefore, be better if you allow me to write the letter.

*Cou.* Do so, Francis. Alas! It would have broken my heart. Tell him—

*Fra.* (*Eagerly.*) You wish me to write, then?

*Cou.* Yes. Tell him that he has made me shed a thousand tears of blood—that he has made me toss upon my couch a thousand sleepless nights—but he is my son—do not drive him to despair.

*Fra.* Retire to bed, dear father. You are much agitated.

*Cou.* Tell him that his father's bosom—but do not, do not drive him to despair. (*Exit.*)

*Fra.* (*looks after him with derision.*) Yes. Console thyself, poor dotard, for his loss. Thou shalt never clasp him in thy arms. The gulph between thee and thy darling son is as wide as that which separates heaven from hell. He was torn from thy arms, ere thou hadst determined that it was thy will. I must collect these scraps. How easily might any one recognize my hand! (*Gathers the pieces of the letter which he had torn.*) What a wretched bungler should I be, had I not yet dis-



covered the means of alienating a father from his son; even were they bound by chains of iron to each other. Yes, honoured father, I have drawn a magic circle round thee, which thy darling cannot overstep. Sorrow will soon do its duty, and close thy mortal career. From *her* heart too I must tear this Charles, even if half her life depended on it. (*Walks to and fro with rapid strides.*) Nature, I have great right to hate thee, and, by my soul, I'll be revenged. Why hast thou loaded me with such a burden of deformity? Why me alone of all that bear the name of Moor? Hell and furies, why me alone? But 'tis well. Thou didst damn me while I was begotten—and, in return, I vow eternal hatred against thee. I see no other human being like me—therefore will I blast thy works. The sweet fraternity of souls I cannot know—the soft persuasive eloquence of love I cannot use. Force, therefore,—force, and cunning must assist me. With them I'll crush each creature that opposes me, 'till I have gained the height of my ambition.

*Enter AMELIA slowly.*

She comes.—Ha! I perceive, by her step, that the medicine takes effect.—I do not love her; but I am resolved that no one else shall revel in her charms. In my arms shall they wither, untasted, unenjoyed by man.—Ha! What is she doing now? (*Amelia, without perceiving Francis, destroys a nosegay, and tramples on it. Francis approaches with a malicious mine.*) What crime have these poor violets committed?

*Ame.*—(*Starts and measures him with a long look.*)—You here! 'Tis as I wished. You alone, of all mankind, did I wish to see.

*Fra.* Transcendent bliss! me alone of all mankind!

*Ame.* Yes: I have panted for this moment, and will enjoy it. Stay, I conjure you—stay, that I may—curse thee, villain.

*Fra.* What! Treat me thus! You have mistaken the object of your hate. Go to my father.

*Ame.* Father!—true. A father who dooms his son to eat the food of sorrow and despair, while he regales himself with dainties, quaffs delicious wines, and rests, his palsied frame on beds of down. Shame on you, monster—shame on you, brutal wretches! How could a father be persuaded thus to treat his only son!

*Fra.* His only son! I thought that he had two.

*Ame.* Yes, he deserves such sons as thou art. When stretched upon the bed of death, in vain will he stretch forth his withered hand, in hopes to feel the hand of Charles. With horror will he shrink from the icy touch of Francis. Yes, wretch, one transport still awaits thee—a dying father's curse.

*Fra.* Your mind is disordered, dear Amelia. I lament your fate.

*Ame.* Dost thou lament thy brother's fate? No: monster, thou hatest him. I hope thou hatest me too.

*Fra.* Oh, Amelia! I love you more than life.

*Ame.* If this be true, you surely cannot deny me one request.

*Fra.* Never, never! ask any thing.

*Ame.* The boon is small.—(*With dignity*)—All I require is, that thou wilt hate me. Shame would overpower me, were I to know that, while I thought of Charles, thou didst not hate me. Give me thy promise, and begone.

*Fra.* Lovely enthusiast? How does that firm, immutable affection charm me!—(*Placing his hand on Amelia's heart.*)—Here, here reigned my brother. Charles was the god of this temple.—In



motion, or on her pillow, Charles was the idol of Amelia's fancy. In Charles' creation seemed to be concentrated.—

*Ame.*—(*Much agitated.*)—"Tis true—I own it. Yes, in defiance of you, barbarous wretches as you are, I'll tell it to the world—I love him.

*Fra.* Inhuman villain, thus to reward her tender passion—to forget her !

*Ame.* What ? Forget me !

*Fra.* Did you not place a ring upon his finger—A diamond ring, as a pledge of your fidelity ? But what youth can resist the fascinating arts of a wanton ? Who can blame him ? He had no money—and she rewarded him, no doubt, for his liberality, by many a warm embrace.

*Ame.*—(*Incensed.*)—My ring to a wanton !

*Fra.* Shame overtake him ! Yes.

*Ame.*—(*Violently.*)—My ring !

*Fra.* No other, Amelia. Oh, had you placed such a jewel on my finger, death himself should not have robbed me of the treasure. 'Tis not the sparkling diamond, nor the costly workmanship, but *love*, which gives value to the present.—You are in tears, sweet girl. Damned be the wretch who made them flow. Alas ! did you know all ; were you to see him in his present state ?

*Ame.* Monster ! In what state ?

*Fra.* Dear Amelia, do not ask me.—(*As if aside, but audibly.*)—Well would it be for the libertine and the debauchee could he conceal his crimes from the world's observation : but they are horribly betrayed by the dim, livid eye, the death-like features, faltering voice, projecting bones, and tottering frame. The poison pierces to the very marrow, and — — — disgusting dreadful thought !—(*Turns towards her.*)—Amelia, you recollect the wretch who expired in our hospital. You once looked at him, but modesty forbade that

the look should be more than momentary. Recal the image of that wretch to your mind, and think you see—my brother Charles. Yes, such is he. His kisses are infectious—poison is on his lips.

*Ame.* Infamous slanderer!—(*Turns away.*)

*Fra.* Does this weak description fill you with horror? Go then—behold himself—behold your amiable, angelic Charles—go—inhale the balsam of his breath—feast on the ambrosial air which issues from his lips—(*Amelia conceals her face.*) How voluptuous to embrace him!—But is it not unjust to condemn a person on account of his external appearance?—May not a great soul beam from a miserable cripple, like a diamond from a dung-hill!—(*With a malicious smile.*)—True it is, if debauchery undermines the firmness of character, if virtue makes her escape when modesty is banished, as the perfume leaves the withered rose—if the mind becomes a cripple with the body—

*Ame.*—(*Transported.*) Ha! Charles! now I know thee again. Thou art still the same. Villain, it cannot be. Thy tale is false.—(*Francis stands awhile lost in thought, then suddenly turns, and is going.*)—Whither so quick. Art thou ashamed, because detected.

*Fra.*—(*Concealing his face.*)—Let me weep unmolested.—Hard-hearted father—thus to consign to misery the worthiest of his sons. Let me hasten to him, dear Amelia. I'll fall at his feet, and, on my knees, implore that he will transfer his curse to me—that he will disinherit me—my blood—my life—my every thing.

*Ame.*—(*Falls on his neck.*)—Brother of my Charles! Best, dearest Francis!

*Fra.* Oh, Amelia, how do I love you for your unshaken constancy towards Charles. Pardon me for having thus put your affection to the test. How sweetly have you justified my wishes. These

tears, these sighs, this praiseworthy indignation—all, all prove our souls to be congenial.

*Ame.*—(*Shakes her head.*)—No, no. By yon chaste light of heaven, thou canst not feel like Charles. His sensibility and spirit are alike unknown to thee.

*Fra.* The evening which preceded his departure for Leipzig was silent and serene. He led me to the arbour, where you and he so often had exchanged soft vows of love.—Long we remained silent, till at length he seized my hand, and whispered in a voice which his tears almost choaked: “I leave my Amelia—I cannot account for my sensations—but I fear that I leave her for ever. Do not forsake her, brother. Be her friend—her Charles—should Charles never return—”(*Falls at her feet, and kisses her hand with fervour.*)—And never will he return.—Amelia, I acceded to his wishes, and he bound me to the observance of them by an oath.

*Ame.* (*Starts back.*) Traitor! Have I detected thee? In that very arbour did he conjure me, that, if death divided us, no other passion should—Wretch; villain most accursed! Away from me!

*Fra.* Amelia, you do not know me.

*Ame.* Oh, I know thee well. Wouldst thou convince me that Charles could entrust his secrets to a wretch like thee? Begone instantly.

*Fra.* You insult me.

*Ame.* Begone, I say. Thou hast robbed me of a costly hour. May it be deducted from thy life!

*Fra.* You hate me, then?

*Ame.* I abhor thee. Begone.

*Fra.* (*Furiously.*) Enough! Soon shall you tremble for this conduct. You shall feel what it is to prefer a beggar. (*Exit.*

*Ame.* Go, villain. I am now again with Charles.—Beggar, said he? I would not exchange the tatters which hang upon him, for the purple of

an emperor. How dignified must be the look with which he begs!—A look, which instantly annihilates the pageantry and splendor of the great. Down to the dust, ye splendid baubles! (*Tears her necklace.*) Ye rich and mighty barons, may your gold, your jewels, and your banquets be your curse!—Charles! Charles! Now, I deserve thee. (*Exit.*)

SCENE changes to an inn on the borders of Saxony.

CHARLES is discovered walking to and fro in great agitation.

Cha. Where can these fellows tarry! Surely they have been on horseback. Holla! More wine here!—Evening approaches, and the post is not yet arrived. (*Laying his hand on his breast.*) How my heart beats!—Wine, wine, I say!—I am doubly in want of courage to-day, whether to bear joyful or disastrous tidings. (*Wine is brought—he drinks, and strikes the table with violence.*) What a damned inequality prevails throughout this world! While many a miser hoards whole chests of gold, poverty lays her leaden hand upon the bold enterprising flights of youth. Fellows, whose income is incalculable, torment me hourly to discharge my paltry debts, and though I press their hands, and beg them to allow me but a single day—all is in vain. Entreaties, oaths, and tears, have no effect on their impenetrable souls.

Enter SPIEGELBERG.

Spi. Damnation! One stroke follows close upon another. Have you heard the news, Moor?

Cha. No—What has happened?

Spi. Happened! Read this paper, which is just arrived by the post. Peace is proclaimed throughout Germany. The devil take all monks, say I.

*Cha.* Peace throughout Germany !

*Spi.* Ay.—The news is enough to make a man hang himself. Club-law is at an end. All contests are forbidden on pain of death. Hell and furies ! Cut your throat, Moor. Pens will scribble now, where swords used to be employed.

*Cha.* (*Casts his sword from him.*) Let cowards, then, head our regiments, and men break their swords.—Peace throughout Germany ! The news has branded thee with infamy for ever, Germany. Goose-quills usurp the place of swords ! I'll not think of it. Shall I curb my ardent spirit, and submit, without resistance, to despotic laws ? Peace throughout Germany ! Damned be the peace, which would make a man crawl like a snail upon the earth, when he feels that he could overtop the eagle in his flight ! Peace never produced a great man—war has made many a hero. Oh that the spirit of our fathers would revive ! Place me at the head of a few bold determined Germans.—Germans ! No, no, no. That cannot be. Germany must fall. Her hour is come. Not one spark of resolution animates the descendants of Barbarossa. I will forget the use of arms, and wander in my peaceful native groves.

*Spi.* What, in the devil's name, do you mean ? Why, you surely would not act the part of the prodigal son—you, a fellow, who has written more legible characters with his sword, than half a dozen quill-drivers could scribble in a leap-year ! Pshaw ! You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Misfortunes must never transform a hero into a coward.

*Cha.* Yes, Maurice, I will act the part of the repentant prodigal. You may call it weakness in me to revere my father. It is the weakness of a man ; and he who does not feel it, must be exalted

above humanity, or degraded below it. I will pursue the middle course.

*Spi.* Go, go—You are no longer the Charles Moor, whom once I knew. Don't you remember how often you have laughed at the old miser, with the glass in your hand. Have I not heard you say, a thousand times, "Let him enjoy his hoards of wealth, while I enjoy my bottle." Don't you remember this, I say? 'Twas spoken like a man, but——

*Cha.* Damnation overtake thee, Maurice, for reminding me of such expressions! Damnation overtake myself for having uttered them! But, no—I was intoxicated. My heart knew not what escaped my lips.

*Spi.* (*Shakes his head.*) Charles, it is impossible you can be serious. Come, confess now, that necessity compels you to think of this plan. Pshaw! never fear, man, happen what may. True courage grows in proportion to the increase of danger. Fate seems resolved to make great men of us, by casting so many impediments in our way.

*Cha.* (*In a peevish tone.*) I know not of what use courage would be now.

*Spi.* Of much. What! Would you suffer your talents to moulder and decay? Would you bury your great abilities in the earth? Do you fancy that your genius is incapable of any thing beyond your petty exploits at Leipzig? Let us hurry together into the bustle of the world. Paris and London are the places for us. There, if you greet a person by the title of an honest man, you are sure to feel his fist. There, a man of genius may carry on the trade by wholesale. Yes—you will stare, I promise you, when you see how gloriously writing is counterfeited—dice loaded—cards palmed—locks picked—strong boxes gutted. Huzza! Paris and London for ever! I'll be your tutor.



Hang the miserable dolt, who would starve rather than belong to the crook-fingered tribe.

*Cha. (With asperity.)* Have you reached such a length as this?

*Spi.* I could almost fancy that you doubt my powers. Let me once become warm, and you shall see miracles. Your shallow understanding will be truck with astonishment, when my pregnant genius shall bring forth. *(Striking the table.)*

*Aut Cæsar, aut nihil.* You shall be jealous of me.

*Cha. (Keenly surveying him.)* Maurice!

*Spi. (With ardour.)* Yes, you shall be jealous of me—you, and all our comrades. I'll devise schemes which shall amaze and confound you. What mighty plans are dawning in my mind! What gigantic projects fill this teeming brain! Cursed be the lethargy *(striking his forehead)* which hitherto confined my powers, and darkened all my prospects! I am, now, awake—I feel who I am, and what I must become.—Leave me, all of you. You shall live from my bounty.

*Cha.* You are a fool. The wine has mounted into your brain.

*Spi. (With increasing ardour.)* “Spiegelberg,” you will say, “are you concerned with the devil, Spiegelberg?”—“What a pity it is, Spiegelberg,” the king will say, “that you were not a general when the Turks attacked us! You would have soon made them beat a retreat.”—“What a lamentable circumstance it is,” I hear the doctors cry, “that this young man did not study physic! His discoveries would have immortalized him as the first of our profession.”—“Alas! had he devoted his mind to finance,” will the statesman exclaim, “he would have converted even stones to gold.”—The name of Spiegelberg will be echoed from east to west—from north to south—and while he soars with outspread wings to the temple of re-

noun, you, paltry reptiles, shall be crawling in the mire.

*Cha.* Success attend you! Mount to the summit of fame by the ladder of infamy, if such be *your* inclination. More honourable happiness awaits me, in the shade of my paternal groves, and in the arms of my Amelia. A week has now elapsed since I wrote to entreat my father's pardon. I have not concealed from him the smallest circumstance, and forgiveness is ever the reward of sincerity. Let us take leave of each other, Maurice. We shall never meet again after to-day. The post is arrived. My father's pardon is already within the walls of this town.

*Enter SCHWEIZER, GRIMM, ROLLER, and SCHUF-TERLE.*

*Rol.* Have you heard that there are officers in search of us?

*Gri.* And that we may expect every minute to be apprehended.

*Cha.* I am not surprised to hear it. I care not what happens. Have you seen Razman? I expect he has a letter for me.

*Rol.* I dare say he has, for I observed him in search of you some time ago.

*Cha.* Where, where is he? (*Going.*)

*Rol.* Stay. I told him to come hither. Why, how now? You tremble.

*Cha.* Not I, indeed. Why should I tremble? This letter—rejoice with me, my friends—I am the happiest man on earth. Why should I tremble? (*Schw. seats himself in the chair previously occupied by Spi. and drinks his wine.*)

*Enter RAZMAN.*

*Cha.* (*Flies towards him.*) My friend! The letter! the letter!



Raz. (*Delivers the letter, which Charles hastily tears open.*) What now? Why, you are as pale as a white-washed wall.

Cha. My brother's hand!

Rol. What's the matter with Spiegelberg?

Gri. The fellow has lost his senses. He is troubled with St. Vitus's dance.

Schw. He seems to me as if he were making verses.

Rol. Spiegelberg! Holla! Spiegelberg! Damn the fellow! He does not hear me.

Gri. (*Shaking him.*) Maurice, are you dreaming? or——?

Sp. (*Who has been, since his conversation with Charles, sitting in a corner, and making gestures, which convey the idea of some great project, starts wildly from his chair, and seizes Schweizer by the throat.*) *La bourse ou la vie.* (*Schweizer, with perfect composure, pushes him against the wall. The rest laugh. Charles drops his letter, and is bursting out of the room. All start.*)

Rol. (*Holding Charles.*) Moor, whither so fast?

Gri. What is the matter? He is as pale as death.

Cha. Lost, lost for ever. (*Rushes out.*)

Rol. (*Takes up the letter and reads it.*) "Unfortunate brother! The beginning is pleasant enough, to be sure. "I am under the necessity of briefly informing you that your hopes are defeated. Our father says, you may go wherever your depraved, abandoned mind directs. He forbids every personal attempt, on your part, to obtain his pardon, unless you wish to live on bread and water in the lowest dungeon of the castle, till your hairs grow like the feathers of an eagle, and your nails like the talons of a vulture. These are his last words. He commands me to close the letter. Farewel, for ever. I sincerely pity you."

FRANCIS MOOR."

*Schw.* Most amiable brother Francis!

*Spi.* You mentioned bread and water, I think? Temperate kind of diet, to be sure—but I have provided otherwise for you. Have not I always said that I should be obliged at last to think for you all?

*Schw.* The blockhead! You think for us all!

*Spi.* If you be not poltroons—if you have courage enough to attempt something great—

*Rol.* Will it release us from our present infernal scrapes?

*Spi.* (*With a smile of self-approbation.*) Release us from our present scrapes! Ha! ha! ha! Would that satisfy you? Can your thimble-full of brains project nothing greater than that? Yes, yes, Spiegelberg must think for you. I'll point out to you the way by which you shall become heroes, barons, princes, gods!

*Raz.* That's a long stride, by my soul. But I presume your project is rather of the break-neck kind. It will cost each of us a head at least, I suppose.

*Spi.* Not your's, depend upon it, Razman. Courage alone is wanted, for with respect to the mode of proceeding, I take the management of that entirely upon myself. Courage, I say, Schweizer! Courage, Roller, Grimm, Razman, Schufterle! Courage.

*Schw.* If that be all you want, I've courage enough to walk through hell barefooted.

*Rol.* And I enough to fight the devil under the gallows, for the body of a thief just executed.

*Spi.* Spoken like men! If you feel thus courageous, let any one step forth and say, "I still have something to lose." (*A long pause.*) No answer to this?

*Rol.* Why should we waste our time in idle words? if common sense can understand, and determined spirit execute your project—out with it!

*Spi.* Be it so. (*Stations himself in the midst of them, and proceeds in a solemn tone.*) If you have one drop of that blood which filled the veins of German heroes, follow me. Let us hasten to the forests of Bohemia, there collect a band of robbers—and——why do you stare at me? Is your little fume of valour already evaporated?

*Rol.* You are not the first freebooter who has defied the gallows—and yet—what else can we do?

*Spi.* What else! Nothing. Would you be confined in a dungeon for debt, and doomed to hard labour till the last trumpet sounds? Would you earn a morsel of rye-bread by tilling the earth? Would you gain a mean subsistence by singing ballads through the streets? Would you follow the drum (I mean if your countenances did not forbid that any regiment should accept you) and submit to the overbearing insults of a corporal, till flogged to death, or doomed to fill the station of a beast, and drag artillery! Such is the choice now left to you.

*Rol.* Spiegelberg, you are a glorious orator, when your object is to transform an honest man into a villain. But what is become of Moor?

*Spi.* An honest man, did you say? Do you think my project will make you less honest than you are at present? Is it not praiseworthy to take from the miser a third of that, which causes care, and banishes repose—to force the hoarded treasure into circulation—to restore equality of property—in a word, to create a second golden age—to assist heaven, by removing from the world war, pestilence, famine and physic—to feel the flattering conviction, when we sit down to dinner, that our meal is procured by the exertion of our own genius and courage—to acquire the respect of every rank in society—

*Rol.* And, finally, to be dispatched by a hang-

man—to dangle, in defiance of wind and weather, between heaven and earth, while the fowls of the air join in celestial concert round us—to have the honour, while monarchs are food for worms, of being visited by the royal bird of Jove.—Maurice, Maurice, beware of the beast with three legs.

*Spi.* Hen-hearted fool! Does this alarm you? Many a fine fellow with a genius extensive enough to have effected universal reformation, has been doomed to perish by the halter;—but does not such a man's renown extend through centuries and tens of centuries, while many a prince would be overlooked in history, were it not the historian's interest to increase the number of his pages? Nay, when the traveller sees a gibbet,—does he not exclaim: “That fellow was no fool,” and lament the hardship of the times?

*Raz.* Spiegelberg, give me your hand. Your arguments, like the lyre of Orpheus, have lulled that howling Cerberus, my conscience, to repose.—I am your's.

*Gri.* Let them catch us too, if they can. At all events one may carry a concealed powder which is capable of conveying us across Acheron at short notice.—Your hand, Maurice.—Your hand, Maurice. You have heard my Catechism.

*Schuf.* Damnation! There's an auction in my head. A mountebank—a sharper—a robber—I am ready to adopt any character. He who bids the most, secures me—Give me your hand, Maurice.

*Schw.* (*Approaches slowly, and presents his hand.*) Spiegelberg, you are a great man—or a blind sow has found an acorn.

*Rol.* (*After a long pause, during which he has rivetted his eye on Schweizer.*) You too my friend! (*Stretches forth his hand.*) Roller and Schweizer shall support each other—even to the jaws of hell.

*Spi.* Right, my lads! All is settled. To the stars let us force our way,—to Cæsars and to Catalines.—Fill your glasses. Health to the god of thieves.

*All.* Health to Mercury!

*Spi.* Now, let us proceed to business. A year hence, each of us will be rich enough to buy an earldom.

*Schw.* (*Aside.*) Yes—if we be not broken on the wheel before the year is expired. (*They are going.*)

*Rol.* Stay, comrades, stay. Ugly as the beast may be, it must have a head. Rome and Sparta fell for want of one.

*Spi.* (*With a fawning mien.*) True. Roller is right. A leader you must have—a penetrating politic leader. (*Stalks into the midst of them.*) When I reflect what you were but a few moments since, and what one happy thought has made you—(yes, yes,—of course you must have a chief)—a thought, too, which must have had its origin in an enlightened mind—

*Rol.* If we might hope—but I fear he will not consent—

*Spi.* (*In a complacent tone.*) Don't despair, Roller. Hard as is the task to steer the vessel, when the winds and waves oppose it—oppressive as is the weight of a crown—speak frankly, man. Perhaps—perhaps—he may be prevailed upon—

*Rol.* If he be not at our head, the whole scheme is a bubble. Without Moor, we shall be a body without a soul.

*Spi.* (*Turning away with a look of peevish disappointment.*) Dolt! Blockhead!

*Enter Charles, in violent agitation.*

*Cha.* (*Walks to and fro with furious gestures, not perceiving that any one is present.*) Man!—man!  
(VOL. II.)

—False hypocrite!—Deceitful crocodile!—Thy eyes overflow—but thy heart is iron.—Thou stretchest forth thy open arms—but a poniard is concealed in thy bosom. Lions and leopards feed their young,—the ravens feasts its little ones on carrion, and he, he—Experience has made me proof against the shafts of malice. I could smile, while my enemy quaffed my heart's blood—but when the affection of a father is converted into the hatred of a fury—let manly composure catch fire—let the gentle lamb become a tiger—let every nerve in my frame be braced, that I may spread around me vengeance and destruction.

*Rol.* Moor, what think you?—Is not the cavern of a robber better than the dungeon of a prison?

*Cha.* Why did not my spirit take up its abode in the body of a tiger, which satisfies its ravenous appetite with human flesh? Is this a parent's love? Oh that I were a bear—then might I instigate my whole species to revenge my wrongs.—Thus penitent—yet thus rejected! I could pour poison into the ocean—I could annihilate mankind.

*Rol.* Listen to me, Moor.

*Cha.* It is incredible—it is a vision.—so pathetic a description of my sufferings—so fervent an avowal of my penitence—the beasts of the forest would have felt compassion, yet—were I to declare this openly, the world would deem it a libel upon human nature.—Oh that I could blow the trumpet of rebellion through creation—that I could arm earth, air, and sea against the barbarous race?

*Gri.* Hear us Moor! Your fury makes you deaf to us.

*Cha.* Away from me! Is not thy name *man*? Art thou not born of woman? Away from me instantly! Oh I loved him so sincerely—so unutterably. No son could feel the same affection to-



wards a father. A thousand times would I have sacrificed my life in his defence. (*Foaming with fury, and stamping most violently.*) Ha!—Who will arm this hand with a sword, that I may destroy this brood of otters? Who will instruct me how to extirpate the whole race?—He shall be my friend, my guardian angel.—I will adore him.

*Rel.* We are the friends whom you describe. Listen to us, Moor.

*Gri.* Accompany us to the Bohemian forests. We intend to form a band of robbers, and you —(*Charles rivets his eye on him.*)

*Schw.* You shall be our captain—you must be our captain.

*Spi.* (*Throws himself into a chair.*) Slaves and cowards!

*Cha.* Who first thought of this?—Hear me fellows! (*Seizes Roller.*) Thy mind is incapable of conceiving such a project.—Who mentioned it to thee?—Yes, by the thousand arms of Death, the project suits my temper.—He who first planned this enterprize, is worthy of a seat in heaven.—Robbers and murderers!—By my soul, I will be your captain.

*All.* (*With a joyful shout.*) Long live our captain!

*Spi.* (*Aside.*) 'Till I dispatch him.

*Cha.* The scales fall from my eyes. What a fool was I to sigh for the cage, in which I have before been confined! My soul thirsts for action—my heart pants for the blessings of freedom.—Robbers and murderers!—Yes. I will unite with these, and trample on all laws. I appealed to man, and man shut his ear against me.—Away, therefore, all sympathy—all mercy—all humanity! I no longer have a father—I no longer feel an attachment. Blood and death shall teach me to forget that any one was ever dear to me.—Tremble,

tremble, ye who are doomed to be in my power.—For my vengeance shall be horrible.—We are agreed, my friends. I am your captain—and happy shall be his lot, who most shall spread around him desolation and despair; for, as I live, he shall be recompensed most royally.—Come round me, friends, and swear you will be faithful and obedient to me till death.

*All. (Present their hands.) Your's till death. (Spiegelberg walks furiously up and down.)*

*Cha.* And now, by this right hand I swear to remain your faithful, stedfast leader, till I shall be no more. This arm shall make a corpse of him who hesitates when danger calls, or retreats when it presses. The same punishment overtake me from your hands, if ever I swerve from my oath. Are you satisfied?

*All. (Throwing their hats in the air.) We are, we are. (Spiegelberg turns away with a malicious smile.)*

*Cha.* Now, let us go. Be not afraid of danger or of death; for over us presides a destiny, which cannot be controlled. We all hasten towards the fatal day: Die we must—whether upon a bed of down, the field of battle, or the scaffold—One of these must be our lot. *(Exit, followed by the rest.)*

*Spi. (Aside, as he goes.)* The catalogue is not complete. Thou hast omitted treason and assassination. *(Exit,*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.



## A C T II.

SCENE—*A Chamber in the COUNT's Castle.*

FRANCIS *is discovered in deep Meditation.*

*Fra.* How tedious are these medical men!—What an eternity is an old man's life!—Must my towering plans be confined to the snail-paced infirmities of a father? Oh that I understood the method of conveying death into the fort of life—of destroying the body by operating on the mind!—That were a glorious discovery,—it would raise me to the rank of a second Columbus in the realms of death.—Let me reflect awhile. Such an art deserves that I should be the inventor of it.—How shall I begin?—What sensation would soonest overpower the faculties of life? *Rage?* No. That is a voracious wolf, which soon surfeits itself.—*Grief?* No. That is a worm, which creeps too slowly.—*Fear?*—No. *Hope* defeats its power.—Are these the only executioners of man?—Is the arsenal of death so soon exhausted? (*After a pause.*) Ha! True!—*Terror!*—What cannot terror effect?—What can reason, or religion oppose to this giant?—Yet, it is possible he may even survive the effects of terror.—Assist me then, *Anguish*, and thou, *Repentance*, undermining viper, who dost ruminate thy food. Assist me, thou *Self-accusation*, who dost destroy thine own inheritance, and turn against thy parent. Lend me thy aid, too, *Memory*, who dost multiply our present sorrows by recalling former happiness.—Display thy mirror, thou deceitful nymph, *Futurity*. Let him behold therein the joys of heaven, but never, never let him taste them.—The plan is excellent. Blow shall follow blow. This band of furies shall immediately commence their terrible combined

assault, and that malignant fiend, *Despair*, shall follow, and inflict the fatal blow. Triumph! Triumph!

*Enter HERMAN.*

Ha! *Deus ex machina!* Herman!

*Her.* Your humble servant, Sir.

*Fra.* (*Presents his hand.*) You shall not find me ungrateful.

*Her.* I have proof of your liberality.

*Fra.* You shall soon have more—very soon. Herman listen to me.

*Her.* I am all attention.

*Fra.* I know you, Herman. You are a resolute, intrepid fellow. My father has insulted you most grossly.

*Her.* May hell receive me when I forget it!

*Fra.* Spoken like a man! Revenge becomes you, Herman. Take this purse. It should be heavier, were I lord of these domains.

*Her.* That is my constant wish. I thank you, Sir.

*Fra.* Is it your wish I should be lord of these domains?—Is it really your wish, Herman? But it cannot be. My father has the constitution of a lion, and I am a younger son.

*Her.* I wish, Sir, that you were heir to the estates, and that your father had the constitution of a love-sick girl.

*Fra.* Were such the case, Herman should be royally rewarded for his services. I would raise thee from thy ignoble situation, to the rank which thou deservest. By heaven, thou shouldst possess a treasure—thou shouldst rival the equipages of our proudest nobles—but I am wandering from the subject, on which I wished to converse with you. Have you forgotten Amelia?

*Her.* Damnation! Why remind me of her?

*Fra.* My brother gained her affections—my brother robbed you—

*Her.* For which he shall most dearly pay.

*Fra.* She refused you—nay, I believe, he kicked you down stairs—

*Her.* For which I'll kick him into hell.

*Fra.* I have often heard him say, that your father never could look at you without striking his breast and exclaiming: "God be merciful to me, a sinner!"

*Her.* (*With frantic violence.*) Hell and damnation seize him!—No more!

*Fra.* He advised you to sell the patent of your father's nobility, and buy worsted to mend your stockings.

*Her.* The curse of heaven overtake him! I'll tear his eyes out.

*Fra.* Why thus irritated, Herman? How can you be revenged? What harm can a mouse do to a lion? Your fury will sweeten his triumph. You can do no more than grind your teeth, and vent your rage upon a crust of bread.

*Her.* (*Stamping with violence.*) I'll trample him in the dust.

*Fra.* Right.—Herman, you are a gentleman. You must not tamely submit to this insult.—You must not lose Amelia—no, by heaven, you *shall* not lose Amelia. Hell and furies! I would attempt the utmost, were I in your situation.

*Her.* I will not rest till I have felled him to the earth.

*Fra.* Be not so violent, Herman. Come nearer. You shall have Amelia.

*Her.* That I will, in spite of the devil.

*Fra.* You shall have her, I tell you. You shall receive her from my hand. Come nearer, I say. You are ignorant, perhaps, that Charles is disinherited.

*Her.* Amazing! I have never heard a syllable respecting it.

*Fra.* Compose yourself, and listen. Eleven months have elapsed since he has been discarded.

—But my father already repents the hasty step, though (*with a smile*) I flatter my-self he ought not to have the credit of it. Amelia, too, torments him daily with reproaches and complaints. In short, I am convinced he will soon be persuaded to send people in search of him throughout the world, and if he be found—good night, Herman! You may bow to him at the coach-door, when he drives with her to church, for the purpose of marrying her.

*Her.* I would strangle him at the alter.

*Fra.* My father will soon resign to my brother his estates, that he himself may live in retirement. Then will your proud rival have the reins in hand, and laugh at those who envy him—while I, who would exalt you to the rank which you deserve—I must be dependent on him for a bare subsistence.

*Her.* (*Enraged*) No. By my soul you shall not be dependent on him.

*Fra.* Can you prevent it? you, too Herman, will be doomed to feel the scourge of his malice. When he meets you in the street, he will spit at you, and if you shrug your shoulders, or complain—woe be to you!—Such is your chance to obtain Amelia—such are your prospects.

*Her.* (*In a resolute tone.*) Instruct me, then, how to act.

*Fra.* I will; I feel for your fate, and will advise you as a friend. Go—disguise yourself—so completely that no one can recognize you, and procure admission to the old man. Tell him that you are come from Hungary—that you served with my brother during the last campaign—that you saw him die on the field of battle—

*Her.* But shall I be believed?

*Fra.* Leave that to me. Take this packet.—It contains instructions and documents, which will silence all suspicion.—Now contrive to leave the castle unperceived. Escape through the back-

door, and over the garden-wall.—For the management of the catastrophe rely on me.

*Her.* And that will end in: Long live our new Lord, Francis Count Moor!

*Fra.* How sly the rogue is!—Right, Herman. By this plan we shall obtain all we wish. Amelia will renounce every hope of possessing Charles. The old man will blame himself for having been the cause of his son's untimely end—will fall sick—and then, Herman—there needs no earthquake to destroy a falling house. He will not survive the news—I shall inherit his property. Amelia, having lost every support, must become the plaything of my will. Of course, therefore, you perceive—in short every thing will be as we wish.—But, you must not retract, Herman.

*Her.* Retract! (*With an air of triumph.*) Sooner shall the ball return to the cannon which discharged it. Rely on me.—Farewel. (*Exit.*)

*Fra.* (*Calls after him.*) Remember that all you do is for your own advantage. The harvest is your own.—Yes. When the ox has dragged the corn to the barn he must be content with hay. Some village wench thou may'st espouse, but not Amelia. How ready is the impetuous fool to stride over the bounds of honesty for the purpose of obtaining an object, which it is impossible he ever can possess!—This fellow, though he himself is a villain, relies upon my promise. Willingly does he consent to deceive an unsuspecting father—yet never would he forgive the man who retaliates by deceiving *him*. Is such the creature appointed by his Maker to be lord of the creation? Forgive me, then, dame nature, if I have accused thee of making me unlike the rest of mankind, and rid me of the little resemblance which still exists.—Man, thou hast forfeited my respect, and firmly am I now convinced that there can be

no sin in straining every nerve to injure thee.  
(Exit.)

SCENE changes to the COUNT's chamber.—He is discovered asleep.—AMELIA is standing at his side.

Ame. Softly let me tread—he is asleep.—(*Approaches him.*) How benignant, how venerable is his countenance!—Venerable as the countenance with which saints are depicted.—No, good man, I cannot be incensed against thee.—Slumber amidst the perfume of the rose. (*Scatters roses on the bed.*) Dream of your Charles—and wake with grateful odours round you. (*Going.*)

Cou. (*In his sleep.*) My Charles! My Charles!

Ame. (*Slowly returns.*) Hark! His guardian angel listened to my supplication. (*Walks close to the bed.*) It is sweet to breathe the air, in which his name is floating. I will remain here.

Cou. (*Still asleep.*) Are you there, Charles? Are you really there?—Oh, turn away that look of horror. I am already wretched enough. (*Appears to be much agitated.*)

Ame. (*Shakes him.*) Awake, Uncle.—It was but a dream.

Cou. (*Half awake.*) He was not here, then. I did not hold his hand. Cruel, hard-hearted Francis! Will you not even allow me to see him in a dream?

Ame. (*Starts.*) Ha! mark that, Amelia.

Cou. (*Rouses himself.*) Where am I?—You here, my niece?

Ame. Your slumbers were enviable, uncle.

Cou. True. I was dreaming of my Charles. Why did I not continue to dream of him? Perhaps, I might have obtained his forgiveness.

Ame. (*With a look of benignity.*) Angels harbour no resentment.—He forgives you. (*Gently pressing his hand.*) Father of my Charles, I forgive you.



*Cou.* No, dearest girl. The deadly paleness of thy countenance bears witness against me.—Poor Amelia! I destroyed thy happiness for ever. Do not forgive me—yet oh, do not curse me.

*Ame.* Never, never! Be this my only curse!  
(*Kisses his hand with tenderness.*)

*Cou.* (*Rising.*) What do I see? Roses!—Girl, dost thou strew roses on the murderer of thy Charles?

*Ame.* I strewed them on the father of my Charles. (*Falls on the Count's neck.*) On Charles himself I cannot strew them.

*Cou.* How happy would you be, were that in your power! (*Draws forth a miniature.*) Know you this picture?

*Ame.* (*Rushes towards it.*) My Charles?

*Cou.* Such were his looks, when sixteen years of age. How altered are they now! Dreadful thought! This benignant look is now supplanted by the frown of fell misanthropy. This smile of hope is banished by despair. Doubtless you recollect the day on which you painted this, Amelia. It was his birth-day.

*Ame.* Oh! never shall I forget it. Never shall I again feel so happy! How charming were his looks! The reflection of the setting sun illumined his countenance, while his dark locks wantoned in the air. The sensations of the woman overpowered the skill of the artist. My pencil fell from my hand, while my soul fed on his enchanting features. The full beauty of the original took root in my heart, while on the ivory the touches were feeble and inanimate as is the recollection of past music.

*Cou.* Proceed, proceed. These enthusiastic ideas recal my youth. Oh my Amelia, your mutual affection made me so happy——

*Ame.* (*Riveting her eye upon the miniature.*)

No, it is not he—it is not Charles. Here, and here, (*pointing to her heart and head.*) the likeness is exact. It was not in the power of colours to imitate that heavenly fire, which sparkles in his eye. Away with it—'tis a paltry daub.

*Enter DANIEL.*

*Dan.* A man waits without, who wishes to see you, my Lord. He says that he has tidings of importance to communicate.

*Cou.* To me there is in this world, but one subject which can be of importance. You know it, Amelia—Perhaps it is some unfortunate man, who comes to crave my charity. He shall not depart unassisted. (*Exit Daniel.*)

*Ame.* If he be a beggar, admit him instantly.

*Enter FRANCIS, HERMAN in disguise and DANIEL.*

*Fra.* This is the man who demands admittance to you. He says that he is the bearer of most dreadful tidings—can you bear to hear his recital?

*Cou.* I know but one circumstance which can be dreadful to me. Approach, and spare me not. Give him a cup of wine.

*Her.* (*In a feigned voice.*) My Lord, I hope you will forgive me, if, against my inclination, I distress you by my narrative. I am a stranger in this country; but I know you well—you are the father of Charles Moor.

*Cou.* How know you this?

*Her.* I knew your son.

*Ame.* Where is he? where is he?

*Cou.* Do you bring tidings of him?

*Her.* He was student at the university of Leipzig. When he left that place, he wandered far and wide. He himself has told me that he strolled through Germany bare-headed and bare-footed, begging his bread from door to door. Five



months after this, the fatal war between the Poles and Turks broke out, and as he had no hopes in this world, he was attracted by the sound of king Matthias's victorious drum. "Permit me," said he to his majesty, "to die upon the bed of honour. I am fatherless."

*Cou.* Do not look at me, Amelia.

*Her.* The king bestowed on him an ensign's commission, and he accompanied the royal hero, during his victorious career. It happened that he and I slept in the same tent. He often spoke of his old father, and said he had known better days; nay, sometimes he would dwell upon his disappointed hopes, till tears rose into our eyes.

*Cou.* (*Hiding his face.*) No more! no more!

*Her.* A week after this period, a bloody battle occurred, and your son conducted himself like a gallant warrior. The whole army was witness of his wonderful exploits. Five regiments were obliged to relieve each other—and your son kept his post. Balls whizzed past him on every side—and he kept his post. A bullet shattered his right hand—he grasped the colours with his left—and kept his post.

*Ame.* (*Transported.*) Uncle, he kept his post.

*Her.* I found him, after the battle, stretched on the very spot where he had stood. He was mortally wounded. With his left hand he was trying to repel the streaming blood—his right he had buried in the earth. "Comrade," said he, "it was reported through the ranks that our general is slain."—"He is," answered I. "Then let every brave soldier follow his commander," cried he. With these words he withdrew his left hand from the wound, and, in a few minutes, expired like a hero.

*Fra.* (*Affecting to be enraged.*) Peace, wretch!  
(VOL. II.) D

May thy tongue deny its office for ever! Art thou come hither to destroy my father?

*Her.* I am come to fulfil the last request of my dying comrade. "Take this sword," said he, "in a feeble voice, and deliver it to my father. Tell him that it is stained with the blood of his son—of his son Charles, whom his curse forced into the field. Tell him that I died in despair." The word which accompanied his last sigh was—*Amelia.*

*Ame.* (*As if roused from a reverie.*) Was *Amelia!*

*Cou.* (*Overpowered with anguish, tears his hair*) My curse forced him into the field! He died in despair!

*Her.* This is the sword, and this a miniature, which, at the same time, he drew from his bosom: it bears a strong resemblance to that lady. "Deliver this to my brother Francis, and tell him"—Here his voice failed him. I know not what he would have added.

*Fra.* (*Counterfeiting astonishment.*) *Amelia's* picture to me! *Amelia's* picture from Charles to me!

*Ame.* (*Approaching Herman with violence.*) Vile impostor! Execrable hireling! (*Seizes him.*)

*Her.* I merit not this treatment, Madam: look, and be convinced it is your picture. Perhaps you yourself presented it to him.

*Fra.* By my soul, *Amelia*, 'tis the very picture.

*Ame.* It is, it is.—Oh heaven and earth!

*Cou.* (*In agony.*) My curse forced him into the field—my curse drove him to despair.

*Fra.* And he thought of me in the last bitter hour—thought of me when death already waved his sable banner over him. Worthy affectionate brother.

*Cou.* My curse drove my son into the field of battle—my curse made him die in despair.

*Her.* (*Scarcely able to conceal his agitation.*) I cannot bear the sight of so much misery. Farewel, my Lord. (*Aside to Francis.*) Would that you had not employed me. *Exit hastily.*

*Ame.* Stay, oh stay, what was his last word?

*Her.* (*Calls to her in a broken voice.*) Amelia.

*Ame.* Amelia! No:—thou art not an impostor. He is dead—yes, he is dead. Charles is dead.

*Fra.* What do I see? Letters written with blood upon the sword!—Amelia!

*Ame.* Written with his blood?

*Fra.* Am I awake? Look at these bloody characters. "*Francis do not forsake my Amelia.*" And see—on the other side of the blade: "*Amelia, almighty death releases you from your vows.*" Mark that. He wrote it with a hand almost benumbed by death; he wrote it with his heart's warm blood; he wrote it on the awful brink of eternity.

*Ame.* Gracious God! it is his hand. Oh horrible! He never loved me. [*Rushes out.*]

*Fra.* (*Aside.*) Damnation, the dotard will survive the attack.

*Cou.* Oh my Amelia, my niece, my child, do not leave me. Francis, Francis, restore to me my son.

*Fra.* Who loaded him with a malediction? Who drove him to the field of battle? Who doomed him to die in despair? He was a noble youth. May the curse of heaven overtake his murderer!

*Cou.* (*Striking his breast and forehead with frantic violence.*) Yes. Heaven's curse must overtake me! I am the father, the unnatural father who destroyed him. I am the murderer of my son. He loved me even at the hour of death. Monster, monster that I am!

*Fra.* Why this fruitless sorrow? He is dead. (*With a malignant smile.*) It is easier to murder than to reanimate a son.

*Cou.* It was by thy persuasion that I cursed my son. It was by thy hellish arts.—Wretch! restore to me my Charles.

*Fra.* Rouse not my fury. I abandon thee at the hour of death.

*Cou.* Villain! Monster! Barbarous monster! Restore to me my son. (*Rushes furiously towards Francis, who eludes his grasp, and exit.*) A thousand curses follow thee! Thou hast robbed me of my son. (*Overwhelmed with despair, he throws himself upon a couch.*) Forsaken by all—forsaken at my dying hour. My guardian angel turns away, and all the saints of heaven abhor me as a murderer.—O horrible, horrible!—Will no kind soul support my head? Will no one close my eyes? I call not on my kindred, or my friends. I have no kindred—I have no friends. I call on mankind. Will no one—forsaken—alone—death despair. (*Sinks senseless upon the couch.*)

*Enter AMELIA.*

*Amc.* (*Espies him, and shrieks.*) Dead! dead!  
(*Rushes out.*)

SCENE changes to a forest in Bohemia. Enter RAZMAN from one side, and SPIEGELBERG, with several Robbers, from the other.

*Raz.* Welcome, comrade, welcome to the forest of Bohemia. (*Embraces him.*) Where the devil have you been? From what quarter has the wind blown you hither, precious brother in iniquity?

*Spi.* I am piping hot from the fair at Leipzig. Rare fun we had, I assure you. Schusterle will tell you all particulars, when you see him. He has joined our captain's principal division on the road. (*Throws himself on the earth.*) Well, and how have you fared since we parted. Is the trade brisk? Oh, I could spend a day in relating our

pranks, and damn me if you would not forget your meals while listening to them.

*Raz.* That I believe—that I believe. We have seen some accounts of you in the newspapers. But where, in the devil's name, did you find these fellows? Why, you have brought an army of recruits. You are a notable dog at discovering rogues, Maurice.

*Spi.* Ay, and a glorious set of rogues I've brought. You may hang your hat on the sun, and I'll bet half a week's booty that the fellows steal it, and that not a soul shall know how it was taken away.

*Raz.* (*Laughs.*) Well, said Maurice, you and these gentlemen will be welcome to our noble captain. He has enticed some fine fellows, too, I promise you.

*Spi.* (*Maliciously.*) Captain, forsooth!—Compare his men to mine?—Pshaw!

*Raz.* Come, come.—Your's may know how to manage their fingers; but our Captain's reputation has procured him some determined dogs——brave hearty honest fellows.

*Spi.* So much the worse.

*Enter GRIMM in haste.*

*Raz.* Who's there? What's the matter? Have you seen any travellers?

*Gri.* Damnation? Where are the rest—What!—Must you stand prating here, while poor Roller—

*Raz.* Roller! What of him?

*Gri.* Why he is hanged, and four more with him.

*Raz.* Roller hanged! How do you know that?

*Gri.* He has been in prison three weeks; and we knew nothing about the matter, During that time, he has been thrice stretched on the wheel,

but the staunch dog refused to confess where his captain was. Yesterday he was condemned—and this morning he went post-haste to the devil.

*Raz.* What a damned business! Does the Captain know it?

*Gri.* The first account of it reached him yesterday. He foamed at the mouth like a wild boar. You know he was always very fond of Roller. Away he went, and fixed a ladder against the wall of the prison, but in vain. He gained admittance disguised as a friar, and wanted to take Roller's situation, but the noble fellow would not consent to it. Moor then returned, and this morning swore (our blood ran while we heard him) that Roller should be lighted to eternity by such a torch as never yet graced the funeral of an emperor. The town will feel the effect of his fury; for he hates the inhabitants on account of their bigotry, and you know when he says he will do any thing, it is as certain as if already done.

*Raz.* Poor Roller!

*Spi.* *Memento mori.* But I have not much to do with that maxim. (*Sings.*)

When a gibbet I pass

I am not such an ass

As to blubber, and think of my end.

But I shut my left eye,

Nod, and wink while I cry:

"Better you there than Maurice—good friend."

*Raz.* Hark! a shot! (*A noise is heard.*)

*Spi.* Another!

*Raz.* And a third! Huzza! It is the captain.  
(*Several Robbers sing at a distance.*)

Long live such judges! Who can match 'em?

They hang no rogues—unless they catch 'em.

(*Schweizer's and Roller's voices are heard.*) Hol-  
la! Holla! Ho!

*Raz.* Roller's voice, or a thousand devils seize  
me!



(*Schweizer and Roller are again heard.*) Razman! Grimm! Spiegelberg! Razman!

Raz. Roller! Schweizer! Fire, fury, and hell.  
(*Running to meet them.*)

Enter CHARLES, SCHWEIZER, ROLLER, SCHUF-TERLE, and other Robbers, covered with dirt.

Cha. Liberty! Liberty!—Roller, you are free. Take my horse, and wash him with wine. (*Throws himself on the earth.*) We have had warm work, by my soul.

Raz. (*To Roller.*) What! Escaped, after having been thrice on the wheel!

Spi. Are you alive, or do I see a ghost?

Rol. Alive and hearty, comrade. Where am I come from, think you?

Gri. How can we know? We expected you were gone to prepare for our reception below.

Rol. You might have guessed worse, for I had begun my journey thither. I am come straight from the gallows. Let me recover my breath. Schweizer will tell you the whole history. Give me a glass of brandy. You here again, Maurice! I expect to have met you else where. Give me a glass of brandy. All my bones are loose.

Raz. But come—tell us how you escaped. From the gallows, did you say?

Rol. (*Swallows a glass of brandy.*) That's the liquor of life! It warms my heart.—Yes—straight from the gallows, as I told you, I was only three steps from the damned ladder, on which I was to mount into Abraham's bosom. My chance was not worth a pinch of snuff. To the captain I am indebted for liberty and life.

Schw. It was an excellent joke, to be sure. We were told, by our spies, yesterday, that Roller was safe in the stone jug, and that, unless the sky fell before this morning, he would inevitably

go the way of all flesh. "Follow me," cried the captain. "What will not a man attempt, when the life of a friend is in danger? We will rescue him if it be possible——if not, we'll light him to eternity by such a torch as never yet graced the funeral of an emperor." The band collected. We employed a clever fellow to apprise Roller of our intention, which he contrived by throwing a small note into his soup.

*Rol.* I despaired of success.

*Schw.* We waited till the streets were cleared. All the inhabitants followed poor Roller. We heard their shouts, and now and then could distinguish the voices of the psalm-singers. "Now," said the Captain, "execute my orders." We flew like arrows, set fire to the town in thirty-three places at once, hurled firebrands into the neighbourhood of the powder-magazine, into the churches and granaries——Hell and the devil! Before a quarter of an hour had elapsed, the north east wind, which must have felt a grudge against the town, came to our assistance, and soon made the blaze mount above the chimnies. We ran up and down the streets like furies, crying "Fire! Fire!" Shrieks, shouts, and confusion pervaded the place. The bells began to ring backwards, when suddenly the powder-magazine blew up. What a cursed explosion did it make! One might have fancied that our earth was split asunder, that the sky was driven almost beyond space, and hell sunk at least ten thousand fathoms lower.

*Rol.* Just at this time, my attendants cast a look behind them. The town appeared like Sodom and Gomorrah. The horizon seemed to be on fire.—All sulphur, smoke, and flame. The forty hills which surround the town re-echoed with continual explosions. Terror and dismay overpowered every spectator of the scene. This was



the decisive moment. I availed myself of it. So near was my fate that my irons had been already taken off. Away I flew swift as the wind, while the people round me were looking back like Lot's wife. After having run about sixty yards, I threw my clothes away, plunged into the river, and swam under water till I thought myself no longer in danger. I then landed and found our captain waiting for me with horses and clothes. Thus I escaped, and here I am. Moor, Moor, I wish you may soon be in a scrape, that I may have an opportunity of paying my debt.

*Raz.* A brutal wish, for which you ought to be hanged. But it was a capital stroke.

*Rol.* No one can know what it was, unless he has been in the same situation. To understand and feel it, you must march like me with half a hundred armed attendants. Then you must observe the damned preparations—you must see all the ceremonies of the executioner—you must look at the infernal machine, to which every reluctant step brings you nearer—you must hear those horrid psalm-singers—(their cursed twang still rings through my head)—you must hear the croak of the hungry ravens, who are picking up the half-corrupted remnant of your predecessor's carcase.—All this combined with the happy prospect of eternity, must be felt, before you can judge what were my sensations. I would not undergo the same damned process for all the wealth which the devil can bestow. Death is no more than a Harlequin's leap, but the preparations—oh, curse them.

*Spi.* I can't help thinking of the powder-magazine. When it blew up, I'll answer for it that the air stunk as insufferably of brimstone, as if the devil had hung out his whole wardrobe.

*Schw.* If the town rejoiced so much at the

idea of seeing our friend Roller swing, why should not we rejoice at the destruction of the town? Schusterle, do you know how many lives were lost.

*Schuf.* Eighty-three, I was told. The church-steeple alone buried sixty people under it.

*Cha.*—(*Who has listened with the utmost gravity*)—Roller, thy life was dearly bought.

*Schw.* Pshaw! what does that signify? To be sure, if they had been men—but mere infants in swaddling-clouts—silly bedlams, employed in driving the flies from them—blind chimney-corner cripples, no longer able to find the door—what the devil are they worth? All who could move, were gone to see the farce. None but the dregs of the town remained at home.

*Cha.* Poor unfortunate creatures! infants, cripples, and old nurses, said you!

*Schuf.* Ay, damn 'em—some invalids too—women with child—a few perhaps, actually in labour. I happened to pass a house in which I heard an odd noise—I peeped into it, and what do you think I saw?—A child—a little healthy chubby boy.—It was stretched on the floor, under a table, and the flames were gathering round it.—“Poor little devil,” said I, “why, you seem cold.” So I lifted him by the arm, and threw him into the fire.

*Cha.* Didst thou so? May that fire burn in thy bosom till eternity grows grey. Quit my presence, monster, and dare not to appear again before me. I discharge thee from my band.—(*Several Robbers begin to murmur.*)—What!—do you murmur?—Do you reflect upon the justice of my sentence?—Who dares to murmur or to think when Moor commands?—Away with him, I say. There are more among you who are ripe for my resentment. I know you, Spiegelberg. But I shall soon investigate more narrowly the conduct

of you all ; and better had it been for any one who dreads this scrutiny, if he had never seen the light of heaven.

*All the Robbers withdraw in great agitation.*

*Cha.--(Walks to and fro with rapid strides.)*—God of vengeance, canst thou blame me for being what I am? Do not those engines of thy indignation, pestilence and famine, sweep away the just as well as unjust? Who can command the flames to kill the vermin, but to spare the grain? Here do I stand, before the face of heaven, and feel ashamed to own my degradation.—I, who essayed to hurl the thunderbolt of Jove, have murdered pigmies, while the Titans triumph.—My first attempt has failed. I feel I have not strength to wield the avenging sword of God. Here, then, I renounce the audacious project.—I will retire to some rude corner of the earth, and shun the light of day.

*Enter ROLLER in great haste.*

*Rol.* Captain, we are discovered. Several troops of Bohemian cavalry are patrolling through the forest. Damn blue stockings, they have betrayed us.

*Enter GRIMM.*

*Gri.* Captain, we are tracked to our haunts. We are surrounded by a thousand horsemen.

*Enter SPIEGELBERG.*

*Spi.* Lost, lost, inevitably lost! Every man of us is hung, drawn, and quartered. Several thousand hussars and dragoons are stationed on the heights, and prevent all possibility of escape.

*(Exit Charles.)*

*Enter SCHWEIZER, RAZMAN, SCHUFTERLE, and other Robbers, from various quarters.*

*Schw.* It seems we have routed the fellows at last. I am glad to see these knights of the broad-

sword. I have long wished to face them.—Where is our captain?—Is all the band assembled! We have ammunition enough, I hope?

*Raz.* Plenty, plenty. But our troop consists of no more than eighty. The odds are thirty to one against us at least.

*Schw.* So much the better. These fellows are paid for risking their persons—we fight for liberty and life. Let us rush upon them like a deluge and fire, as if all the demons of hell were let loose. Where is our captain?

*Spi.* He forsakes us in the hour of distress. Is there no possibility of escape?

*Schw.* Escape! When you attempt it, coward, may you sink in the mire, and be trampled to death! Yes, poltroon, you always can talk, but when you see a pistol—You chicken-hearted boaster, if you don't behave like a man to-day, I'll sew you in a boar's skin, and throw you to the dogs.

*Raz.* The captain! The captain!

*Enter CHARLES slowly.*

*Cha.* (*Aside.*)—I have seen that the forest is surrounded. They must now fight with the courage of despair.—(*Aloud.*)—My friends, the decisive hour is arrived. We must conquer or die.

*Schw.* This sword shall rip up a few of them, by heavens. Lead on, captain. We'll follow you into the jaws of death.

*Cha.* Let every man load his fire arms. We are not in want of ammunition, I hope?

*Schw.* Ammunition! We have enough to drive the earth to the moon.

*Raz.* Each of us is armed with five brace of pistols, and three carbines, all of which are loaded.

*Cha.* That is well. And now some of you must climb the trees or hide yourselves in the

thickets, in order to fire upon them before they can perceive you.

*Schw.* That station will suit you, Spiegelberg.

*Cha.* The rest will follow me, and fall like furies on their flank.

*Schw.* I'll belong to that division, captain.

*Cha.* Every man must blow his whistle that our numbers may appear more formidable. All the dogs, too must be let loose, and encouraged to attack the ranks, that, when separated and confused, they may rush upon our fire. Roller, Schweizer, and I, will, lead the main division.

*Enter COMMISSARY.*

*Gri.* Look, Captain. Here comes one of the bloodhounds of justice.

*Schw.* Down with him! Don't let him utter a word.

*Cha.* Silence! I will hear him.

*Com.* With your permission, gentlemen.—I am vested with authority by the tribunal of justice, and every hair of my head is guarded by eight hundred soldiers.

*Schw.* Comfortable tidings for us!

*Cha.* Peace, comrade. Be brief, Sir. What have you to say?

*Com.* I am a delegate of that august power, which decides on life and death. I shall address one word to you, and a couple to your band.

*Cha.* (*Leaning on his sword.*) Begin, then.

*Com.* Horrible murderer! Are not thy hands stained with the blood of a murdered count—a count of the holy Roman empire? Hast thou not dared, with sacrilegious arm, to break into the temple of the Lord, and bear away the consecrated vessels? Hast thou not hurled firebrands into our religious town, destroyed our church, and murdered many pious Christians? (*With uplifted*  
(VOL. II.) E

*hands.*) Oh, abominable act, the stench of which has mounted to the throne of the Most High, and may, perhaps, provoke him to destroy the world, and summon all into his heavenly presence.

*Cha.* Thus far you have conducted yourself in a masterly manner. But now, Sir, to the point. What information does this most august tribunal of justice send to me through you?

*Com.* It sends what thou never wilt deserve to receive. Look round thee, fell incendiary. On every side, far as thine eye can see, our cavalry is stationed. Escape is impossible. As surely as cherries grow upon these oaks, and peaches on these pines—so surely will you turn your backs on them in safety.

*Cha.* Do you hear this, comrades?—But proceed.

*Com.* Hear, then, how mercifully the tribunal proceeds. If thou wilt instantly surrender, own thy guilt, and sue for a mitigation of thy punishment, the rigour of the law will not be exercised against thee, but justice will become a loving mother. She will shut her eyes to half thy guilt, and only condemn thee to be broken on the wheel.

*Schw.* Captain! Let me cut his throat. By God I should like to make his blood gush from every pore.

*Rol.* Captain! Hell, damnation, and the devil! Captain! How he bites his lip. Captain, let me split his skull, and manure the earth with his brains, if he has got any.

*Cha.* Hold! Let no one dare to touch him. (*To Commissary.*) Look you, Sir. Here stand seventy-nine men, whose commander I am. Not one whom you behold is skilled in military tactics, or can dance to the music of artillery. Opposed to us are eight hundred soldiers, who have been regularly disciplined. Now attend to me. Thus



speaks Moor, the Captain of these robbers : True it is, that I have murdered a count of the empire, that I have hurled fire-brands into your superstitious town, that I have caused the death of many pious Christians—but fancy not that this is all. (*Stretches forth his right hand.*) You see, that, on each finger of this hand, I wear a valuable ring. This ruby belonged to a prime minister, whom my sabre felled to the earth, when he and his prince were hunting. From the most abject situation he had raised himself to royal favour. His elevation was obtained by crimes innumerable, which weeping widows and forsaken orphans daily proved.—This diamond I drew from the finger of a state-treasurer, who disposed of offices and posts of honour to the highest bidder. This agate was the property of a monk, whom I strangled with my own hand, because he had lamented, in the pulpit, that the inquisition was no longer in repute. I could recite to you more anecdotes respecting these my rings, were I not already sorry to have thrown away so many words upon you.

*Com.* How can a villain be so proud?

*Cha.* As yet you have not heard me speak with pride—but now you shall, sir. Go, and report my words to that august tribunal, which decides on life and death according to its pleasure. I am not one of those mean thieves, who enter into compact with darkness, and creep into a dwelling under covert of the night. What I have done, I doubtless shall be doomed to read in the Eternal Judge's register, but on his miserable earthly representatives, I shall not waste another word.—Tell your employers, that retaliation is the trade I follow. Tell them, that vengeance is my occupation. (*Turns away with contempt.*)

*Com.* Thou dost refuse, then, all mercy and compassion.—To thee, I shall say no more. (*Ad-*

*dresses himself to the band.*) Listen to me, all of you. I am authorized to state, that if you will instantly bind and deliver into my hands this abominable villain, your crimes shall no longer be remembered. The holy church will receive you as sheep, who had strayed from her flock, and the road to preferment shall be open to every one of you. Here is the general pardon, signed and sealed. (*Delivers it to Schweizer with a triumphant smile.*) How does your majesty like this?—Bind him, and be free.

*Cha.* You hear his offer—why this appearance of surprize—this look of hesitation? He offers you liberty, and you are already prisoners. He offers you life, and you must feel he *can* do this, because you are already doomed to die. He assures you, that you may obtain honourable offices, and what can be the consequence of your refusal, but disgrace and infamy? He announces to you heaven's forgiveness, though you are already damned. There is not a hair upon your heads which will not blaze in hell's eternal fire.—Do you still hesitate? Is there a choice between celestial bliss and torture everlasting?—Aid my endeavours to persuade them, sir.

*Com.* (*Aside.*) Some dæmon surely speaks through him. He makes me tremble.

*Cha.* How! Still no answer! Do you fancy that your arms and intrepidity can extricate you from your present situation?—Look round you—look on every side. The idea of escape is childish and absurd.—Or, do you flatter yourselves, that you will fall like heroes? What can induce you to think thus? *My* late delight in scenes of devastation; Oh, do not thus deceive yourselves.—Among you all, there is not one like *Moor*. You are mere thieves—poor paltry tools, which I employ to execute my nobler projects—despicably mean as is the hangman's halter.—Thieves



cannot fall like heroes. Thieves have a right to be afraid of death.—Hear you not how their trumpets echo through the forest? See you not how their sabres glitter all around you? How! Still irresolute? Are you mad?—Think not that I am grateful for my life—I am indignant at the sacrifice you make. (*Trumpets are heard.*)

*Com.* (*Confounded by his dignity.*) Never did I see a man like this! I must away.

*Cha.* Or are you fearful that I shall destroy myself, and thereby counteract the pardon offered for delivering me alive?—your fears are groundless. Here I throw away my dagger—my pistols—and my poison.—What! Still irresolute!—You, perhaps, imagine, I shall oppose the man who attempts to seize me.—See!—I bind my right hand to this branch of oak—now opposition is impossible. A child might overpower me.—Who will be first to betray me?—Who will first forsake his captain in the hour of peril?

*Ro!* (*With frantic violence.*) Hell seize him, if there be one in our band! (*Brandishes his sword.*) Damn the villain, who refuses to defend our captain!

*Schw.* (*Tears the pardon, and throws it in the face of the commissary.*) Take that, and begone, scoundrel—our pardon is our swords and fire-arms. Tell the senate which sent you, that you did not find one traitor in Moor's band.—Save the captain!

*All.* Save the captain! Save him! Save the captain!

*Cha.* (*Joyfully extricating himself from the tree.*) Comrades—friends—brothers! Now we are free. I feel a tenfold vigour nerve this arm. I could oppose a host.—Death, or liberty! They shall, at all events, not make us prisoners. Follow me. (*All draws their swords and exeunt. The charge is immediately sounded.*)

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

## A C T III.

SCENE—*A Garden.* AMELIA is discovered in a pensive attitude. Enter FRANCIS. Both are in deep mourning.

*Fra.* Do I find you here again, dear enthusiast? As soon as you stole away from table, my guests were no longer in spirits.

*Ame.* Shame on you for having guests!—Does not your father's funeral dirge still vibrate in your ears?

*Fra.* Why this incessant lamentation? Let the dead rest in peace, and make the living happy. I come——

*Ame.* And when will you go again?

*Fra.* Amelia, do not treat me with this cold disdain. I come to tell you——

*Ame.* That Francis Moor is lord of these domains.

*Fra.* Exactly. Maximilian reposes in the tomb of his forefathers, and I become the lord of these domains. Yet even these do not satisfy me, dear Amelia. You know, that you have always made my father's house your home. He loved you with a parent's tenderness. You will never forget that.

*Ame.* Never, never! How could I endeavour, by revelry and mirth, to banish from my mind the recollection of his goodness?

*Fra.* I admire your sentiments, Amelia. What you owed my father for his goodness, you have now an opportunity of paying to his son. Charles is dead, and Francis offers——(*Aside.*) By my soul, so flattering is the thought, it even is too much for woman's pride.—(*Aloud.*) Francis tramples on the hopes of many a noble family. Fran-

cis offers a forsaken orphan, his heart, his hand, his wealth; his castle, his estates. Francis, whom all his neighbours fear and envy, declares himself Amelia's voluntary slave.

*Ame.* Why do not heaven's lightnings blast thee, whilst thou makest the declaration? Hast thou not been guilty of fratricide? Hast thou not robbed me of my Charles? And thinkest thou that Amelia will accept thy hand,—thou monster!

*Fra.* Be not so violent, most gracious princess. True it is, that Francis does not fawn and flatter like a cooing Celadon. True it is, he has not learnt, like the sighing shepherds of Arcadia, to complain of fair Amelia's cruelty to grottos and to rocks.—No. Francis speaks; and if he be not answered—he commands.

*Ame.* Vile reptile!—Thou command me! And if I scorn thy great commands?

*Fra.* That you will not. I know a most excellent receipt for conquering female pride and obstinacy—a cloister.

*Ame.* Welcome thought! In a cloister I shall not be gazed upon by thee, thou basilisk, but shall have leisure to reflect upon the virtues of my Charles!—Take me to a cloister instantly.

*Fra.* Ha! Is it so!—I thank you for having taught me the art of tormenting you.—Like a fury, will I drive the recollection of this Charles from your heart. My disgusting form shall lurk behind the image of your minion like the dragon which sleeps on subterraneous treasure. By thy hair will I drag you to the altar,—with a dagger in my hand, will I force from your lips the nuptial vow.

*Ame.* (*Strikes him.*) Take this, then, as my dowry.

*Fra.* (*Enraged.*) Damnation!—I will think of tenfold vengeance.—Thou shalt not be my wife—

no, that were too great an honour.—Thou shalt be my paramour, that every peasant's wife may point the finger of derision at thee.—Ay, gnash thy teeth—dart fire and murder from thine eyes. To me a woman's fury is a treat—it makes her lovelier—more desirable.—Come.—Thy struggles shall enhance the value of my triumph, and sweeten the delight of forced embraces.—Come with me to the altar.—This instant thou shalt go.  
(*Dragging her away.*)

*Ame.* (*Falls on his neck.*) Forgive me, Francis. (*As he is about to embrace her, she draws the sword from his side, and hastily steps back.*) See'st thou villain, what I now can do? Thou art in my power. I am a woman—but a woman roused to fury.—Dare to approach me, and with this sword I'll stab thee to the heart. My uncle's spirit will direct my hand.—Instantly begone. (*Drives him away.*) Ha'—I breathe more freely. I feel myself endowed with strength and fury—such as animate the mettled steed and tiger.—To a cloister, said he? Thanks for the happy thought. There I shall find a safe retreat. A cloister is the right abode for hopeless love.

(*Exit.*)

SCENE changes to a hill near the Danube. The ROBBERS are stretched under various trees on the summit, while their horses are grazing on the side of the hill.

*Cha.* Here I must rest a while. (*Throws himself on the earth.*) My sinews are unstrung—my tongue is dry as a potsherd. I would ask you to fetch me a little water from the neighbouring stream, but you are all as weary as myself.

(*Exit Schw. unobserved.*)

*Gri.* We have swallowed all our wine, too.—How gloriously the sun sets to-night!

*Cha.* (*Gazing at it.*) Thus worthy of admiration dies a hero.

*Gri.* You seem deeply affected.

*Cha.* When I was a boy, my favourite thought was that I would live and die like yonder glorious orb. (*Suppressing his emotion.*) It was a boyish thought.

*Gri.* True, captain.

*Cha.* (*Draws his hat over his face.*) There was a time——Comrades, leave me to myself.

*Gri.* Captain! Captain!—Damnation! How his colour changes!

*Raz.* Death and the devil! What ails him?

*Cha.* There was a time, when I could not sleep if I had forgotten my evening-prayer.

*Gri.* Have you lost your senses? Who would be guided by the mere fancies of a boy?

*Cha.* (*Rests his head on Grimm's Breast.*) Brother! Brother!

*Gri.* Come, come. Don't be a child, I beg.

*Cha.* Would that I were a child again!

*Gri.* Pshaw! Cheer up, man.—Look at this picturesque country, and enjoy the lovely evening.

*Cha.* Yes, friends—this world is so beautiful—

*Gri.* Right! Now, you talk properly.

*Cha.* This earth so admirable—

*Gri.* True. I like to hear you when you are in this humour.

*Cha.* And I so ugly in this beauteous world—I, monster on this admirable earth. (*Sinking back.*) Lost, lost for ever!

*Gri.* Pray do not talk thus.

*Cha.* My innocence! My innocence! See—every creature has stepped forth to enjoy the vivifying warmth of spring. Why must this heavenly scene be hell to me? Yet thus it is.—All on this earth are happy—all united by the mild spirit of concord—all one family—whose Father is above them—but he is not my Father—I,

alone, am rejected—I, alone, am banished from the empire of the good. (*Wildly looking at the robbers.*) Surrounded by murderers—bound by adamant chains to guilt and infamy.—

*Raz.* Unaccountable ! I never saw him thus.

*Cha.* Oh, that I could return into my mother's womb ! Oh, that I could be born a peasant ! I would labour till the blood rolled from my temples to buy the luxury of a noonday's slumber—the rapture of one solitary tear.

*Gri.* (*To the rest.*) Don't disturb him. The paroxysm is already decreasing.

*Cha.* There was a time, when my tears flowed willingly.—Oh days of peace !——Thou castle of my fathers—and ye green delightful valleys, shall I no more behold you ?—Oh beauteous groves, so oft enjoyed in childhood—will you not cool my burning bosom with your zephyrs ? Mourn with me, nature. Never, never will those happy days return. Past, past—irrevocably past !

*Enter SCHWEIZER, with water in his hat.*

*Schw.* Drink, Captain. Here is water enough—and cold as ice.

*Gri.* Why, Schweizer, you are bleeding. What's the matter ?

*Schw.* Nothing, man. To be sure, the joke might have cost me a limb or two. As I was running on the edge of the hill, which consists of nothing but sand, down sunk the whole mass, and away rolled I full ten yards, to the bottom.—There I lay awhile ; and as soon as I recovered my five senses, I found a clear spring close to me, among some gravel.—“ Well,” though I, “ Fortune has not tried to break my neck for nothing. Here is some good fresh water for the captain.”

*Cha.* (*Returns Schweizer's hat, and throws a few drops of water upon his face.*) The dust and



dirt have hidden the wounds on your forehead, which you received from the Bohemian cavalry.—The water was excellent, Schweizer.—Your scars become you.

*Schw.* Pshaw! There is room for thirty more.

*Cha.* Yes, comrades. The battle was bloody, though we only lost a single friend.—Roller died a noble death. Had he fallen in any other cause, a monument would have been erected to his memory.—Let this suffice. (*Wipes a tear away.*) How many of our enemies were slain?

*Schw.* Sixty hussars, ninety-three dragoons, and about forty rifle-man—in all, two hundred.

*Cha.* Two hundred for one.—Every man of you has a claim upon this head. (*Takes off his hat.*) Here, in the presence of you all, I raise my soul, I never will forsake you.

*Schw.* Captain, don't swear. Should happier prospects open to you, perhaps you may repent.

*Cha.* By the ashes of Roller, I never will forsake you.

*Enter KOSINSKI.*

*Kos.* (*Aside.*) I was told that I should find him in this country.—Ha!—who are these fellows? Should they be—they are, they are.—I will address them.

*Gri* Look—who comes here?

*Kos.* Pardon me, gentlemen. I know not whether I am right in my conjecture.

*Cha.* Who should we be, if you were right?

*Kos.* Men.

*Schw.* We have proved that, I think, captain.

*Kos.* I am in search of men, who can look unappalled at death, and sport with danger as with a tame dragon—men who rate liberty at a far higher price than life—men, whose very names, while welcome to the oppressed and needy, make courage fly, and tyranny turn pale.

*Schw.* I like this fellow.—Friend, you have found the very people you are seeking.

*Kos.* I trust I have—and trust, too, I shall be soon allowed to call them comrades.—You, then, will doubtless tell me, where I can find your captain—the intrepid Moor.

*Schw.* (*Shaking hands with him.*) You and I are sworn friends.

*Cha.* (*Approaching.*) Do you know this Moor?

*Kos.* You are he.—In that mien—who could behold you without knowing you? (*Gazes at him for some time.*) Often have I wished to see the man, who sat with destruction-dealing look upon the ruins of Carthage.—Now I no longer wish to see him.

*Schw.* A noble lad by my soul.

*Cha.* And what has brought you hither?

*Kos.* My more than cruel fate. Oh Captain, I have been wrecked on the tempestuous ocean of this world. I have been doomed to see my hopes destroyed, and nothing now remains but the torturing recollection of my loss, which, I feel, will rob me of my senses, if I do not try to dissipate all thought by action.

*Cha.* Another wretch, by heaven abandoned!—Proceed.

*Kos.* I entered early into the army—misfortune followed me.—I embarked for the East Indies—the vessel in which I sailed struck against a rock. Various have been my projects, but all alike have failed.—At length, the fame of the great hero, Moor (the great incendiary some term him), reached my ears. I have travelled many miles with the fixed determination of serving under him, if he will accept my services.—Oh captain, do not refuse me.

*Schw.* (*Springs into the air.*) Huzza! Huzza! Another Roller!—A noble fellow for the band!



*Cha.* What is your name?

*Kos.* Kosinski.

*Cha.* Kosinski, thou art a thoughtless boy, and art about to take a most decisive step, without reflection. Here thou wilt find no tennis to amuse thee.

*Kos.* I understand what you mean to imply. I am only four and twenty years of age—but I have seen many a sword glitter before me, and have heard many a ball whiz round me.

*Cha.* Have you, then, learnt the use of arms, merely that you may assassinate a harmless traveller, for the sake of a paltry dollar, or murder helpless women? Go, go. You have escaped from your nurse, because you saw the rod in her hand.

*Schw.* Captain, what in the devil's name do you mean? Would you dismiss such a fellow as this? Why, he is a perfect Hercules.

*Cha.* Because your airy schemes have failed, you wish to become a villain, an assassin. Boyish idea! Know you what it is to become an assassin? You may sleep soundly after beheading thistles, but, after committing murder—

*Kos.* I will be answerable for every murder which you direct me to commit.

*Cha.* How wondrous clever! Think you that a man is to be caught by flattery? How can you know whether I am not tormented by bad dreams, or whether I shall not turn pale with terror on the bed of death? How many things have you already done, for which you thought, while doing them, that you must one day be accountable?

*Kos.* But very few. I, however, reckon in the number, my journey in search of Moor.

*Cha.* Did your tutor ever put into your hands the adventures of Robin Hood? such incautious blockheads should be chained to the galleys. They  
(VOL. II.)

heat the imagination of the child, and tickle its vanity with the mad idea of renown. Is this your object, Kosinski? Wish you to purchase immortality by murdering your fellow-creatures? Believe me, ambitious youth, no laurel decks the assassin's brow—no triumph awaits the conquests of banditti—but execration, danger, death, and infamy. Do you see that gibbet on the hill?

*Spi.* (*Walking to and fro with a peevish look.*) How stupid! How unpardonably stupid! Is this the proper way to increase the band? I should have talked in another style.

*Kos.* What can he fear, who fears not death?

*Cha.* Excellent! You have learnt Seneca by heart, I perceive. But be assured, young man, you will not alleviate the sufferings of nature—you will not blunt the arrow of anguish by these sententious arguments. Consider well, my son. (*Takes his hand.*) Think that you hear the counsel of a father. Learn the depth of the abyss, ere you spring into it. Reflect whether you have in this world any distant chance of comfort—for the moment may arrive when you awake, and find it is too late. By joining us, you at once bid adieu to all connection with mankind. To do this, you must be more than human, or—a demon. Once more, then, let me warn you, my son. If any spark of hope still glimmer in your breast, avoid the horrible confederacy you came to join in. You may have deceived yourself. You may mistake, for strength of mind, what will, in the end, drive you to despair. Believe what Moor says to you—and fly.

*Kos.* It cannot be. I will not leave you. Since my entreaties have not moved you, hear the true recital of my sorrows. You yourself will, then, place a poniard in my hand—you yourself will—Friends, seat yourselves around me, and listen attentively.

*Cha.* I will listen attentively.

*Kos.* Know, then, I am a Bohemian nobleman. By the early death of my father, I came into possession of a considerable manor. The country, in which I lived, was a paradise—for it contained an angel. It contained a lovely girl, adorned with all the charms of blooming youth, and chaste as is the light of heaven. But to whom do I say this? Such descriptions suit not men who never loved, who never were beloved.

*Schw.* Look! our captain is as red as fire.

*Cha.* Hold, Kosinski! No more at present! I'll hear the rest to-morrow—soon—at another time—when I have seen blood.

*Kos.* Blood, say you? Nay, hear me now. Mine is a tale which calls for blood. She was not of noble extraction, but her look subdued all prejudice. With captivating bashfulness, she listened to my vows, and it was fixed that, in two days, I should lead my Amelia to the altar. (*Charles starts and rises.*) Amidst the bustle of preparations for our union—while I was anticipating the happiness which awaited me, I was summoned by an express to court.—I obeyed.—Letters, which teemed with treason, were produced, and I was accused of having written them. I blushed at the infamous charge. My sword was taken away—I was thrown into prison—my senses forsook me.

*Schw.* And in the mean time—go on. I smell a rat.

*Kos.* There I lay a month, and grieved for my Amelia, who would, I knew, feel pangs unutterable. At length the prime minister came to my dungeon, congratulated me on the discovery of my innocence, politely informed me I was at liberty, and returned my sword. Triumphant I flew to my castle, to my Amelia—as I hoped.

She was gone. She had been borne away at midnight—no one knew by whom, or whither. Like lightning a suspicion darted through my brain. I flew to town—made enquiries at court. All rivetted their eyes upon me—but none would give me the wished-for information. At length I discovered my Amelia through a grated window of the palace—she threw me a note.

*Schw.* Ay, ay, I thought how it would be.

*Kos.* Hell and damnation!—She had been allowed to chuse whether she would see me die, or become the prince's mistress. A contest arose between her honour and affection. The latter conquered—and I was saved.

*Schw.* How did you act then.

*Kos.* After having read her letter, I stood rooted to the spot. Blood was my first—my last—my only thought. Foaming with fury, I ran home, chose a three-edged sword, and flew to the minister's house—for he had been the infernal pander. I must have been previously observed from the windows, for I found all the apartments locked. I was informed that the minister was gone to the palace. I repaired thither—the attendants assured me they had not seen him. I returned—burst open the doors—found him—and was on the point of dispatching him, when five or six servants wrested the sword from my hand.

*Schw.* (*Stamps with violence.*) The devil seize him!—So he escaped?

*Kos.* I was again imprisoned—brought to trial—and sentenced—as a mark of peculiar lenity—to be banished from my native land for ever. My estates were given to the minister, my Amelia remained in the claws of the tiger, and now wastes her life in fruitless lamentation, while my revenge must bend to the iron yoke of despotism.

*Schw.* (*Rises and draws his sword.*) This is

water for our mill. Captain! Here is employment for us.

*Cha.* (*Who has been walking to and fro in violent agitation, turns hastily to the Robbers.*) I must see her.—Rise!—Prepare for instant departure. Kossinski, your hand. You shall remain with us. Prepare for instant departure, I say.

*Robbers.* Captain, where—

*Cha.* Who dares to ask a question? (*With violence to Schweizer.*) Traitor, you wish to make me abandon my project, but by the hope of heaven—

*Schw.* I a traitor! Lead into hell, if you like, I'll follow you.

*Cha.* (*Falls on his neck.*) I believe you, brother. She wastes her life in lamentation. Follow me, all of you. We must reach Franconia in a week. (*Exeunt.*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

## A C T IV.

SCENE—*A Gallery. CHARLES and AMELIA are discovered—the former in disguise. Both are intently gazing at a portrait. The habit of a nun lies on the table.*

*Cha.* (*Deeply affected.*) He was an excellent man.

*Ame.* The picture seems to interest you much, Count Brand.

*Cha.* (*With his eye still rivetted upon it.*) An excellent—a godlike man—And he is dead?

*Ame.* Yes—he has past away like all the joys of life. (*Gently taking his hand.*) Count, there is no happiness in this world.

*Cha.* True—most true. Has sad experience taught you this? You cannot be much more than twenty years of age.

*Ame.* And yet have learnt that all who live must die in sorrow—that all who gain must feel the pang of losing.

*Cha.* (*Keenly looking at her.*) Have you lost any thing?

*Ame.* Any thing! Every thing.

*Cha.* And hope you to forget your loss, when clad in yonder sacred garment?

*Ame.* I do.———Shall we proceed, my Lord?

*Cha.* Why, in such haste?—Whose portrait is that on the right? He has an unfortunate countenance.

*Ame.* This on the left is the late Count's son—the present owner of the castle.

*Cha.* His only son!

*Ame.* Let us proceed, I beg.

*Cha.* But this picture on the right?

*Ame.* You will not accompany me into the garden?



*Cha.* With pleasure—but inform me first——  
How! You are in tears, Amelia. (*Exit Amelia hastily.*) She loves me still. The treacherous tears rolled down her cheeks. She loves me. That is the sofa upon which I oft have drank the nectar of her lips. This is the castle in which I was born. Wretched as I am, the golden recollection of those happy days I once enjoyed, still cheers my soul. Here should I have lived, an honour to my house—the admiration of my vassals—here should I a second time have felt the joys of childhood, while observing the offspring of my dear Amelia at their gambols—here should I—No more! No more! Let me return to that dread station which Fate has appointed me to fill.—Farewel, dear castle of my fathers. Thou didst witness my delight in earlier years—now witness my despair. (*Is going, but suddenly stops.*) Must I never see her more? Must I renounce all hopes of ever kissing those sweet lips? Must I depart without one last farewell?—No. Once more I will behold her—once more I will embrace her—that I may doubly feel my wretched fate in having lost her. Once more I'll quaff the sweet voluptuous poison—and then away, far as the winds of heaven, and all the demons of despair can drive me. (*Exit.*)

*Enter FRANCIS, in deep meditation.*

*Fra.* Begone from me, thou torturing image——Vile coward that I am! Of what or whom am I afraid? This count has been but a few hours in my castle—yet to me he seems a spy employed by hell to watch my every step. Surely I should know his features. There is a something great—something familiar to me in his wild and sunburnt countenance, which makes me tremble. (*Rings.*) I must be on my guard. A plot is laid against me.

*Enter DANIEL.*

*Dan.* What are your lordship's commands?

*Fra.* (*After having stedfastly gazed at him for some time.*) Nothing.—But yes. Bring me a goblet of wine directly. (*Exit Daniel.*)

Who knows but this fellow will confess, if I use threats to force the secret from him? I'll rivet my eye so keenly on him, that his features shall become the mirror of his conscience. (*Turns to the portrait of Charles.*) That long scraggy neck—those thick black bushy eye-brows—those bold fiery eyes. (*Suddenly starting back.*) Ha! Does hell inspire me with the dread suspicion?—It is Charles.

*Enter DANIEL, with wine.*

Place it on that table.—Now look stedfastly at me—eye to eye.—How the fellow's knees totter!—Villain, confess. What hast thou done?

*Dan.* Nothing, my Lord, as I hope to be saved.

*Fra.* Drink this wine. How?—Dost thou hesitate.—Instantly confess what thou hast mixed with this wine.

*Dan.* Gracious God! Mixed with the wine!

*Fra.* Yes, wretch. Thou hast mingled poison with it. Art thou not as white as snow! Confess, I say. Who gave thee the poison? The count? Did not the count—

*Dan.* Good Heavens, my Lord—the count gave me nothing.

*Fra.* (*Seizes him.*) I'll strangle thee, grey-headed liar.—Nothing! Why, then, did I see him and Amelia and thee whispering together? Did I not see her, after all her modest vows, cast amorous glances at him? Did I not see her tears fall into the wine which he so eagerly swallowed? Yes—though it was behind me, by my soul I saw it in the mirror.



*Dan.* God knows I was quite ignorant of it.

*Fra.* What! Darest thou deny it? Darest thou tell thy master that he lies? What mode of dispatching me have you agreed upon? Do you mean to smother me at midnight—or to cut my throat or to poison me——Out with the truth! I know all.

*Dan.* As I hope for God's assistance when I need it, all I have said is true.

*Fra.* This time I'll forgive you, Daniel. But no doubt he lined your purse—he pressed your hand more than is usual—as if you were an old acquaintance. Did he not, Daniel?

*Dan.* Never, my Lord.

*Fra.* He said, for example, that he had known you before—that you almost ought to know him—that the scales would soon fall from your eyes—that——yes, yes,—he said this, Daniel.

*Dan.* Not a word of it.

*Fra.* That he would be revenged—amply revenged.

*Dan.* Not a syllable of it, my Lord.

*Fra.* How!—Recollect yourself.—Surely you heard him say that he knew your old master very well—particularly well—that he loved him—loved him most sincerely—as sincerely as a son loves a father.

*Dan.* I recollect I did hear him say something of that kind.

*Fra.* (*Alarmed.*) Did you?—Did you, indeed? He said he was my brother—did he?

*Dan.* I never heard him say that. But while Miss Amelia was shewing him the pictures in the gallery, I observed him suddenly stop at the portrait of my late master. Miss Amelia pointed to it, and said, “An excellent man,” which he repeated and wiped his eyes.

*Fra.* Enough! Run! Haste! Send Herman hither.  
(*Exit Daniel.*)

All doubt is at an end. It is Charles. He is come to demand his estate. Have I, then, sacrificed my nightly rest—have I removed huge rocks, and levelled mountains, to be thus defeated? Have I rebelled against humanity, only to become the victim of an outcast? No, no. One way is always open to me. By murder I surely can escape. What a blockhead must he be, who, after having partly done his work, stands idly looking whether time will finish it.

*Enter HERMAN.*

Ha! Welcome, my Eurypylus—welcome, my trusty agent.

*Her.* (*In a sullen tone.*) You have sent for me.

*Fra.* True, Herman. I wish you to end what you have so ably begun.

*Her.* Indeed!

*Fra.* Shall I order the carriage? We can arrange the matter while we take an airing.

*Her.* No ceremony, if you please. The arrangements which we have to make to-day, can be as well fixed upon in this room as elsewhere. At all events, I can say a word or two which will spare your lungs some exertion.

*Fra.* (*Alarmed.*) What do you mean?

*Her.* That you promised me Amelia's hand.

*Fra.* Herman!

*Her.* Did you not tell me that she would become the play-thing of your will, and that, then, she should be mine?—(*In a tone of defiance.*) What have you now to say, Count Moor?

*Fra.* Nothing to you—I sent for Herman.

*Her.* No evasion. Why was I summoned? Again to be the fool I have been? Again to prop the ladder that the thief may mount?

*Fra.* (*As if he had suddenly recollected something*) True. We must not forget that. I wish—

ed to have some conversation with you respecting the dowry.

*Her.* This is mockery—or something worse. Moor, be careful—drive me not mad. We are without witnesses, Moor. Confide not in a villain, though you yourself have made him such.

*Fra.* (*With a haughty mien.*) Dare you conduct yourself thus towards your Lord? Tremble, slave.

*Her.* (*Contemptuously.*) At your displeasure, perhaps? What is your displeasure to a man, who is incensed at himself? I already detest you as a villain, Moor—do not make me deride you as a blockhead. I can open sepulchres—I can raise the dead. Which of us is now the slave?

*Fra.* (*With great condescension.*) Friend, act rationally—keep your promise.

*Her.* Peace! To act rationally, were to abhor thee, villain—to keep my promise were madness. A promise made to whom?—To him by whom perfidy is practised as a virtue.—But patience, patience! Revenge is subtle.

*Fra.* Right! I am glad I recollect it. You lately lost a purse containing a hundred louis d'ors. I had almost forgotten the circumstance. Take back what is your own, good Herman. (*Gives him a purse.*)

*Her.* (*Throws it contemptuously at the feet of Francis*) Damned be the vile Iscariot-bribe! Has hell employed thee to complete my ruin? You once imagined you had made my poverty the pander of my heart—but you are mistaken, Moor; grossly mistaken. The former purse of gold is useful—it supplies with food—a certain person.

*Fra.* (*Alarmed.*) Herman! Herman!—Do not make me fancy—If you have done any thing contrary to my will, you are a traitor to your master.

*Her.* (*In a triumphant tone.*) Indeed!—I rejoice

to hear it. Mark me, then. I will soon prepare a banquet, at which your infamy shall be produced, and every nation of the earth shall be invited to it. Do you comprehend this, mighty, revered, and gracious master?

*Fra.* Villain! traitor! devil! (*Strikes his forehead.*) Fool that I was, to place confidence in such a creature. (*Throws himself upon a couch.*)

*Her.* Ha! ha! ha!—Behold the cautious sly projector—foiled at his own weapons.

*Fra.* It is a truth, then, a confirmed truth, that no thread is so finely spun, so soon torn asunder, as the tie of guilt.

*Her.* Vastly fine!—Devils are beginning to moralize.

*Fra.* (*Suddenly rises, and addresses Herman with a malignant smile.*) The discovery will reflect great credit on yourself, no doubt?

*Her.* (*Claps his hands.*) Excellent! Inimitable! You act your part most admirably. First you drag the easy fool into the mire—then vent your rage against him, because he attempts to extricate himself. What a refinement of villany! But, Count, (*Laying his hand on Francis's shoulder,*) you are not yet thoroughly acquainted with me. You have not yet learnt how far the loser of the game dare venture. What says the pirate in such a situation?—"Throw a match into the powder magazine, and blow friend as well as foe into the air."

*Fra.* (*Runs to the wall, and seizes a pistol.*) Treason!—I must be resolute.

*Her.* (*Draws a pistol from his pocket.*) Give yourself no trouble. I took care to be prepared before I came.

*Fra.* (*Throws the pistol away, and falls on the couch.*) Don't betray me, Herman, till I have reflected how to act.

*Her.* You mean till you have hired a dozen bravos, who will make me dumb for ever. But *(in a lower tone)* I have committed the secret to paper, and my heirs will read it. *(Exit.*

*Fra.* Is this a dream?—Where was my courage?—where my presence of mind? Alas! even my own creatures betray me. The pillars of my fortune are decayed—the furious foe already falls upon me. I must instantly determine in what way it is best to act. How if I go in person, and stab him in the back.—A wounded man is a mere infant.—It is resolved. *(Is walking away with a firm step, but stops, as if overpowered by sudden debility.)* Who are these men behind me? *(Rolling his eyes with horrible wildness.)* I never saw their faces before—their looks are terrific.—Away! away!—Courage I certainly have—the courage of a—But if a mirror were to betray me—or my shadow—or the sound created by raising my arm to inflict the deadly blow? Huh!—my hair bristles towards heaven—my every limb quakes.—*(A dagger falls from his breast.)* A coward I am not—perhaps I am too tender-hearted. Yes: these are the last struggles of departing virtue. I admire them. I should be a monster, were I to assassinate my brother. No, no, no. I will revere these relics of humanity. I will not murder. Thou hast conquered, Nature. I still feel something which is like affection.—He shall live. *(Exit.*

SCENE changes to a Garden, in which an Arbour is seen.

Enter AMELIA.

*Ame.* “You are in tears Amelia” And that he said with so much sympathy—Oh, I felt as if time had grown young again—as if the golden spring of love returned while he spoke. Methought I heard the nightingale—methought I

smelt the perfume of the rose—methought I lay entranced upon his neck—all was the same as when my Charles was here—and, surely, if the spirits of the dead deign to revisit earth, it is my Charles.—Ha! false perfidious heart, how cunningly thou veil'st thy guilt. No, no. Away from my heart ye treacherous impious thoughts! In this bosom, where my Charles is buried, no other image ever shall reside. Yet, why do my thoughts so constantly, so irresistibly, dwell upon this stranger? The image of my only love mixes with his, until their features are united—and to think of one must be to think of both. “You are in tears, Amelia.”—Ha!—I must begone. To-morrow I shall take the veil. The veil! How sweet was that idea lately!—But now—Oh my heart, how hast thou deceived me! Thou didst convince me that what I felt was resolution. Liar that thou wert—it was despair. (*Seats herself in the arbour, and hides her face.*)

*Enter HERMAN.*

*Her. (Aside.)* I have plunged boldly in—now now let the storm rage on, even if the billows overwhelm me. (*Aloud.*) Miss Amelia!

*Ame. (Alarmed.)* A spy! What do you want here?

*Her.* I bring you news, most pleasant, yet most horrible. If you be disposed to pardon one who has injured you, prepare yourself to hear most wondrous tidings.

*Ame.* I have no recollection for injuries—no ear for news.

*Her.* Do you not lament the death of a youth whom you loved?

*Ame. (Gazes at him.)* Child of misfortune, what justifies you in asking such a question?

*Her. (Mournfully casting his eyes on the earth.)* Hatred and love.



*Ame.* Can any one love who inhabits this region.

*Her.* (*Looking round*). Yes—too much—even to the perpetration of villainy.—Did not your uncle lately die?

*Ame.* He was to me a father.

*Her.* The lover and the father are alive. (*Rushes away.*)

*Ame.* (*Stands rooted to the spot—then wildly exclaims*) Charles alive! (*Is about to run after Herman.*)

*Enter CHARLES.*

*Cha.* Whither in such haste, lady?

*Ame.* (*Starts back with a frantic gesture.*) Gape beneath me, earth!

*Cha.* I come to take leave of you.—But——Heavens! In what extreme agitation do I find you!

*Ame.* Go, count——stay--Happy would it have been for me, had you never come!

*Cha.* Would that have made you happy? Farewel. (*Turns suddenly round and is going.*)

*Ame.* For heaven's sake stay. That was not my meaning. (*Wringing her hands.*) Yet--oh God, why was it not?--Count, what have I done, that you should make me criminal? How did I injure you by that affection which you have undermined?

*Cha.* You pierce to my very soul, lady.

*Ame.* My heart was pure till I saw you. Oh that my eyes had lost their faculty! They have corrupted my heart.

*Cha.* Say not so. Your eyes and heart are guiltless, I am sure.

*Ame.* His very look!--Count, I beseech you to avert those looks. They rouse rebellion. My treacherous fancy tells me every moment that I



see himself.—Go, count—return in the hateful form of a crocodile, and you will be more welcome.

*Cha.* (*With a look of fervent affection.*) That is not true, Amelia.

*Ame.* (*With increasing tenderness.*) Should you deceive me, count—should you be trifling with this poor weak heart——But how can falsehood dwell in an eye, which beams with the expression of *his*?—Alas! Happy were it for me, should you be false—happy, should I be obliged to hate you——yet, oh, how wretched should I be, might I not love you. (*Charles presses her hand to his lips with rapture.*) Your kisses burn like fire.

*Cha.* My soul burns in them.

*Ame.* Go.—I may yet be saved.—The mind of man is firm.—Let your firmness save me. Go.—

*Cha.* It cannot be.—I see you tremble—and my firmness vanishes. Here I am fixed for ever. (*Hiding his face in her bosom.*) Here will I die.

*Ame.* (*Quite confounded.*) Away!—Leave me.—What have you done, Count?—Away with those lips! (*She struggles feebly against his violent caresses.*) An impious fire creeps through my veins. (*Weeping and in a tone of tenderness.*) Must you come from a distant country to destroy a passion, which had even defied the power of death? (*Clasps him with increasing fervour in her arms.*) God forgive you, Count!

*Cha.* (*Still embracing her.*) If such be the separation of the soul and body, how blissful, how rapturous must it be to die.

*Ame.* Here, where you now stand, has he stood a thousand times, and at his side, I, who, when at his side, forgot both heaven and earth. Here,—here his eye wandered over the lovely charms of nature—he seemed to feel how grateful was the sight, and she appeared to dress her-

self more gayly while her prince admired her. Here he would listen to the celestial music of the nightingale. Here he would pluck fresh roses for his loved Amelia. Here—here he pressed me to his heart, and glued his lips to mine. (Charles, no longer able to control his passion, presses his lips to her's—she meets him with equal rapture, and they remain for some time lost in ecstasy—Amelia then sinks almost in a swoon, upon the seat of the arbour.) Come, Charles, and be revenged. My oath is broken.

*Cha.* (*Steps from her with a frantic look.*) This must be some snare designed by hell for my destruction—I am so happy. (*Gazes at her.*)

*Ame.* (*Espies her ring, and hastily rises.*) What? Art thou still upon my finger—thou, that hast been a witness of my perjury? Away! (*Gives the ring to Charles.*) Take it—take it, beloved seducer, and with it my soul's adored—my all—my Charles. (*Falls back.*)

*Cha.* (*Becomes pale.*) Almighty God, is this thy sovereign will?—It is the very ring I gave her as a pledge of my affection.—She has returned it.—Oh horrible!

*Ame.* (*Alarmed.*) Heavens! What is the matter? How wildly your eyes roll—and how pale are your lips!—Wretch that I am! Do you so soon repent the blissful crime?

*Cha.* (*Suppressing his emotions.*) Nothing—nothing. (*Raising his eyes.*) I am still a man. (*Draws his ring from his hand and gives it to Amelia.*) Take this, sweet fury of my heart, and with it my soul's adored—my all—my Amelia.

*Ame.* (*Springs from the seat.*) Your Amelia!

*Cha.* (*Mournfully.*) Oh, she was a lovely girl, and faithful as an angel. When I left her, she gave me a ring, I her another, as pledges of our mutual faith. She heard that I was dead, and

remained constant to the dead. She heard again, that I was living, and became faithless to the living. I flew into her arms—my transports equalled heavenly bliss. Think what my heart was doomed to feel. She returned to me my ring—I her's to her.

*Ame.* (*Looks with amazement on the earth.*) Strange! Dreadfully strange!

*Cha.* True, my good child.—Man has much, very much to learn, ere he can dive into the great decrees of that Being, who laughs at his vows, and weeps over his projects.—My Amelia is an unfortunate girl.

*Ame.* She is—because she rejected you.

*Cha.* She is—because she loves me. How, if I were an assassin? How if, for every kiss bestowed by her, I could recount a murder?—Would not my Amelia, then, be unfortunate?

*Ame.* She would, but what you mention is impossible. He, whom you resemble, could not bear to see a fly suffer.

*Cha.* What I have said, is true. There is a world, in which the veil will be removed entirely, and those who loved will meet again—with horror. Eternity is its name. Yes. My Amelia is unfortunate, for when she thought she clasped an angel in her arms, she held—a murderer.

*Ame.* (*Overpowered with anguish.*) Horrible!—I will weep for your sad fate.

*Cha.* (*Takes her hand, and holds the ring before her eyes.*) Weep for your own. (*Exit instantly.*)

*Ame.* (*Recognizes the ring.*) Charles! Charles! O heaven and earth! *Stoops.*)

SCENE—*changes to a forest, in which the ruins of a tower are discernible. The moon shines bright,*

*and the ROBBERS are stretched on the earth.*

*SPIEGELBERG and RAZMAN advance from the rest.*

*Raz.* It is almost midnight, and our captain is not yet arrived.

*Spi.* A word in confidence, Razman, Captain, said you? Who made him our captain? Did he not usurp the title, when it justly belonged to *me*? What! Are we to expose our lives, and buffet all the storms of Fate, merely that we may be called the slaves of Moor,—slaves, when we might be princes? By God, Razman, I'll bear it no longer.

*Raz.* Hell and damnation—nor I. But what can we do?

*Spi.* Can you ask that, who have dispatched many a fine fellow! Razman, if you be the man I think you—he is missing—some begin to think him lost—Razman, his hour is come.—How! Don't you spring into the air at the idea of being free? Why, you surely don't understand me.

*Raz.* The idea is tempting, I must own.

*Spi.* Right! Follow me then. I observed the road he took. Come. A brace of pistols seldom fail, and then—

*Schw.* (*Springs up.*) Villain, I have overheard you. I remember how you behaved in the forests of Bohemia. Like a coward you began to skulk, when the enemy approached. At that time I swore by my soul—Down to hell, assassin! (*Both draw and begin to fight.*)

*Robbers.* (*Rising in confusion.*) Murder! Murder!—Schweizer!—Spiegelberg!—Tear them asunder.

*Schw.* (*Stabs Spiegelberg.*) There lie and rot.—Be quiet, comrades.—Don't let this poltroon disturb you. The scoundrel always hated the captain, and has not one scar upon his whole body.—He wanted to lie in ambush—to murder unseen.—Have we toiled thus long, to be sent out of the world in that way? Have we passed our lives amidst fire and smoke, to be caught, like rats, in a trap.

*Gri.* But, damn it—the captain will be in a terrible fury.

*Schw.* Let me settle that. Schufterle acted in the same way, and now he is gibbeted, as the captain prophesied. (*A shot is heard.*)

*Gri.* Hark! a shot! (*A second is heard.*) Another! Huzza! It is the captain.

*Kos.* Patience! He must fire a third. (*A third shot is heard.*)

*Gri.* It is the captain.—Conceal yourself, Schweizer, till we have explained to him—

*Enter CHARLES.*

*Schw.* (*Meets him.*) You are welcome, captain.—I have been somewhat rash since you left us. (*Leads him to the dead body.*) You shall decide between this man and me. He wished to waylay and murder you.

*Cha.* (*After a pause, during which his eyes have been fixed upon the corpse.*) Wonderful and incomprehensible are thy ways, O God of vengeance.—Was it not this man, who sung the syren song, which made me what I am?—Consecrate the sword by which he fell, to the avenger.—Schweizer, this was not done by you.

*Schw.* By my soul it was, and the devil take me, if I think it the worst thing I ever did. (*Throws the sword upon the body with a look of dissatisfaction.*)

*Cha.* (*In deep meditation.*) I understand thee—heavenly Judge—I understand thee.—The leaves fall from the branches.—The autumn of my life is come.—Remove this body from my sight. (*He is obeyed.*)

*Gri.* Now, captain, give us orders. What shall we do next?

*Cha.* Soon—soon all will be accomplished—Since I left you I have lost myself. Sound your horns. I must recal former days to my mind, and gather strength from the remembrance.

*Kos.* It is midnight, captain, and three days have elapsed since we closed our eyes. Sleep hangs heavy on them.

*Cha.* Can, then, assassins taste the balm of soft repose? Why am *I* not allowed to sleep? Sound your horns, I say. I must hear warlike music, that my torpid spirit may awake.—(*The Robbers play a march, while Charles walks to and fro with gloomy mien. At length he suddenly interrupts them.*) No more!—Good night. In the morning I shall issue my commands.

*Robbers.* (*Stretch themselves on the earth.*) Good night captain. (*They sleep.*)

*Cha.* Good night——for ever. It is a night, to which no morning will succeed.——Ye spirits numberless of those, whom I have murdered, think you that I shall tremble? Never, never. Your fearful dying groans, your black and strangled features, your horrid gaping wounds are but links of an indissoluble chain, by which Almighty Fate has bound me. My nurse's humours may have caused them, my father's temper, or my mother's blood. Why has no Perillus made a bull of me, and fed me with the flesh of man. (*Raises a pistol to his head.*) Time and eternity embrace each other over this little weapon. Dread key, which locks behind me the prison of life and opens the abode of everlasting freedom. Tell me, oh tell me whither thou wilt lead me.—To some strange land, which no one ever circumnavigated. Human nature shudders at the awful thought, while busy fancy introduces unknown phantoms, and appals, still more, the shrinking soul.——Away with these ideas! Man must not hesitate. Be what thou may'st, thou world without a name, Moor shall still be faithful to himself. Be what thou wilt, if I but take my soul. The external form is but the colour which the fancy paints.



I myself am my heaven or my hell.—(*Looking towards the horizon.*) Wert thou disposed, Creator of the world, to place me in some blasted region, which thou hadst banished from thy sight, where darkness, solitude, and dreary desolation were my only prospects—my visionary brain would people the expanse.—But such is not thy will.—Perhaps, after having led me, step by step, through scenes of misery and horror, thou wilt, at last, annihilate me.—May I not be able to brake the thread of the next life, as easily as I shall do it now?—At all events it is a liberty, of which I cannot be deprived in this world. (*Again raises the pistol.*)—But hold! Am I not about to die from the mean dread of living here in agony?—Cowardly deed! Shall it be said, that Moor was conquered by misfortune?—No. I will brave the malice of fate. (*Throws the pistol away.*) My pride shall triumph over every difficulty. (*The darkness increases and a distant clock strikes twelve.*)

Enter HERMAN.

*Her.* Hark! How the nightcrows shriek!—The village clock has just struck twelve. All are asleep but those who feel the pangs of a bad conscience, and those who brood revenge. (*Knocks at the tower.*) Rise, man of misery. I have brought your meal.

*Cha.* (*Starts.*) What means this?

*A voice from the tower.* Who knocks? Is it you, Herman? Is it my raven?

*Her.* It is.—Climb to the grate and eat.—What a dreadful noise the owlets make!—Old man,—you like your food, I hope.

*Voice.* It is most welcome, Herman—I was very hungry. Oh thou, who sendest my raven, accept my thanks for this food in the wilderness.—

*Her.* Silence! Hark!—I hear a noise.—The



wind whistles through the chinks of the tower, and makes my teeth chatter.—Hark! again I heard a noise. I could fancy some one was asleep and snoring.—You have company, old man Hush!

*Voice.* Do you see any one?

*Her.* Farewel!—Farewel!—I must be gone.—Descend into the dungeon again. Your deliverer—your avenger is near. (*Going.*)

*Cha.* Hold!

*Her.* Who's there?

*Cha.* Hold! Answer me. Who art thou? For what purpose camest thou hither? Speak.

*Her.* (*Aside.*) One of his spies, no doubt. It matters not. Fear is become a stranger to me. (*Draws his sword.*) Villain, defend thyself. Thou hast a man before thee.

*Cha.* (*Strikes Herman's sword, which flies from his grasp.*) I will have an answer. Of what avail is this sword-play?—Thou didst speak of vengeance is my occupation—mine alone of all who dwell on earth.—What mortal dares to interfere with my vocation?

*Her.* (*starts back.*) By heaven, he was not born of woman. His blow was like the stroke of death.

*Voice.* Herman, to whom are you speaking?

*Cha.* There is some one in the tower. A dreadful mystery lurks here. (*Rushes to the tower.*) This sword shall unravel it.

*Her.* (*Approaches, trembling.*) Terrible stranger, art thou the demon of this forest, or one of those dread spirits, who wander through the lower world observing every midnight act? If the latter, oh welcome to this dungeon.

*Cha.* Thou art right. I am the angel of desolation, but am, nevertheless, flesh and blood like thyself. If some prisoner be confined here by the power of man, I will release him. Where is the door?

*Her.* Belzebub would as easily burst open the portal of heaven as you this. The villain's cunning is superior to a mortal's strength.

*Cha.* But not superior to a robber's cunning. (*Draws forth a bunch of keys.*) I thank thee, heaven, for having placed me at the head of robbers. These keys deride the power of hell. (*Opens the door. An old man steps forth pale and horribly emaciated. Charles starts back.*) My father!—Dreadful phantom!

*Count.* Oh God, accept my thanks. The hour of deliverance is arrived.

*Cha.* Shade of the venerable Moor, what has disturbed thee in thy tomb? Hast thou taken with thee to the other world some crime, which bars thy passage through the gates of Paradise? I will pray, I will order masses to be read that thy wandering spirit may be sent to its abode. Hast thou buried the gold of widows and of orphans, and art doomed to wander here at midnight? I will tear the subterraneous treasures from the dragons which defend it, even if they vomit the flames of hell at me. Or comest thou to reveal to me the secrets of eternity? Speak, oh speak. My colour will not change with fear.

*Cou.* I am not a spirit.—Touch me Thou perceivest I live—and wretchedly I live.

*Cha.* What! Wert thou not buried?

*Cou.* Alas, no. A dog was buried in the vault of my forefathers, and I, for three long months, have languished in this gloomy tower, where no sunbeam ever shines, no wholesome breath of air can penetrate—where my companions are the croaking raven and the shrieking bird of night.

*Cha.* Heaven and earth! Who did this?

*Her.* A son.

*Cou.* Oh, do not, do not curse him.

*Cha.* A son! (*Furiously rushing towards Herman.*) Liar! Villain!--A son! Repeat that word

and ten times will I plunge my sword into thy slanderous throat. A son!

*Her.* Yes—if it rouse all hell—I say *his son*.

*Cha.* (*As if petrified.*) Oh eternal chaos!

*Cou.* If you be a man, if you possess a human heart, listen to me, mighty and unknown deliverer. Listen to the sorrows and the sufferings which my sons have heaped upon their father.—For three sad dreary months I have uttered my complaints to these deaf walls, and none but echo answered to my groans. If, therefore, you be a man—if you possess a human heart, oh listen to me.

*Cha.* Wolves would be tame, when thus conjured.

*Cou.* I lay upon the bed of sickness, and scarcely had regained a portion of my former strength, when a man appeared, who told me that my first-born son had fallen in the field of battle, and at the hour of death declared his father's curse had driven him to despair.

*Her.* It was false. I was the villain, who pretended to have witnessed it. Bribed by the gold and promises of Francis, I became the messenger, whose tidings were to hinder all enquiries after Charles, and, if possible, to end your days.

*Cou.* You! You! Gracious God! I was deceived, then?

*Cha.* (*Turns away in the greatest agitation.*) How dreadfully the day begins to dawn!

*Her.* Tread on me—crush me like a poisonous adder.—I consented to destroy you—I intercepted all letters from your Charles—destroyed those written to him by yourself, and substituted others couched in the language of hatred and resentment. Thus were you imposed upon—thus was your eldest son banished from your heart.

*Cha.* (*In a tone of dreadful anguish.*) And hence that son became a robber and a murderer. (*Strikes*  
(VOL. II.) H

*his breast and forehead.*) Fool ! Blockhead ! Dolt !  
—A villain's arts have made thee a thief and an incendiary. (*Walks to and fro with looks of horror and distraction.*)

*Cou.* Francis ! Francis !—But I will not curse him.—To be thus deceived !—Blind dotard that I was !

*Cha.* (*Suddenly stops.*) While my father was confined in this tower—(*Suppressing his emotion.*) I have no right to complain.—(*Turns to the Count, and endeavours to appear composed.*) Proceed.

*Cou.* When this intelligence was brought, I swooned. Doubtless I was supposed to be dead, for when my senses returned, I found myself upon a bier, clad in a shroud. I knocked at the top of the coffin—which was opened. It was midnight, and my son Francis stood before me. “What !” cried he, with a voice of thunder, “will you live for ever ?” and instantly again shut the coffin. These words overpowered me. When I awoke, I felt the coffin raised and carried away. At length it was opened, and I found myself at the entrance of this tower. At my side stood Francis and the man, who had brought me my Charles's bloody sword.—I embraced my son's knees—prayed—entreated—conjured him—in vain. His flinty heart was dead to pity. “Down with the dotard !” roared he, “I have been plagued with him too long”—upon which I was cast into the dungeon, and my son Francis locked the door.

*Cha.* It is not possible. You must be mistaken.

*Cou.* Oh that I were ! Hear the sequel of my story, but be not incensed. Thus I lay full twenty hours in dreadful solicitude. No mortal ever ventures hither, for it is universally believed that the spirits of my ancestors wander at midnight through these ruins, rattling their chains, and

chaunting songs of death. At length I again heard the door open. This man appeared. He brought me bread and water; told me that I was doomed to die by hunger, and added that his life was in danger, should it be discovered that he supplied me with food. Thus has my life been preserved, but my remnant of strength was unable to oppose the chilling blast—the fetid air—the unutterable anguish of my mind. A thousand times have I prayed that I might be allowed to die; but doubtless the measure of my punishment was not filled—or some happiness awaits me ere I quit this world—else, why is my life thus miraculously prolonged?—But it is just that I should suffer. My Charles! My Charles!

*Cha.* Enough! (*To the Robbers.*) Rise! Ye logs—ye idle, senseless lumps of clay! Rise, I say. Will none of you awake? (*Fires a pistol over them.*)

*Rob.* (*Starting from their sleep.*) Holla! What now? What's the matter?

*Cha.* Could not this horrid story wake you from your slumbers? Methinks it might have roused the dead. Look here! The laws of this world are become a game at dice. The bands of nature have been rent asunder. Discord is let loose, and stalks triumphant. A son has slain his father.

*Rob.* What says the captain?

*Cha.* Slain! No. That is too mild a term. A son has butchered, racked, flead his father. Where shall I find words? He has committed a crime, at which even the cannibal would shudder—a crime, of which no devil would have thought. In this tower has a son confined his own father. Oh see, see—he faints. In this tower—cold—naked—hungry—thirsty—oh see, see—this is the father—this is *my* father.

*Rob.* (*Rush forward and surround the old man.*)  
Your father! Your father!

*Schw.* (*Approaches with reverence, and kneels.*)  
Father of my captain, let me kiss thy feet. My dagger is ready to avenge thy wrongs.

*Cha.* Ay—horribly, most horribly shalt thou be avenged, much injured venerable man. Thus I destroy for ever the tie of fraternity. (*Tears his coat from top to bottom.*) Thus, in the face of heaven I curse each drop of blood, which flows in the veins of him, who was my brother. Hear me, oh moon and stars! Hear me, ye spirits of the night, who witnessed the abominable act! Hear me, terrific judge, whose lightnings pierce through darkness to avenge the injured—thus I kneel before thee—prostrate I raise my arm towards thy throne, and swear——may Nature drive me like a hideous monster from her boundaries, if I greet the light of day until my sword has drank the heart's blood of this fell parricide—until the purple current stains the earth, and spreads its noisome vapours through the air. (*Rises.*)

*Rob.* Glorious! Glorious! Who can call us villains, now? By all the fiends of hell we never yet have been so well employed.

*Cha.* True—and by the dreadful groans of those, whom we have murdered—of those who were devoured by fire, or crushed beneath the tower at Leipzig—no thought of rapine shall find place in our minds, till each of us has dyed his garment purple in the blood of the foul villain. You never dreamt that it would be your lot to execute the great decrees of heaven. The clue of destiny, so long confused, is now unravelled. This day does an invisible power dignify our occupation. Offer up your prayers and thanks to Him, who has exalted you to this honourable rank; who has deigned to appoint you the dread-



ful agents of his dark decrees. Bare your heads—prostrate yourselves in the dust—and rise hallowed men. (*They kneel.*)

*Schw.* Now, Captain, issue your commands. We are ready.

*Cha.* Rise, Schweitzer, and touch these sacred locks. (*Leads him to the Count, and places a lock of hair in his hand.*) You recollect, that once, when overpowered and breathless, I had sunk upon my knee, you cleft the skull of a Bohemian, who had already raised his sword to slay me. At that time I promised you a royal recompence, but have never been able to discharge the obligation.

*Schw.* You made this promise, I allow, but let me for ever be your creditor.

*Cha.* No, Schweitzer—to-day I have it in my power to pay the debt. No mortal ever was so highly honoured. I appoint thee the avenger of my father's wrongs.

*Schw.* (*Rises.*) Great captain, you have to-day made me for the first time proud. Command me. How, where, and when shall I make the attack?

*Cha.* The moments are precious. You must depart instantly. Select from the band as many as you please, and proceed to the villain's castle. Drag him from his bed, though he be asleep, or in the arms of a wanton. Seize him at the banquet—tear him from the crucifix. But mark my words, and let them not escape your memory at the decisive moment. He must be delivered to me alive. Should any one attempt to wound him, or to hurt a hair of his head, that man shall perish by this arm. I'll tear him piecemeal, and feed the hungry vultures with his carcase. I must have him whole and uninjured. If you bring him thus, your recompence shall be a million. I'll



plunder some monarch, at the peril of my life, in order to obtain it. If you have understood me, go.

*Schw.* Enough, Captain! There is my hand. You shall see both of us or neither. Follow me, comrades.

*(Exeunt Schweitzer, Herman and several Robbers.)*

*Cha.* *(To the rest.)* Disperse yourselves in the forest. I shall stay here.

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

## A C T V.

SCENE—*A gallery in which are seen doors to various apartments. FRANCIS rushes from one of them.*

*Fra.* Betrayed! Betrayed! A thousand spirits have started from their graves. All the empire of leath is in motion, and on every side my ear is tortured with the name of murderer. Ha! Who moves there?

*Enter DANIEL.*

*Dan.* Heaven have mercy on us! Is it you, my Lord, whose shrieks echo through the gallery, and rouse all who sleep?

*Fra.* Sleep! Who permitted you to sleep? Let every one instantly arise—let every one clothe himself in armour, and load his musket.—Didst thou not see them flit along the corridors?

*Dan.* Whom, my Lord?

*Fra.* Whom! blockhead! whom! Canst thou thus coldly ask me whom?—Oh, the sight thrilled through my very marrow. Spirits of the damned!—What is the hour of night?

*Dan.* The watchman has just called two.

*Fra.* Two! Will this night, then, extend to the day of judgment. Did you hear no noise in the neighbourhood—no shout of triumph—no galloping of horses? Where is Charles—the Count I mean?

*Dan.* I do not know, my Lord.

*Fra.* Not know! Thou art in the plot, then. I'll tear thy entrails piecemeal, villain. What! have my dependents too—have even beggars conspired against me? Heaven—hell—every thing conspires against me.

*Dan.* Count Moor!

*Fra.* No I will not tremble. It was but a dream. The dead cannot awake from their eternal sleep. Who says that I tremble and am pale?—I feel easy and well.

*Dan.* You are pale as death—your voice falters, my lord.

*Fra.* Yes—I am somewhat feverish—my surgeon shall bleed me in the morning.

*Dan.* Oh, you are very ill—

*Fra.* True—I am ill.—My disorder affects my brain, and is the cause of these terrific dreams; but dreams mean nothing, Daniel, dreams mean nothing.—I had a merry dream just now. (*Faints.*)

*Dan.* Gracious God? What can this mean? George! Conrad! Bastion! Martin! Rouse yourself, my lord. (*Shakes him.*) I shall be suspected of having murdered him. God have mercy on me!

*Fra.* Away? away! Why dost thou shake me thus vile ghastly spectre?—The dead cannot awake from—

*Dan.* Merciful heaven! He knows not what he says.

*Fra.* (*Raises himself slowly.*) Where am I? You here, Daniel! What did I say, just now?—Pay no regard to it—for it was false, be it what it might.—Come hither. Raise me. It was only a kind of fit, in consequence of wanting rest.

*Dan.* I'll call your surgeon, my lord.

*Fra.* Hold! Seat yourself at my side, upon this sofa.—You are a sensible, a worthy man. Listen to me.

*Dan.* Another time, my lord. Let me lead you to bed. Repose is necessary.

*Fra.* No. Listen to me, Daniel, and laugh at me. Methought I had been feasting at a splendid banquet. My heart was elated, and I lay stretched on the platform, with sensation the most pleasing, when suddenly—suddenly—but laugh at me, I charge you.

*Dan.* Proceed, my lord.

*Fra.* Suddenly my ear was assailed by a tremendous peal of thunder. I started up, and saw the whole horizon wrapped in flames. Mountains, cities, and forests, melted like wax in a furnace, while a terrific hurricane swept before it the ocean, the heavens, and the earth.

*Dan.* Horrible! It is the description of the last day.

*Fra.* Pshaw! nonsense!—Then a person stepped forth with scales in his hand, which he held between east and west, and said: "Approach, ye children of dust. I weigh the thoughts of man."

*Dan.* God have mercy on me!

*Fra.* All turned pale. Fearful expectation beat in every breast.—My name was first heard. The sound issued from the bowels of the mountain. My blood congealed with terror—my teeth chattered—my knees smote each other.

*Dan.* Oh! God forgive you!

*Fra.* That did he not. An old man appeared, pale—emaciated—bent towards the earth, by sorrows and distress. Raging hunger had compelled him to eat his own arm. At his approach all shuddered, and turned away. I knew the man. He cut a lock from his hoary head, and threw it towards me. Instantly a voice thundered through the smoke: "Mercy, mercy to all sinners upon earth. Thou alone art rejected."—(*A long pause.*) Now, why do you not laugh?

*Dan.* Can I be expected to laugh, when my flesh creeps? Dreams are sent by heaven.

*Fra.* Pshaw, pshaw! Talk not thus. Call me a fool, a blockhead—call me any thing, dear Daniel—laugh at me—I beseech you laugh at me.

*Dan.* Dreams are sent by heaven. I will pray for you. (*Exit.*)

*Fra.* Mean, vulgar prejudice and superstition!

—It has never yet been proved that any eye, above this earth, observes what passes on it. What makes me just now think of this subject?—Is there an avenging judge above the stars? Alas, I fear there is. Dreadful, horrible idea!—To appear this very night before the avenging judge—No, no, no.—Solitude and silence reign beyond this world. It must not, shall not, be otherwise.—Yet should it, notwithstanding.——Why do I tremble thus?—To die!—Why am I alarmed at this idea?—Oh should I be obliged to give account of all my actions and should my judge be just——

*Enter a Servant, hastily.*

*Ser.* My lord, Amelia has escaped, and the count has suddenly disappeared.

*Enter DANIEL, much alarmed.*

*Dan.* Count Moor, a troop of horsemen has this instant galloped into the court. The whole village is in motion.

*Fra.* Ring the alarm-bell. Let every one hasten to the chapel, and pray for me. I will release all the prisoners. Threefold I will repay what I have taken from the helpless. Go—call my confessor, that he may give me absolution.—Go, I say. (*The tumult becomes more audible.*)

*Dan.* God forgive me my sins! May I believe what I hear? You who always ridiculed religion.

*Fra.* No more.—Death, Daniel, death——It is too late. (*Schweitzer is heard without.*) Pray for me! Oh pray for me.

*Dan.* Yes, I always told you that when the fatal day arrived—

*Schw.* (*Without.*) Down with them! Burst the gates open. I see a light. He must be there.

*Fra.* (*Kneels.*) Hear my prayer, Almighty God. It is the first I ever uttered. Hear me Almighty God!

*Schw.* (*Still in the court.*) Drive them back, comrades. Back, you damned dogs. I am the devil, and am come for your master. Where is the black fellow and his troop? Grimm, station your men at distances from each other round the castle. Storm the ramparts to the east.

*Gri.* Hurl the fire-brands. The scoundrel will appear when he smells the flames.

*Fra.* (*Prays.*) Oh Lord God! I have not been a common murderer—I have not been guilty of any trifling crimes.

*Dan.* God have mercy on us! Even his prayers are crimes. (*Firebrands and stones are thrown into the castle.*)

*Fra.* I cannot pray.—Here—here—(*Striking his breast and forehead.*) all is so dreary. (*Rises.*) No.—I will not pray.

*Dan.* Jesus Maria! Help! Help! The whole castle is in flames.

*Fra.* Daniel—obey me—take this sword, and plunge it to my heart, that I may not be made the sport of these vile rascals. (*The fire spreads on all sides.*)

*Dan.* Heaven forbid! I should not like to send any one too soon to heaven—far less to—

(*Runs out.*)

*Fra.* (*After a pause during which he has followed Daniel with a look of horror and despair.*) To Hell, thou wouldst have said—and rightly wouldst have said.—Is this the triumphant tumult of the demons who await me?—Hark!—They approach—they have entered the castle.—Why does this murderous weapon make me tremble?—Ha! The gates are broken.—Escape is impossible. Welcome, Hell. (*Springs into the flames.*)

SCENE—*The forest and tower as at the end of the fourth act. The COUNT is discovered sitting upon a stone. CHARLES stands near him. Several Robbers are seen at a distance in the Forest.*

*Cha.* And you loved this other son?

*Cou.* Heaven knows how sincerely. Oh, why did I listen to the falshoods of that monster Francis? I was once an enviable parent—blessed with most hopeful children—but oh, in an unlucky hour, that demon Envy entered into the breast of my younger son. I listened to the serpent, and lost both my children. (*Hides his face—Charles walks from him.*)—Deeply do I feel the truth of thy words, dear Amelia. The spirit of vengeance spoke from thy lips. Alas, yes. In vain do I stretch forth my arms to embrace my son. In vain do I wish to grasp the warm hand of my Charles. (*Charles presents his hand, with averted countenance.*) Oh that this were his hand! But he is dead—buried far from his native home—he can never hear his father's lamentations.—Wretch that I am!—I have no son to close my eyes. I must die in the arms of a stranger.

*Cha.* (*In most violent agitation.*) It must be so. The decisive moment is arrived. (*To the Robbers.*) Leave me.—and yet—can I restore to him his son?—Alas, no.

*Cou.* Why do you mutter thus, my generous friend?

*Cha.* Your son—yes, old man—your son is—lost for ever.

*Cou.* True, true.

*Cha.* (*Raising his eyes towards heaven.*) Support my sinking soul.—Grant me but fortitude to bear this trial.—(*Aloud.*) Yes, your son is lost for ever.

*Cou.* Stranger, stranger, did you release me from the tower only to remind me of my sorrows?



*Cha. (Aside.)* How, if I were to snatch his blessing—to steal it, like a thief, and escape with the precious prize. (*Sinks on his knee at the feet of the Count.*) 'Twas I, who liberated thee, venerable man, I crave thy blessing.

*Cou. (Presses him to his heart.)* Think that a father blesses thee—and I will think I bless my Charles.—Thou, too, canst weep, I see.

*Cha. (In great emotion.)* Yes, I will think it is a father's blessing. (*Hangs on the Count's neck. A pause ensues. At length a confused noise is heard, and torches are seen at a distance. Charles starts from the Count's arms.*) Hark! Vengeance calls to me. They come. (*Gazes awhile at the old man—then looks towards the approaching Robbers with grim ferocity.*) Inflame me, suffering lamb, with the murderous fury of the tiger. I will offer a sacrifice to thee, which shall make the stars grow dim, and petrify all animated nature. (*The torches become more visible—the noise more audible. Several pistols are fired.*)

*Cou.* Merciful heaven! What means this dreadful noise? Are my son's creatures coming to drag me to the scaffold?

*Cha. (Folding his hands with fervour.)* Listen, oh heavenly Judge, listen to the prayer of an assassin. Make this wretch immortal. Let not the first stroke of this sword destroy him. No. Let me enjoy his lengthened agonies. Let me feast on the convulsions of his tortured frame.

*Cou.* What are you muttering, stranger?

*Cha.* I am praying. (*The wild noise of the approaching Robbers is heard.*)

*Cou.* Oh think of Francis in your prayers.

*Cha. (Suppressing his fury.)* Be assured I do.

*Cou.* But is that the tone of supplication?

Cease, cease. I shudder at such prayers.

*Enter SCHWEITZER, and other Robbers, conducting FRANCIS, who is in irons.*

*Schw.* Triumph, Captain! I have fulfilled my vow.—Here is the villain.

*Gri.* We snatched him from the flames.

*Kos.* And reduced his castle to ashes.

*Cha.* (*After a dreadful pause, approaches Francis.*) Dost thou know me? Francis rivets his eyes on the earth, and returns no answer. Charles leads him to the Count.) Dost thou know this man?

*Fra.* (*Starts back, with a look of horror.*) Lightnings blast me! 'Tis my father.

*Cou.* (*Turns away.*) Go.—God forgive thee! I will forget all.

*Cha.* (*With terrific sternness.*) And may my curse hang to that prayer like tons of lead, that it may never reach the ear of Mercy.—Dost thou know this tower, too?

*Fra.* (*With violence to Herman.*) Monster! Has thy hatred to our race pursued my father even to this tower.

*Her.* Bravo! Bravo! The devil is not so wicked as to let his friends' perish for want of a lie.

*Cha.* Enough! Conduct this old man further into the forest. That which must now be done, shall not be interrupted by a father's tears. (*Count is led away.*) Come nearer, ye banditti. (*They form a semicircle round Charles and Francis, and lean upon their muskets.*) Now—not another word. As I hope for mercy, the man who dares to move his tongue till I command it, dies on the spot.—Silence.

*Fra.* (*Transported with fury, rushes towards Herman.*) Villain, villain! Oh that I could spit a flood of poison on thee! (*Bites his chains.*)

*Cha.* (*With dignified majesty.*) I stand here, appointed by the Eternal Judge, to execute his

office upon earth. The sentence I shall pass is such as all creation will approve. The tribunal is formed of villains, and I, the greatest, am its head. Let your daggers speak your sentiments. Let every one compare his actions with those of this wretch, and if, then, there be among you one who does not feel himself a saint, let him withdraw and break his dagger. (*All the Robbers throw down their daggers unbroken. Charles turns to Francis.*) Now thou mayst be proud, for to-day thou hast converted sinners into angels.—One dagger still is wanted. (*Draws forth his own.*) His mother was also mine. (*To Kosinski and Schweitzer.*) Be you his judges. (*Breaks his dagger, and walks aside in great emotion.*)

*Schw.* (*after a pause.*) I feel a very school-boy, and rack my mind in vain. Numerous as are the enjoyments of life, the torments of death seem to be few. (*Stamping with violence.*) Kosinski, speak. I can devise no torture, which I think sufficient.

*Kos.* Shame on you, grey-beard ! Cast a glance at the tower—let that inspire you. I am but a scholar.—Don't make me feel ashamed of my tutor.

*Schw.* I am grown grey amidst scenes of horror, but, at present, I feel a beggar in ideas. I thank you, comrade. Was not this tower the place in which he exercised his cruelties ? Do we not stand as judges before this tower ? Down with him ! There let him die and rot.

*Rob.* (*With shouts of joy.*) Right ! Right ! Down with him into the dungeon !

*Fra.* (*Rushes into his brother's arms.*) Save me from the claws of these assassins. Save me, brother.

*Cha.* (*With stern solemnity.*) Thou didst make me their leader. (*Francis starts back alarmed.*) Canst thou still ask me to save thee ?

*Rob.* (*With increasing eagerness.*) Down with him ! To the dungeon with him !

*Cha.* (*Approaches him with a dignified mein, and a look of sorrow.*) Son of my father, thou hast robbed me of celestial happiness. Be that crime pardoned. The tortures of hell await thee as a son—as a brother *I* forgive thee. (*Embraces him, and hastens away. The Robbers, with frantic shouts of delight, plunge Francis into the dungeon. Charles returns.*) It is accomplished. Accept my thanks, Almighty Ruler of the world. The dreadful deed is done. (*A pause ensues, during which he appears to be meditating some great design.*) Should Providence have decreed, after so far leading me upon the path of blood, that this tower shall be the goal of my career, I bend to his decree and willingly obey.—I rely upon the mercy of my God, and rejoice that my work is at an end. How gloriously the hero dies, whom victory has crowned. This was the greatest action of my life—'tis right that it should be the last. Amidst the gloom of night I will expire. Conduct my father hither. (*Exeunt Robbers.*)

*Re-enter Count and Robbers.*

*Cou.* Whither will you lead me ? Where is my son ?

*Cha.* (*Meets him with dignified composure.*) Each planet and each grain of sand has its appointed place in the creation—your son, too, has his. Compose yourself, and be seated.

*Cou.* (*Bursts into tears.*) No longer a son—no longer a son in the world.

*Cha.* Compose yourself, and be seated.

*Cou.* Oh ye compassionate barbarians ! You drag a dying father from his dungeon, that you may tell him he is childless. Let your compassion do still more ! Replace me where I was. I beseech you.

*Cha.* (*Grasps his hand with fervour, and raises it towards heaven.*) Blaspheme not, old man. Accuse not that Being, whom I to-day have worshipped with sincerity. Men, more wicked far than you, have this day been allowed to approach the throne of God.

*Cou.* Murderers approach the throne of God!

*Cha.* (*Incensed.*) Not another word, I do command thee. (*In a milder tone.*) If even sinners feel the influence of heavenly kindness, shall saints despair of feeling it? Where could you find words to atone for such a sin, were God this day to baptize for you a son.

*Cou.* (*With asperity.*) Are sons to-day baptized with blood?

*Cha.* Yes. Providence can baptize with blood, and does so to-day. The ways of heaven are dreadful and mysterious—but tears of joy await us, when we have reached the point of destination.

*Cou.* Where shall I shed them?

*Cha.* (*Rushes into his arms.*) On the breast of Charles.

*Cou.* (*With a shout of transport.*) My Charles alive?

*Cha.* He is alive—and has been sent hither to release and to avenge you. This (*Pointing to the tower*) was the reward bestowed upon you by the favoured son—this (*Pressing him to his heart*) is the vengeance of the son whom you abandoned.

*Rob.* There are people in the forest. We hear voices.

*Cha.* Call the rest. (*Exeunt Robbers.*) I must be resolute, and dash the cup of joy from my lips ere it be converted into poison.

*Cou.* Are these men your friends? I almost fear their looks.

*Cha.* I will answer any question but this, my father. Do not ask this.

*Enter AMELIA, with dishevelled hair, followed by the Robbers.*

*Ame.* They say his voice has raised the dead—they say my uncle is alive.—Charles! Uncle! Where shall I find them?

*Cha.* (*Shuddering.*) What demon brings that image to my view?

*Cou.* (*Raises himself.*) Amelia! my niece!

*Ame.* (*Rushes into his arms.*) Do I again behold you dearest uncle—and my Charles too?

*Cou.* Yes. Charles is alive—You—I—all.

*Cha.* (*In a phrenzy to the band.*) Away comrades. The archfiend has betrayed me.

*Ame.* (*Releases herself from the Count's embrace, and clasps Charles in her arms.*) I have him again! Angels of bliss! I have him again!

*Cha.* Tear her from my neck. Murder her—murder him—me—every one. Let all the world perish.

*Ame.* Dearest Charles!—The transport overpowers him. Why am I thus cool? Am I not as happy as himself?

*Cou.* Come, children. Your hand, Charles—and your's Amelia. Oh, I little thought that so much bliss awaited me. I will unite you for ever.

*Ame.* Oh ecstasy indescribable! Mine, mine for ever! Ye powers of heaven, release me from this load of bliss, lest I should sink beneath the weight of it!

*Cha.* (*Who has torn himself from her arms.*) Away! away! Most unfortunate of brides! Look at these men—ask them—listen to them—Most unfortunate of fathers! Let me fly far away, and hide myself for ever.

*Ame.* Fly! Whither! Why? A life of ecstasy awaits you—and you wish to fly?

*Cou.* Can my son wish to fly—my son—Amelia's husband?



*Cha.* Too late!—In vain!—Curse me, my father.—Ask me no more questions.—Die, Amelia—die my father—rescued by me, to be by me destroyed. These thy deliverers are robbers and assassins. Thy son is—their CAPTAIN.

*Cou.* God of heaven! My children! (*Falls, and instantly expires. Amelia stands rooted to the spot, and all the Robbers preserve a dreadful silence.*)

*Cha.* The souls of those whom I murdered amidst the enjoyments of love—of those whom I strangled in their sleep—of those——Ha! ha! ha! Do you hear the powder-magazine?—Do you observe that roof falling upon the helpless woman, who is in childbed? Do you see those flames creeping round the cradle of the infant? That is the hymeneal torch. Hear you those shrieks? That is the bridal music. Oh, he does not forget—he claims his due——therefore away from me, all joys of love——This is retaliation.

*Ame.* (*Awaking from her reverie.*) What have I done, father of all, what have I done?

*Cha.* This is more than man can bear. I who have seen death in its every shape, and never was appalled—shall I now be taught to tremble by a woman?—No. It shall not be. I will drink blood, and bid defiance to the tyrant Fate. (*Going.*)

*Ame.* (*Throws herself into his arms.*) Murderer! Demon! I cannot lose thee, angel.

*Cha.* (*Stops with an astonished air.*) Am I awake?—Am I mad?—Has hell devised some new method of tormenting me? She hangs upon the neck of an assassin.

*Ame.* For ever.

*Cha.* She still loves me—loves me with all my crimes. Then am I pure as is the light of day. A child of light weeps upon the neck of a pardoned demon. The Furies can no longer lash me



with their serpents—the power of hell is annihilated—I am happy. (*Hides his face in her bosom.*)

*Gri.* (*Approaches with a furious look.*) Hold, traitor. Instantly quit her embrace, or I will speak a word that shall convulse thy frame.

*Schw.* (*Places his sword between Charles and Amelia.*) Remember the forest of Bohemia. Traitor? Where are now your vows? Have you forgotten that in your defence we risked our lives—our honour—every thing? Did any one of us escape without wounds? Did we not stand like rocks? And did not you raise your arm, and swear never to forsake us, as we had not forsaken you? Traitor! Can a woman make you false to your oath?

*Rob.* (*Tear open their cloaths.*) Look here—and here—and here. Do you know these scars? We bought you with our heart's blood. Our's you are, and shall remain, though angels try to tear you from us. Come with us. A victim for a victim! A woman for the band!

*Cha.* Be it so. I wished to return to virtue, but He, who reigns in heaven, forbids it. Roll not your eyes thus wildly, dear Amelia. God has millions of beings created by himself, and wants not me. He can easily spare one—that one am I. (*Turns to the band.*)

*Ame.* (*Holds him back.*) Stay, I beseech you. A single blow—strike but a single blow. Draw your sword, and be compassionate.

*Châ.* Compassion dwells among the beasts of the forest. I will not murder thee.

*Ame.* (*Embracing his knees.*) Oh, for heaven's sake—for mercy's sake—I ask you not for affection—but for death. See, my hand trembles. I have not courage to guide the fatal weapon. For you it is easy—for you are accustomed to it. Plunge your sword into my heart—and I shall be happy.

*Cha.* (*With great sternness.*) And why must you alone be happy?—Begone: Moor cannot slay a woman.

*Ame.* Inhuman wretch! You pass by those who are weary of existence, and murder none but the happy. (*To the Robbers, in a tone of supplication.*) Have compassion on me, men of blood. There is a ferocious scowl upon your foreheads, which to the wretched is consoling. Fire at me. Your leader is a boaster and a coward. (*Some of the Robbers take aim at her.*)

*Cha.* (*Enraged.*) Away, ye demons! (*Walks forward with a majestic mien.*) Who dares to break into my sanctuary? She is mine. (*Draws her to him, and puts his arm round her waist.*) Now let heaven and hell attempt to part us. Love scorns the power of oaths. (*Raises her into the air, and with dauntless look holds her before the band.*) Who will dare to separate what nature has united?

*Rob.* (*Again taking aim.*) We will.

*Cha.* (*With a smile of contempt.*) Impotent reptiles! (*Places Amelia upon a stone—she is almost bereft of every faculty.*) Look up, my bride. No priestly blessing will unite us, but I know something better. (*Removes the handkerchief from Amelia's neck, and exposes her bosom to the Robbers.*) Look at these heavenly charms. (*With mournful tenderness*) Do they not even melt the hearts of murderers? (*After a pause, in a milder tone.*) Look at me, murderers.—I am young.—I love and am beloved—I adore and am adored. I have reached the gate of Paradise. (*With great emotion.*) Will my comrades drive me back? (*Robbers laugh.*) Charles summons his resolution, and looks at them with dignity and sternness.) Enough!—Thus far nature has prevailed—now let the man appear. I am an assassin, and (*Walking toward them with indescribable majesty*) your CAP-

TAIN. Traitors, dare you raise your arms against your captain? (*In a commanding tone.*) Ground your muskets! 'Tis your leader, who addresses you. (*The Robbers are alarmed, and throw their arms down.*) Right! Now you are mere children—I am free. Moor must be free in order to be great. I would not exchange the triumphant sensations which I now enjoy, for an elysium of love. (*Draws his sword.*) Call not that phrenzy, which you are incapable of calling great. Despair outstrips the tardy course of calm philosophy. A deed like this will not allow deliberation to precede it. I will reflect when it is done. (*Plunges the sword into Amelia's breast.*)

Rob. (*Clap their hands.*) Bravo! Bravo! Thy honour is redeemed thou king of robbers.

Cha. (*Leans over Amelia.*) Now she is mine—mine for ever—or eternity is a mere blockhead's whim. With my sword have I obtained my bride, in spite of all the dragons with which FATE, my deadly foe, had guarded her. Many, many a time shall this our earth revolve around the sun, ere he shall behold another deed like this.—Sweet must it be, Amelia, thus to receive your death from your beloved.

Ame. (*Weltering in blood.*) Most sweet. *Stretches forth her hands and dies.*

Cha. Now, miserable reptiles—are you satisfied? Had you hearts hard enough to claim a sacrifice so great? Your sacrifice to me was a life of infamy—the victim I have offered up to you was an angel. (*Throws his sword into the midst of them with disdain.*) Banditti—we are even. Over this corpse I claim my liberty—and grant you your's.

Rob. (*Crowd round him.*) We will never forsake you.—we will be obedient till death.

Cha. No, no, no. My mission is accomplish-

ed. My genius whispers to me that I may not proceed. I have reached the goal of my career. Take back this blood-stained plume. (*Throws it down.*) Let him who chuses to be your captain, take it up.

*Rob.* Coward! Where are now your mighty projects? Were they mere bubbles, which a woman's dying groan could burst?

*Cha.* (*With dignity.*) Dare not to scrutinize what Moor has done. This is my last command. Now, form a circle round me, and listen to your dying captain's testament. (*Rivets his eyes upon the band.*) You have been faithful to me—faithful beyond example. Had virtue bound you as firmly to each other as guilt, you had been heroes, and your names had never been uttered but with veneration. Go, and devote your talents to the service of a monarch, who is contending for the rights of man. With this blessing I disband you.—Schweitzer and Kosinski, stay. (*The Robbers walk away slowly and much affected.*)

*Manent* CHARLES, SCHWEITZER, and KOSINSKI.

Your hand, Kosinski—and your's Schweitzer. (*To Kosinski.*) Young men, you are still uncontaminated. Among the guilty you alone are guiltless. (*To Schweitzer.*) Deeply have I bathed this hand in blood. 'Twas I who did it and with this cordial grasp I claim my own. Schweitzer you are free from guilt. (*Raises their hands with fervour.*) Father of the world, I restore them to thee. They will serve thee most faithfully than those who never fell. (*Kosinski and Schweitzer embrace each other with warmth.*) Not now—not now, my friends. Spare me at this decisive hour. To day I am become possessed of an immense domain. Divide it between you—become good citizens, and, if for *ten* whose comfort I have blasted, you

confer happiness on *one*, my soul may still be saved. Go.—No farewell—in another world we may meet again. Go, go—ere my resolution fail me. (*Both conceal their faces and exeunt.*) I too am a good citizen. Have I not fulfilled a law the most horrible? Have I not faithfully executed the vengeance it enjoined? I remember that when I first came hither, I observed a poor disbanded officer, who was working in the field, that he might support a numerous family. A large reward is offered to the man who shall deliver the terrific robber Moor into the hands of justice. This officer shall have it. (*Exit.*)

FINIS.

---

# Fiesco,

A TRAGEDY,

BY FREDERICK SCHILLER.

---

---

Dramatis Personae.

---

Andreas Doria, *Duke of GENOA.*

Gianettino Doria, *his Nephew.*

Lomellino, *a Friend of the DORIAS.*

Fiesco, *Count of LAVAGNA,*

Verrina,

Bourgognino,

Calcagno,

Sacco,

Zenturione,

Zibo,

Asserato,

Romano, *a Painter.*

Muley Hassan, *a Moor of TUNIS.*

} *Conspirators.*

---

Leonora, *Wife of FIESCO.*

Julia, *Countess Dowager IMPERIAL, Sister of the younger*  
DORIA.

Bertha, *Daughter of VERRINA.*

Rosa,

Arabella,

} *Maids of LEONORA.*

*Several Nobles, Citizens, Germans, Soldiers, Thieves.*

SCENE, GENOA.—TIME, *the year 1547.*

---



---

# FIESCO.

---

## ACT I.

---

SCENE I.—*A saloon in FIESCO's house. The distant sound of dancing and music is heard.*

LEONORA, masked, and attended by ROSA and ARABELLA, enters hastily—tears off her mask.

Leo. SAY no more—not a word more. It is as clear as day.—This quite overcomes me—

Arab. My lady!

Leo. What, before my eyes! with a known coquet! and in the sight of the whole nobility of Genoa.—Rosa—Arabella— before my weeping eyes.

Rosa. Consider it only as a piece of gallantry. It was no more.

Leo. Gallantry! What! Their busy interchange of looks—the anxious watching of each other's glances—the kiss eagerly and long imprinted on her naked arm, its fervor marked by a deep spot of glowing crimson. Ah, and the transport that envelop'd his soul, when with fixed eyes he sate like *painted ecstasy*; as if the world around him were blown away, and nought remained in the eternal void, but he and Julia. Gallantry! Poor thing! Thou hast never loved. Think not, that thou canst teach me to distinguish gallantry from love.

Rosa. No matter, Madam—to lose a husband is to gain ten lovers.

Leo. To lose!—Is this slight shock of sensibility a proof that I have lost Fiesco? Go, hate-

ful slanderer ! Never again appear before me ! 'Twas an innocent frolic—perhaps a piece of gallantry—Say my dear Arabella, was it not so ?

*Arab.* Doubtless it was, Madam.

*Leo.* (*In a reverie.*) Is it so ? Does she then know herself the mistress of his heart ! Does her name lurk in his inmost thoughts, meet him in every movement of his mind ?—What ideas are these ? Whither will they lead me ? Can it be, that this beauteous majestic world is to him nothing, but the precious diamond, whereon her image—her image only is engraved ? Love her ! Love Julia ! Oh ! Your arm—support me, Arabella ! (*A pause, music is again heard.*)

*Leo.* (*Starting.*) Hark ! Was not that Fiesco's voice, which from the tumult penetrated even hither ? Can he laugh, while his Leonora weeps in solitude ? Oh, no, my child, it was the coarse loud voice of Gianettino.

*Arab.* It was, Signora—but, come into another apartment.

*Leo.* You change colour, Arabella—you are false. In your looks, in the looks of all the inhabitants of Genoa, I read a something—a something which—(*hiding her face*)—oh, certainly they know more, than a wife's ear should be acquainted with !

*Rosa.* Ah, how does jealousy magnify every trifle !

*Leo.* When he was still Fiesco, when in the orange-grove, where we damsels walked, I saw him—a blooming Apollo matured into the manly beauty of Antinous !—Such was his noble and sublime deportment, as if the illustrious state of Genoa rested alone upon his youthful shoulders. Our eyes stole trembling glances at him, and shrunk back, as if with conscious guilt, whenever they encountered the lightning of his looks. Ah

Arabella, how we devoured those looks ! with what anxious envy, did every one count those, that were directed to her companions ! they fell among us, like the golden apple of discord—tender eyes burned more fiercely—soft bosoms beat more wildly—jealousy burst asunder all our bonds of friendship—

*Arab.* I remember it well. All the females of Genoa contended for a prize so beautiful.

*Leo.* And now to call him mine ! giddy, wondrous fortune !—to call the boast of Genoa mine !—who from the chisel of the exhaustless artist, Nature, sprang forth all-perfect, combining every greatness of his sex in the most lovely union. Hear me, damsels ! I can no longer conceal it—hear me ! I confide to you something—a thought !—when I stood at the altar with Fiesco, when his hand lay in mine, a thought, too daring for woman, rushed across me. “This Fiesco, whose hand now lies—in thine—thy Fiesco”—But hush ! lest any one should hear us thus boasting of my husband—“This, thy Fiesco”—ah why can you not share my feelings !—“will free Genoa from its tyrants.”—

*Arab.* And this thought came to a female mind amid the nuptial ceremonies ?

*Leo.* Yes, my Arabella,—well may'st thou be astonished—to the bride it came, even in the joy of the bridal day. I am a woman, but I feel the nobleness of my blood. I cannot bear to see these proud Dorias thus overtop our family. The good old Andreas—it is a pleasure to esteem him—He may indeed, unenvied, bear the ducal dignity ; but Gianettino is his nephew—his heir—And Gianettino has a proud and wicked heart. Genoa trembles before him, and Fiesco—Fiesco—weep with me, damsels !—loves his sister.

*Arab.* Alas, my wretched mistress !

Leo. Go now, and see this demi-god amid the shameless circles of debauchery and lust! hear the vile jests and wanton ribaldry, with which he entertains his base companions! That is Fiesco—Ah, damsels, not only Genoa has lost its hero, but I have lost my husband—

Rosa. Speak lower! some one is coming through the gallery.

Leo. Ha! 'Tis Fiesco—let us hasten away—the sight of me might for a moment interrupt his happiness—*(She hastens into a side apartment. The maids follow her.)*

SCENE II.—GIANETTINO DORIA *masked, in a green cloak, and the MOOR, enter in conversation.*

Gian. Thou hast understood what I have been saying?

Moor. Well—

Gian. The white mask—

Moor. Well—

Gian. I say, the *white* mask—

Moor. Well—well—well—

Gian. Dost thou mark me? Direct it *here*—*(pointing to his breast.)*

Moor. Give yourself no concern.

Gian. And let the blow be hard—

Moor. He shall be satisfied.

Gian. That the poor Count may not have long to suffer.

Moor. With your leave, Sir, a word—at what weight do you estimate his head?

Gian. What weight? An hundred sequins—

Moor. Poh! A trifle!

Gian. What art thou muttering there?

Moor. I was saying it is light work.

Gian. That is thy concern—He is the very loadstone of sedition—Mark me, sirrah!—let thy blow be sure—

*Moor.* But, Sir, I must to Venice, immediately after the deed.

*Gian.* Then take my thanks beforehand. (*He throws him a bank note.*) In three days, at farthest, he must be cold. (*Exit.*)

*Moor.* (*Picking up the note.*) Well, this is surely dealing upon credit, to trust the simple word of such a rogue as I am. (*Exit.*)

SCENE III.—CALCAGNO, *behind him* SACCO, *both in black cloaks.*

*Cal.* I perceive thou watchest all my steps.

*Sacco.* And I observe thou wishest to conceal them from me. Attend, Calcagno! For some weeks past I have remarked the workings of thy countenance. They bespeak a different secret than that, which concerns the interests of our country. Brother, I should think, that we might mutually exchange our confidence, without a loss on either side. What say'st thou? wilt thou be sincere?

*Cal.* So truly, that thou shalt not need to dive into the recesses of my soul: my heart shall fly half way to meet thee on my tongue—I love the Countess of Fiesco.

*Sacco.* That at least, I should not have discovered, had I made all possibilities pass in review before me. Thy choice itself my mind is tortured to account for; but its success would overwhelm me with astonishment.

*Cal.* They say she is a pattern of the strictest virtue.

*Sacco.* They lie. She is the whole volume to the text of absurdity. Calcagno, thou must choose one or the other—either to give up thy heart, or thy profession.

*Cal.* The Count is faithless to her; and of all the arts that may seduce a woman, the subtlest is jealousy. A plot against the Dorias will at the

same time occupy the Count, and give me easy access to his house. Thus, while the shepherd guards against the wolf, the fox shall unobserved make havoc of the poultry.

*Sacco.* Incomparable brother! receive my thanks! a blush is now superfluous, and I can tell thee openly, what just now I was half ashamed to think. I am a beggar, if the government be not soon overturned.

*Cal.* What, are thy debts so great?

*Sacco.* So immense, that even one tenth of them would more than swallow up ten times my income. A convulsion of the state will give me breath, and if it do not cancel all my debts, at least 'twill stop the mouths of bawling creditors.

*Cal.* I understand thee: and if, amidst this bustle, Genoa should be freed, Sacco will be hail'd his country's saviour. Let no one trick out to me the thread-bare tale of honesty, when I see the fate of empires hang on the bankruptcy of a prodigal, and the lust of a debauchee. By Heaven, Sacco, this looks like the hand of Providence, to heal the corruptions in the heart of the state by the vile ulcers on its limbs. Is thy design unfolded to Verrina?

*Sacco.* As far as it can be unfolded to a patriot. Thou knowest his iron integrity, which ever tends to that one point, his country. His hawk-like eye is now fixed on Fiesco, and he has half conceived a hope of thee, to join the bold conspiracy.

*Cal.* Oh, he's sagacious! Come, let's seek for him, and blow up the flame of liberty within his breast by our accordant spirit. (*Exeunt.*)



SCENE IV.—JULIA, and FIESCO, in a white mask, following her.

Julia. My servants!—footman!—

Fies. Countess, whither are you going?—What do you intend?—

Julia. Nothing—nothing at all.—(*To the servants who enter, and immediately retire.*)—Let my carriage draw up—

Fies. Pardon me, it must not—You are offended—

Julia. Oh, by no means—Away—you tear my dress to pieces.—Offended! Who is here, that can offend me? Go, pray go—

Fies. (*Upon one knee.*) Not till you tell me, what impertinent—

Julia. Fine!—This is very fine.—Oh, that the Countess of Lavagna might be called to view this charming scene! How, Count! is this like a husband! This posture would suit well the chamber of your wife, when she turns over the journal of your caresses, and finds a void in the account. Rise, Sir, and seek those, to whom your services may prove more acceptable.—Rise—unless you think your gallantries will excuse your wife's impertinence.

Fies. (*Jumping up.*) Impertinence! To you?

Julia. To break up! To push away her chair! To turn her back upon the table—that table, Count, where I was sitting—

Fies. 'Tis inexcusable.

Julia. And is that all? O admirably played! Am I, then, to blame, because the Count sees with discerning eyes?

Fies. If they are dazzled, Madam, 'tis only by your beauty.

Julia. Away with compliment, where honor is concerned—Count, I insist on satisfaction—Where shall I find it, in you, or in my uncle's vengeance?



*Fies.* Find it in the arms of love—Of love, that would repair the offence of jealousy.

*Julia.* Jealousy ! Poor thing ! What would she wish for ? (*Admiring herself in the glass.*) Is it not compliment enough, when I declare her taste my own ? Doria, and Fiesco !—If Doria's niece approve the Countess of Lavagna's choice, it is sufficient honor. (*In a friendly tone, offering the Count her hand to kiss.*) Count, suppose I should approve it ?

*Fiesco.* Cruel Countess ! Thus to torment me. I know, divine Julia, that respect is all I ought to feel for you. My reason bids me bend a subject's knee before the race of Doria ; but my heart adores the beauteous Julia—My love is criminal, but 'tis heroic ; for it o'erleaps the boundaries of rank, and soars toward the sun of majesty.

*Julia.* O ill-contrived excuse ? Whilst his tongue deifies me, his heart beats beneath the picture of another.

*Fies.* Rather say, it beats indignantly against it, and would shake off the odious burden. (*Taking the picture of LEONORA which is suspended by a sky-blue riband from his breast, and delivering it to JULIA.*) Place your own image on that altar, and you will instantly annihilate this idol.

*Julia.* This sacrifice indeed deserves my thanks—So, my slave, henceforth bear your badge of service. (*Hangs her own picture about his neck—and exit.*)

*Fies.* Julia loves me—Julia—I would not envy even a god. Let this night outdo the pleasures of the gods. Joy shall attain its summit. Ho ! within there ! (*Servants come running in.*) See that the floor drink Cyprian nectar—Let the strains of music rouse midnight from her leaden slumber—Let a thousand burning lamps mock

out the morning sun—Let pleasure reign supreme—and let the Bacchanal dance so wildly beat the ground, that the dark kingdom of the shades below may tremble at the uproar !—(*Exit hastily—An allegro, during which the back scene opens, and discovers a grand illuminated saloon, many masks dancing—At the side, drinking and playing tables, surrounded with company.*)

SCENE V.—GIANETTINO, *almost intoxicated*, LOMELLINO, ZIBO, ZENTURIONE, VERRINA, CALCAGNO, *all masked*.—*Several other Nobles and Ladies.*

Gian. Bravo ! Bravo ! These wines glide down charmingly.—The dancers perform *a merveille*.—Go one of you, and publish it throughout Genoa, that I am in good humour, and that every one may enjoy himself. By my birth, this day shall be marked in the calendar as fortunate, and under it shall be written—To-day the Prince was merry.—

(*The guests lift their glasses to their mouths—A general toast of “The Republic.”—Sound of trumpets.*)

Gian. The Republic ? (*throwing his glass violently on the ground.*) There lie its fragments. Three black masks suddenly rise, and collect about GIANETTINO.)

Lom. (*Supporting GIANETTINO on his arm.*) My Lord, you lately spoke of a young girl, whom you saw in the church of St. Lorenzo.

Gian. I did, my lad ! and I must know her further.

Lom. That I can manage for your Grace.

Gian. Can you ? Can you ?—Lomellino, you were a candidate for the procuratorship.—You shall have it.—

Lom. Gracious Prince, it is the dignity in the

state, more than threescore noblemen seek it, and all of them more wealthy and honorable than you Grace's humble servant.—

*Gian.* By the name of Doria, you shall be procurator—*(the three masks come forward)*—What talk you of nobility in Genoa? Let them all throw their ancestry and honors into the scale, one hair from the white beard of my uncle will make it kick the beam.—It is my will—You *shall* be procurator.—That's sufficient to bear down the vote of the whole senate.

*Lom.* *(In a low voice.)* The damsel is the only daughter of one Verrina.

*Gian.* The girl is pretty, and in spite of all the devils in hell, I must possess her.

*Lom.* What, my Lord! the only child of the most obstinate of our opponents?

*Gian.* What care I for your opponents? Shall I have my passion thwarted by the anger of a vassal? 'Tis as vain, as to expect the Tower should fall, when boys pelt it with muscle-shells. *(The three black masks step nearer, with great emotion.)* What! Has the Duke Andreas gained his scar in battle for their wives and children, only that his nephew should court the favor of these scoundrels? By the name of Doria they swallow the fancy of mine, or I will plant a gallows over the bones of my uncle, on which the liberty of Genoa shall breath its last. *(The three masks step back, disgust.)*

*Lom.* The damsel is at this moment alone. Her father is here, and one of those three masks.

*Gian.* Excellent! Bring me instantly to her.

*Lom.* You expect perhaps to meet a girl of light deportment, but you will see a woman of sensibility.

*Gian.* Force is the best rhetoric—Lead me to her—Would I could see that republican dog the

urst attack the bear Doria—(*going, meets FIESCO at the door.*) Where is the Countess?

SCENE VI.—FIESCO and the FORMER.

*Fies.* I have handed her to her carriage—(*takes GIANETTINO'S hand, and presses it to his breast.*) Prince, I am now doubly your slave. To you I bow, as sovereign of Genoa—to your lovely sister, as mistress of my heart.

*Lom.* Fiesco is become a mere votary of pleasure. The great world has lost much in you.

*Fies.* But in giving up the world, I have lost nothing. To live is to dream, and to dream pleasantly is to be wise. Can this be done more certainly amid the thunders of a throne, where the wheels of government creak incessantly upon the tortured ear, than on the heaving bosom of an enamoured woman?—Let Gianettino rule over Genoa; Fiesco shall devote himself to love.

*Gian.* Away, Lomellino! It is near midnight. The time draws near—Lavagna, we thank thee for thy entertainment—I have been satisfied.—

*Fies.* That, Prince, is all that I can wish.

*Gian.* Then good night! To-morrow we have party at the palace, and, Fiesco is invited—Come, procurator!

*Fies.* Ho! Lights there!—Music!—

*Gian.* (*Haughtily, rushing through the three masks.*) Make way there for Doria!

*One of the three MASKS.*

(*Murmuring indignantly.*) Make way?—In hell—Never in Genoa.

*The guests.* The Prince is going—Good night, Lavagna!—(*They depart.*)

SCENE VII.—*The THREE BLACK MASKS and FIESCO.*

*Fies.* I perceive some guest here, who do not share the pleasure of the feast.

*Masks.* No. Not one of us.

*Fies.* Is it possible, that my attention should have been wanting to any one of my guests? Quick servants! Let the music be renewed, and fill the goblets high! I would not, that my friends should find the time hang heavy. Will you permit me to amuse you with fireworks? Would you chuse to see the frolics of my harlequin? Perhaps you would be pleased to join the females. Or shall we sit down to faro, and pass the time in play?

*A mask.* We are accustomed to spend it in action.

*Fies.* A manly answer! Such as bespeaks Verri.

*Verri.* (*Unmasking.*) Fiesco can more easily find out his friends beneath their masks, than they can discover him in his disguise.

*Fies.* I understand you not.—But what mean that crape of mourning around your arm? Can death have robbed Verrina of a friend, and Fiesco know not the loss?

*Verri.* Mournful tales ill suit Fiesco's joyous feasts.

*Fies.* But if a friend—(*Pressing his hand warmly*) Friend of my soul! For whom must we both mourn?

*Verri.* Both?—Both? Oh, 'tis too true we both have suffered—yet not all sons lament their mother.

*Fies.* 'Tis long since your mother was mingled with the dust.—

*Verri.* Did not Fiesco call me brother, because we both were sons of the same country?

*Fies.* Oh, is it only that? You meant then but a jest? The mourning dress is worn for Genoa! True, she lies indeed in her last agonies. The thought is new and singular. Our cousin begins to be a wit.

*Verri.* Fiesco! I spoke most seriously.

*Fies.* Certainly—certainly.—A jest loses its point, when he who makes it, is the first to laugh.—But you? You looked like a mute at a funeral. Who could have thought, that the austere Verrina should in his old age become such a wag?

*Sacco.* Come, Verrina.—He never will be ours.—

*Fies.* Let us enjoy ourselves—Let us act the part of the cunning heir, who walks in the funeral procession with loud lamentations, laughing to himself the while, under the cover of his handkerchief. 'Tis true, we may be troubled with a harsh step-mother.—Be it so—we let her scold, follow our own pleasures.

*Verri.* Heaven, and earth! Shall we then do nothing? What is become of you, Fiesco! Where am I to seek that determined enemy of tyrants? There was a time, when but to see a crown would have been torture to you. O, degraded son of the republic! By Heaven, I would spurn immortality, time could so debase my soul.

*Fies.* O rigid censor!—Let Doria put Genoa in his pocket, or sell it to the robbers of Tunis. Why should it trouble us? We will revel in floods of Cyprian wine, and taste the sweet caresses of our fair ones.

*Verri.* Are these your serious thoughts?

*Fies.* Why should they not, my friend? Think you 'tis a pleasure to be the foot of that many-legged monster, a republic? No—thanks be to him, who gives it wings, and deprives the feet of their functions! Let Gianettino be the duke, af-



fairs of state shall ne'er lie heavy on our heads.

*Verri.* Fiesco! Is that your real meaning?

*Fies.* Andreas adopts his nephew as a son, and makes him heir to his estates; what madman will dispute with him the inheritance of his power?

*Verri.* Away, then, Genoese! (*Leaves FIESCO hastily the rest follow.*)

*Fies.* Verrina! Verrina! Oh, this republican is as hard as steel!

SCENE VIII.—FIESCO. A MASK *entering*.

*Mask.* Have you a minute or two to spare, Lavagna?

*Fies.* An hour, if you request it.

*Mask.* Then condescend to walk into the fields with me.

*Fies.* It wants but ten minutes of midnight.

*Mask.* Walk with me, Count, I pray—

*Fies.* I will order my carriage—

*Mask.* That is useless—I shall send one horse: we want no more, for only one of us, I hope, will return.

*Fies.* What say you?

*Mask.* A bloody answer will be demanded of you, touching a certain tear.

*Fies.* What tear?

*Mask.* A tear shed by the Countess of Lavagna—I am acquainted with that lady, and demand to know, how she has merited to be sacrificed to a worthless woman?

*Fies.* I understand you now; but let me ask who 'tis that offers such a challenge?

*Mask.* It is the same, that once adored the lady Zibo, and yielded her to Fiesco.

*Fies.* Scipio Bourgognino!

*Bourg.* (*Unmasking.*) And who now stands here to vindicate his honor, that yielded to a rival base enough to tyrannize over innocence.



*Fies.* (*Embraces him with ardor.*) Noble youth ! thanks to the sufferings of my consort, which have drawn forth the manly feelings of your soul ; I admire your generous indignation—but I refuse your challenge.

*Bourg.* Does Fiesco tremble to encounter the first efforts of my sword ?

*Fies.* No, Bourgognino ! against a nation's power combined, I would boldly venture, but not against you. The fire of your valor is endeared to me by a most lovely object—The will deserves a aurel ; but the deed would be childish.

*Bourg.* Childish, Count ! women can only weep at injuries. 'Tis manly to revenge them.

*Fies.* Well said—but fight I will not.

*Bourg.* Count, I shall despise you.

*Fies.* By Heaven, youth, that thou shalt never do—not even if virtue fall in value, shall I become a bankrupt. (*Taking him by the hand, with a look of earnestness.* Did you ever feel for me—what shall I say—respect ?

*Bourg.* Had I not thought, you were the first of men, I should not have yielded to you.

*Fies.* Then, my friend, be not so forward to despise a man, who once could merit your respect. It is not always, that the eye of the youthful artist can comprehend the master's vast design. Retire, Bourgognino, and take time to weigh the motives of Fiesco's conduct ! [*Exit BOURGOGNINO, in silence.*] Go ! noble youth ! if spirits such as thine break out in flames, let the Dorias see, that they stand fast !

SCENE IX. FIESCO. *The Moor entering with an appearance of timidity, and looking round cautiously.*

*Fies.* What would'st thou have ? who art thou ?

*Moor.* A slave of the republic.

*Fies.* Slavery is a wretched state. What dost thou want?

*Moor.* Sir—I am an honest man.

*Fies.* Well may'st thou assume this veil, it may not be superfluous—but, what would'st thou have?

*Moor.* (*Approaching him—FIESCO draws back.*) Sir, I am no villain.

*Fies.* 'Tis well that thou say'st that—and yet—'tis not well either—What dost thou seek?

*Moor.* (*Still approaching.*) Are you the Count Lavagna?

*Fies.* The blind in Genoa know my steps—what would'st thou with the Count?

*Moor.* Be on your guard, Lavagna! (*close to him.*)

*Fies.* (*Passing hastily to the other side.*) That, indeed, I am.

*Moor.* (*Again approaching.*) Evil designs are formed against you, Count.

*Fies.* (*Retreating.*) That I perceive.

*Moor.* Beware of Doria!

*Fies.* (*Approaching him, with an air of confidence.*) Perhaps my suspicions have wronged thee, my friend—Doria is indeed the name I dread.

*Moor.* Avoid the man, then—can you read?

*Fies.* A pleasant question! Thou hast known, it seems, many of our nobles—what writing hast thou?

*Moor.* Your name inscribed in the fatal list of those who are doom'd to die. (*Presents a paper, and draws close to FIESCO, who is standing before a looking-glass, and glancing over the paper—the MOOR steals round him, draws a dagger, and is going to stab.*)

*Fies.* (*Turning round dexterously, and seizing the MOOR's arm.*) Stop scoundrel! (*Wrests the dagger from him.*)

*Moor.* (*Stamps in a frantic manner.*) Damnation !—Pardon !

*Fies.* (*Seizing him calls with a loud voice.*) Stephano ! Drullo ! Antonio ! (*holding the MOOR by the throat.*) Stay, my friend !—what hellish villany ! (*Servants enter.*) Stay, and answer—thou hast performed thy task but badly. Who pays thy wages ?

*Moor.* (*After several fruitless attempts to escape.*) You cannot hang me higher, than the gallows are.

*Fies.* No—be comforted—not on the horns of the moon ; but higher than ever yet were gallows—Yet hold ! Thy scheme was too politic to be of thy own contrivance : speak, fellow ! who hired thee !

*Moor.* Think me a rascal, Sir, but not a fool.

*Fies.* What, is the scoundrel proud ? Speak, sirrah !—Who hired thee ?

*Moor.* (*Aside.*) Shall I alone be called a fool ? Who hired me ?—'Twas but a hundred miserable sequins—Who hired me, did you ask ?—Prince Gianettino.

*Fies.* A hundred sequins ! And is that the value set upon Fiesco's head ? Shame on the Prince of Genoa ! Here, fellow—(*taking money from a scrutore*) are a thousand for thee. Tell thy master he is a mean assassin. (*MOOR looks at him with astonishment.*)

*Fies.* What dost thou gaze at ?  
(*MOOR takes up the money—lays it down—takes it up again, and looks at FIESCO with increased astonishment.*)

*Fies.* What dost thou mean ?

*Moor.* (*Throwing the money resolutely upon the table.*) Sir, that money I have not worked for—I deserve it not.

*Fies.* Blockhead, thou hast deserved the gallows ; but the offended elephant tramples on men,

not worms. Thy life hangs on a word of mine—were it of more importance, thou should'st die.

*Moor.* (*Bowing.*) Sir, you are too good—

*Fies.* What, toward thee ! God forbid ! No, I am amused to think a nod of mine can preserve or annihilate such petty villains. That 'tis, which saves thee. Mark my words—I take thy failure as an omen of my future success—'tis this thought that renders me indulgent, and preserves thy life.

*Moor.* Count, your hand ! you shall find me not ungrateful. If any man in this country has a throat too much—command me, and I'll cut it gratis.

*Fies.* Obliging scoundrel ! He would show his gratitude by cutting throats !

*Moor.* Men, like me, Sir, receive no favor without acknowledgment. We know what honor is.

*Fies.* The honor of assassins !

*Moor.*—Is perhaps more to be relied on, than that, which men of character pretend to. You break your oaths made in the name of God. We keep ours made to the devil.

*Fies.* Thy villany amuses me.

*Moor.* I am happy to meet your approbation. Try me—you will find in me a man, who is a thorough master of his profession. Examine me—I am versed in every branch of villany, through all its different degrees.

*Fies.* So—there are laws and system then, even among thieves. What canst thou tell me of the lowest class ?

*Moor.* O Sir, they are petty villains, mere pickpockets. They are a miserable set. Their trade never produces a man of genius—'tis con

fined to the whip and workhouse—and at most can lead but to the gallows.

*Fies.* A noble object! I should like to hear something of a superior class.

*Moor.* The next are spies and informers—tools of importance to the great, who from their secret information derive their own supposed omniscience. These villains insinuate themselves into the souls of men like leeches, to suck out their secrets—they draw poison from the heart, and spit it forth against the very source, from whence it came.

*Fies.* I understand thee—go on—

*Moor.* Then come the conspirators, villains that deal in poison, and bravoës that rush upon their victims from some secret covert. Cowards they often are, but yet they sell their souls to the devil; and even here they are treated scurvily. The hand of justice binds their limbs to the rack, or plants their cunning heads on spikes—this is the third class—

*Fies.* But speak! When comes thy own?

*Moor.* Patience, my Lord—that is the very point I am coming to—Already have I passed through all the stages that I mentioned: my genius soon soared beyond their limits. 'Twas but last night I made my trial in the third—This evening I attempted the fourth—and was a bungler.

*Fies.* And how do you describe that class?

*Moor.* They are men, who press right onward to their object, cutting their way through danger. They strike at once, and by their first salute, save him, whom they approach, the trouble of returning thanks for a second. Briefly, they are called the swiftest messengers of hell: and when Beelzebub is hungry, at the first hint, they send his victims to him smoking in their blood.

*Fies.* Thou art an hardened villain—such a tool I want. Give me thy hand—thou shalt serve me.

*Moor.* Do you speak in earnest or in jest?

*Fies.* Most seriously—and I'll pay thee yearly a thousand sequins.

*Moor.* Done, Lavagna!—I am yours. Away with common business—employ me in whate'er you will—I'll be your setter, or your blood-hound—your fox, your viper—your pimp, or executioner. I'm prepared for all commissions—except honest ones—in those I am as stupid, as a block.

*Fies.* Fear not; I would not set the wolf to guard the lamb. Go thou through Genoa to-morrow and sound the temper of the people. Narrowly inquire what they think of the government, and of the house of Doria—What of me, my debaucheries, and romantic passion. Charge their heads with wine, until their secret sentiments flow out. Here's money—lavish it among the manufacturers—

*Moor.* Sir!—

*Fies.* Be not afraid—no honesty is in the case. Go, collect what help thou canst. To-morrow I will hear thy report. *(Exit.*

*Moor.* Rely on me. It is now four o'clock in the morning, by eight to-morrow you shall hear as much news as twice seventy spies can furnish. *(Exit.*

SCENE X.—*An apartment in the house of VERRINA.*

BERTHA on a couch, supporting her head on her hand—VERRINA enters with a look of dejection.

*Ber.* *(Starts up frightened.)* Heavens! He is here!

*Ver.* *(Stops, looking at her with surprise.)* My daughter, affrighted at her father!



*Ber.* Fly ! Fly ! or let me fly ! Father, your sight is dreadful to me.

*Ver.* Dreadful to my child !—my only child !

*Ber.* No—you must seek another—I am no more your daughter.

*Ver.* What, does my tenderness distress you ?

*Ber.* It weighs me down to the earth.

*Ver.* How, my daughter ! do you receive me thus ? Formerly, when I came home, my heart overburden'd with the weight of sorrows, my Bertha meeting me smiled them away. Come, embrace me, my daughter ! Reclined upon thy glowing bosom, my heart, when chilled by the sufferings of my country, shall grow warm again. Oh, my child, this day I have bidden farewell to all the pleasures of nature, and thou alone remainest to me.

*Ber.* Wretched father !

*Ver.* (*Eagerly embracing her.*) Bertha ! my only child ! Bertha ! my last remaining hope ! The liberty of Genoa is lost—Fiesco is lost—and thou (*pressing her more strongly, with a look of despair*) may'st be dishonour'd !

*Ber.* (*Tearing herself from him.*) Great God ! You know, then—

*Ver.* What ?

*Ber.* My virgin honor—

*Ver.* What ?

*Ber.* Last night—

*Ver.* Speak ! What !

*Ber.* Force !—(*sinks down by the side of the sofa.*)

*Ver.* (*after a long pause—with a hollow voice.*) One word more, my daughter, though it be thy last—Who was it ?

*Ber.* Alas, what an angry death-like paleness ! Great God, support me ! How his words falter ! How his whole frame trembles !



*Ver.* I cannot comprehend it—Tell me, my daughter—Who ?

*Ber.* Compose yourself, my best, my dearest father !

*Ver.* For God's sake—Who !

*Ber.* A mask—

*Ver.* No ! That cannot be—the thought is idle—What a fool am I, to think that all the poison of my life can flow but from one source ! (*Firmly, addressing himself to BERTHA.*) What was his stature, less than mine, or taller ?

*Ber.* Taller.

*Ver.* (*Eagerly.*) His hair ? Was it black and curled !

*Ber.* As black as jet, and curled.

*Ver.* (*Retiring from her in great emotion.*) O God ! my brain ! my brain !—His voice ?

*Ber.* Was deep and harsh.

*Ver.* What colour was—no, I'll hear no more—His cloak !—What colour ?—

*Ber.* I think, his cloak was green.

*Ver.* (*Covering his face with his hands, falls on the couch.*) No more—This can be nothing but a dream.

*Ber.* (*Wringing her hands.*) Merciful Heaven ! Is this my father ?

*Ver.* (*After a pause, with a forced smile.*) Right—It serves thee right—coward Verrina ! The villain broke into the sanctuary of the laws—This did not rouse thee. Then he violated the sanctuary of thy honor—(*Starting up.*) Quick ! Nicolo ! Bring me hither balls and powder—but stay—my sword were better. (*To BERTHA.*) Say thy prayers !—Ah ! what am I going to do ?

*Ber.* Father, you make me tremble.

*Ver.* Come, sit by me, Bertha ! (*In a solemn manner.*) Tell me, Bertha, what did that grey-haired Roman, when his daughter—like you—

How can I speak it!—fell a prey to ignominy? Tell me, Bertha, what said Virginus to his dishonored daughter?

*Ber.* (*Shuddering.*) I know not what he said—

*Ver.* Foolish girl! Nothing did he say—but (*rising hastily, and snatching up a sword*) he seized an instrument of death—

*Ber.* (*Terrified, rushes into his arms.*) Great God!—What would you do, my father!

*Ver.* (*Throwing away the sword.*) No—There is still justice left in Genoa.

SCENE XI.—SACCO, CALCAGNO, *the FORMER.*

*Cal.* Verrina, quick! prepare! to-day begins the election. Let us to the Senate-House to choose the new Senators. The streets are full of people, you will undoubtedly accompany us—to behold the triumph of our liberty.

*Sacco.* (*To CALCAGNO.*) Dost thou see that sword? Verrina has wildness in his looks—and Bertha is in tears.

*Cal.* By heavens, it is so. Sacco, some strange event has happened here.

*Ver.* Be seated.—

*Sacco.* Your looks, Verrina, fill us with apprehension.

*Cal.* I never saw you thus before—Your grief, should have thought presaged the ruin of our country—but Bertha also is in tears.—

*Ver.* Ruin!—Pray sit down—(*they both seat themselves.*)

*Cal.* My friend, I conjure you.—

*Ver.* Listen to me.—

*Cal.* (*To SACCO.*) What are we to expect, Sacco?

*Ver.* Genoese, you both know the antiquity of my family. Your ancestors were vassals to my own. My forefathers fought the battles of the  
VOL. II.)

state, their wives were patterns of virtue to their sex. Honor was our sole inheritance, descending unspotted from the father to the son—Can any one deny it?

*Succo.* No.

*Cal.* No one, by the God of Heaven!

*Ver.* I am the last of my family. My wife has long been dead. This daughter is all she left me. You are witnesses, my friends, how I have brought her up.—Can any one accuse me of neglect?

*Cal.* No. Your daughter is a bright example to our females.—

*Ver.* I am old, my friends. On this my daughter all my hopes were placed. Sould I lose her, my race becomes extinct.—(*After a pause, with a solemn voice.*) I have lost her—My family is dishonor'd.

*Sacco and Calcagno.* Forbid it Heaven!

(*BERTHA, on the couch, appears much affected.*)

*Ver.* No—Despair not, daughter! These men are just and brave—If they feel thy wrongs, they will expiate them with blood. Be not astonished, friends.—He who tramples upon Genoa, may easily overcome a helpless female.

*Sacco and Calcagno.* (*Starting up with great emotion.*) Gianettino Doria!

*Ber.* (*With a shriek, seeing BOURGOGNINO enter.*) Cover me, walls, beneath your ruins!—My Scipio!

SCENE XII.—BOURGOGNINO—the FORMER.

*Bourg.* Rejoice, my love! I bring good tidings. Noble Verrina, I come to lay my dearest hopes at your disposal. I have long loved your daughter, but never dared to ask her hand, because my whole fortune was entrusted to the treacherous sea. My ships have just now reached the harbour

laden with valuable cargoes—Now I am rich—Bestow your Bertha on me—I'll make her happy.

*Ver.* What, youth! Wouldst thou mix thy heart's pure tide with a polluted stream?

*Bourg.* (*Claps his hand to his sword, but suddenly draws it back.*) 'Twas her father, that said it.

*Ver.* No—every rascal in Italy will say it. Are you contented with the leavings of other men's repasts?

*Bourg.* Old man, do not make me desperate!

*Cal.* Bourgognino! he speaks the truth.

*Bourg.* (*Enraged, rushing towards BERTHA.*) The truth! Has the girl then mocked me?

*Cal.* Restrain your passion. The girl is spotless as an angel.

*Bourg.* By my soul's happiness, I comprehend it not!—The girl is spotless yet dishonored?—They look in silence on each other. Some horrid crime hangs on their trembling tongues.—I conjure you, friends, mock not my reason. Is she pure? Is she truly so? Who answers for her?

*Ver.* My child is guiltless.

*Bourg.* What!—Violence!—(*Snatches the sword from the ground.*) Be all the sins of earth upon my head, if I avenge her not!—Where is the spoiler?

*Ver.* Seek him, in the plunderer of Genoa—! (*He walks up and down the room in deep thought, then stops—*)

If rightly I can trace thy counsels, O eternal Providence! it is thy will to make my daughter the instrument of Genoa's deliverance. (*Approaching her slowly, takes the mourning crape from his arm, and proceeds in a solemn manner.*) Before the heart's blood of Doria shall wash away this foul stain from thy honor, no beam of day-light shall shine upon these cheeks. Till then (*throwing the crape over her*) be blind! (*A pause—the rest look upon him with silent astonishment, he continues solemn-*

ly, his hand upon BERTHA's head.) Cursed be the air, that shall breathe on thee! Cursed every human step, that shall come to sooth thy misery!—Down, into the lowest vault beneath my house! There whine, and cry aloud! (*pausing with inward horror.*) Be thy life painful as tortures of the writhing worm—agonising as the stubborn conflict between existence and annihilation.—This curse lie on thee, till Gianettino shall have heaved forth his dying breath. If he escape his punishment, then may'st thou drag thy load of misery throughout the endless circle of eternity!

(*A deep silence—horror is marked on the countenances of all present.—VERRINA casts a scrutinising look at each of them.*)

*Bourg.* Inhuman father! What is it thou hast done? Why pour fourth this horrible and monstrous curse against thy guiltless daughter?

*Ver.* Youth, thou say'st true—it is most horrible. Now, which of you will stand forth and speak of patience and delay? My daughter's fate is linked with that of Genoa. I am no more a father, but a citizen. And who among us is so much a coward, to hesitate in the salvation of his country, when this poor guiltless being must pay for his timidity with endless sufferings? By heavens, 'twas not a madman's speech. I've sworn an oath, and till Doria feel the agonies of death, I cannot pity my own child. No—not if, like an executioner, I should invent unheard of torments for her, or with my own hands tear her innocent frame to pieces on the barbarous rack. You shudder—you stare me in the face as pale as ghosts. Once more, Scipio—I keep her as an hostage for the tyrant's death. Upon this precious thread do I suspend thy duty, my own, and yours (*to SACCO and CALCAGNO.*) The tyrant of Genoa must fall, or Bertha must despair—I do not retract.

*Bourg.* (*Throwing himself at BERTHA's feet.*)  
He shall fall—shall fall a victim of Genoa. I will  
as surely plunge this sword into Doria's heart, as  
upon thy lips I will imprint the bridal kiss. (*Rises.*)

*Ver.* Ye couple, the first that ever owed their  
union to the furies, join hands!—Wilt thou plunge  
thy sword into Doria's heart?—Take her—she is  
thine.

*Cal.* (*Kneeling.*) Here another citizen of Genoa,  
kneels down, and lays his faithful sword before  
the feet of innocence. As surely may Calcagno  
find the way to heaven, as this steel shall find its  
way to Gianettino's bosom. (*Rises.*)

*Sacco.* (*Kneeling.*) Last, but not least deter-  
mined, Raffaele Sacco kneels. If this bright  
steel help not to unlock the prison doors of Ber-  
tha, may'st thou, my Saviour, shut thy ear against  
my dying prayers! (*Rises.*)

*Ver.* Through me Genoa thanks you. Now  
go my daughter—Rejoice, to be the mighty sa-  
crifice for thy country!

*Bourg.* (*Embracing her, as she is departing.* Go!  
confide in God—and Bourgognino.—The same  
day shall give freedom to Bertha, and to Genoa.  
(*BERTHA retires.*)

SCENE XIII.—*The FORMER—without BERTHA.*

*Cal.* Genoese, before we take another step,  
one word—

*Ver.* I guess, what thou would'st say.

*Cal.* Will four patriots alone be sufficient to  
destroy this mighty Hydra? Shall we not stir up  
the people to rebellion, or draw the nobles in to  
join our party?

*Ver.* I understand thee. Now hear my advice  
—I have engaged a painter, who has been long  
exerting all his skill, to paint the fall of Appius  
Claudius. That art Fiesco loves to enthusiasm,



and oft delights to elevate his mind by viewing its sublime productions. We will send this picture to his house, and will be present when he contemplates it. Perhaps the sight may rouse his spirit.--Perhaps--

*Bourg.* Speak not of him.--Let us increase the danger, and not the means of help. So valor bids. I have long felt an impulse at my heart, stronger than I knew how to satisfy. Now--now I know what presses on me--a Tyrant! (*The scene closes.*)

END OF THE FIRST ACT.



## A C T II.

SCENE I.—*An antichamber in the palace of FIESCO.*

LEONORA and ARABELLA.

*Ara.* No, certainly. You were mistaken: your eyes were blinded by jealousy.

*Leo.* It was the living image of Julia. Do not endeavour to persuade me otherwise. My picture used to be suspended by a sky-blue riband: this was flame-coloured—My doom is fix'd irrevocably.

SCENE II.—*The FORMER and JULIA.*

*Julia.* The Count offered me his palace to see the procession to the senate-house. The time will be tedious. You will entertain me, Madam, while the chocolate is preparing.

*ARABELLA goes out, and returns soon afterward.)*

*Leo.* Do you wish, that I should invite company to meet you?

*Julia.* Ridiculous! As if I should come hither in search of company. You will endeavour to amuse me, Madam.—If you can do that, I shall have lost nothing.

*Ara.* Your splendid dress alone will be the deser. Only think, how cruel 'tis to deprive the eager eyes of our young beaux of such a treat! Ah! and the glitter of your sparkling jewels, on which it almost wounds the sight to look. Good heavens! You seem to have plundered the whole ocean of its pearls.

*Julia.* (*Before a glass.*) You are surprised at that, Madam! But hark ye, Madam: pray has your mistress also hired your tongue? Countess, is fine, indeed, to permit your servants thus to address your guests.

Leo. 'Tis my misfortune, Signora, that my want of spirits prevents me from enjoying the pleasure of your company.

Julia. That's an ugly fault. To be dull and spiritless—Be active, sprightly, witty! Yours is not the way to attach your husband to you.

Leo. I know but one way, Countess. Yours perhaps may be more efficacious in exciting sympathy.

Julia. How you dress, Madam! For shame! Pay more attention to your appearance! Have recourse to art, where nature is unkind. Put colour on those cheeks which look so pale with spleen. Poor creature! Your countenance will never find an admirer.

Leo. (*To ARABELLA.*) Congratulate me, girl. It is impossible I can have lost Fiesco; or if I have, the loss must sure be trifling. (*The chocolate is brought, ARABELLA pours it out.*)

Julia. Do you talk of losing Fiesco? Good God! How could you ever conceive the vain idea of possessing him? Why, my child, aspire to such a height?—A height, where you cannot but be seen, and must be compared with others. Indeed, my dear, *he* was a scoundrel or a block-head, who joined you with Fiesco. (*Taking her hand with a look of compassion.*) Poor soul! The man, who mixes with the assemblies of fashionable life, could never be your match. (*She takes a dish of chocolate.*)

Leo. (*Smiling at ARABELLA.*) If he were, he would not wish to mix with such assemblies.

Julia. The Count is handsome, fashionable, elegant. He was so fortunate, as to form connexions with people of rank. The Count is lively, and high spirited.—Suppose, he comes home warm from the midst of a fashionable circle, what does he meet? His wife receives him with

vulgar tenderness ; damps his fire with a chilling kiss, and measures out her attentions to him with a niggardly economy. Poor husband ! *Here*, blooming beauty smiles upon him—*there*, he is disgusted by a peevish sensibility. Signora, Signora, for God's sake, consider, if he have not lost his understanding, what will he choose ?—

*Leo.* You, Madam—If he have lost it.

*Julia.* Good ! This sting shall return into our own bosom. Tremble for your mockery ! But before you tremble—blush !

*Leo.* Do you then know, what it is to blush, Signora ? But, why not ? 'Tis a toilet-trick.

*Julia.* Oh, see ! This poor creature must be provoked, if one would draw from her a spark of wit. Vell—Let it pass, this time. Madam, I only poke in jest. Give me your hand, in token of reconciliation.

*Leo.* Countess, my anger ne'er shall trouble you.

*Julia.* That's generous indeed. I would endeavour to imitate your conduct. Countess, do you not think I must love that person, whose image I bear constantly about me ?

*Leo.* What do you say ?—At least it seems a doubtful proof.

*Julia.* I think so too. The heart needs not the assistance of the senses ; and real sentiment seeks not to strengthen itself by outward ornament.

*Leo.* Heavens ! Where did you learn such a truth ?

*Julia.* 'Twas in mere compassion that I spoke ; for observe, Madam, the reverse is no less certain. Such is Fiesco's love for you—(*Gives her the picture, laughing maliciously.*)

*Leo.* My picture ! Given to you !—Cruel Fiesco !—

*Julia.* Have I retaliated? Have I? Now, Madam, have you any other sting to wound me with—Be comforted: he gave me the picture in a fit of madness. [*Exeunt JULIA and ARABELLA.*]

SCENE III.—LEONORA, CALCAGNO *entering.*

*Cal.* Did not the Countess Imperiali depart in anger, Madam?

*Leo.* No—This is unheard of cruelty.

*Cal.* Heaven and earth!—Do I behold you in tears!

*Leo.* Thou art a friend of my inhuman—Away—Leave my sight—

*Cal.* Whom do you call inhuman?—You affright me—

*Leo.* My husband—Is he not so?

*Cal.* What do I hear!—

*Leo.* 'Tis but a piece of villany, common enough among your sex—

*Cal.* (*Grasping her hand.*) Lady, I have a heart for weeping virtue.

*Leo.* You are a man—Your heart is not for me

*Cal.* For you alone—Yours only—Would that you knew how much, how truly yours—

*Leo.* Man, thou art untrue—Thy word would be refuted by thy actions—

*Cal.* I swear to you—

*Leo.* —A false oath—Cease!—The perjuries of men are so innumerable, 'twould tire the pen of the recording angel to write them down. If their violated oaths were turned into many devils, they might storm heaven itself and lead away the angels of light as captives.

*Cal.* Nay, Madam, your anger makes you unjust. Is the whole sex to answer for the crime of one?

*Leo.* I tell thee, in that one was centred all my affection for the sex. In him I will detest them all.

*Cal.* Countess, you once bestowed your hand  
niss. Would you again make trial ; I know  
e, who would deserve it better.

*Leo.* The limits of creation cannot bound your  
lshoods. I'll hear thee no more.

*Cal.* Oh that you would retract this cruel sen-  
ence in my arms !

*Leo.* Speak out—In thy arms !

*Cal.* In my arms, which open themselves to  
ceive a forsaken woman, and to console her for  
e love she has lost.

*Leo.* Love !

*Cal.* (*Kneeling before her.*) Yes, I have said  
—Love, Madam—Life and death lie on your  
ngue. To call my passion criminal, would be  
break down the boundaries of vice and virtue,  
d to confound together heaven and hell in one  
neral condemnation.

*Leo.* Hypocrite ! Was that the object of thy  
se compassion ? This attitude at once pro-  
aims thee a traitor to friendship, and to love.  
egone, for ever from my eyes !—Detested sex !  
ll now I thought the only victim of your snares  
s woman ; nor ever suspected, that to each  
er you were so false, and faithless.

*Cal.* (*Rising, confounded.*) Countess !

*Leo.* Was it not enough to break the sacred  
al of confidence ? but even on the unsullied  
rror of virtue, this hypocrite breathes pesti-  
nce, and would seduce my innocence to perjury.

*Cal.* Perjury, Madam, you cannot be guilty of.

*Leo.* I understand thee—thou thoughtest my  
wounded pride would plead in thy behalf. Thou  
dst not know that she, who loves Fiesco, feels  
en the pang that rends her heart, ennobling.  
lgone ! Fiesco's perfidy will not make Calcagno  
e in my esteem—but—will debase humanity.

(*Exit, hastily.*)

*Cal.* (*Stands as if thunderstruck—looks after her—then striking his forehead*)—Fool that I am.

(*Exit*)

SCENE IV.—*The Moor and FIESCO.*

*Fies.* Who was it that just now departed?

*Moor.* The Marquis Calcagno.

*Fies.* This handkerchief was left upon the sofa. My wife has been here.

*Moor.* I met her this moment in great agitation.

*Fies.* This handkerchief is moist—Calcagno here? And Leonora agitated?—This evening thou must learn, what has happened.

*Moor.* Miss Bella likes to hear, that she is fair. She will inform me.

*Fies.* Well—Thirty hours are past—Hast thou executed my commission?

*Moor.* Thoroughly, my Lord.

*Fies.* Then tell me, how they talk of Doria and of the government.

*Moor.* Oh, most vilely. The very name of Doria shakes them like an ague-fit. Gianettino is as hateful to them as death itself—there's nought but murmuring. They say, the French have been the rats of Genoa, the cat Doria has eaten them, and now is going to feast upon the mice.

*Fies.* That may perhaps be true. But do they not know of any dog against that cat?

*Moor.* The town was murmuring much of a certain—poh—I have forgot the name.

*Fies.* Blockhead! That name is as easy to be remembered, as 'twould be difficult to obtain it. Has Genoa more such names than one?

*Moor.* No—It cannot have two Counts of Lavagna.

*Fies.* That is something—And what do they whisper about my present way of living?



*Moor.* Hear me, Count of Lavagna! Genoa must think highly of you. They cannot imagine, why a descendant of the first family—with such talents and genius—full of spirit and popularity—master of four millions—his veins enrich'd with princely blood—a nobleman like Fiesco, whom, at the first call, all hearts would fly to meet—

*Fies.* (*Turns away contemptuously.*) To hear such things from such a scoundrel!

*Moor.* Many lamented, that the chief of Genoa should slumber over the ruin of his country. And many sneered. Most men condemned you. All bewailed the state, which thus had lost you. A Jesuit pretended to have smelt out the fox, that lay concealed beneath the garb of quietness.

*Fies.* One fox smells out another.—What say they to my passion for the Countess Imperiali?

*Moor.* What I would rather be excused from repeating.

*Fies.* Out with it—The bolder, the more welcome.

*Moor.* 'Tis not a murmur. At all the coffee-houses, billiard-tables, hotels, and public walks—in the market-place, at the Exchange, they proclaim aloud—

*Fies.* What?—I command thee.

*Moor.* *Retreating.* That you are a fool.

*Fies.* Well, take this sequin for these tidings. How have I put on the fool's cap. How did the manufacturers receive my presents?

*Moor.* Why, Mr. Fool, they looked like poor knaves—

*Fies.* Fool?—Fellow, art thou mad?

*Moor.* Pardon! I had a mind for a few more sequins.

*Fies.* (*Laughing, gives him another sequin.*) Well—"Like poor knaves."



*Moor.* Who receive pardon at the very block  
They are your's, both soul and body.

*Fies.* I'm glad of it. They turn the scale  
among the populace of Genoa.

*Moor.* What a scene it was! Zounds! I almost  
acquired a relish for benevolence. They  
caught me round the neck like madmen.--The  
very girls seemed in love with my black visage  
that's as ill-omen'd as the moon in an eclipse.  
Gold thought I, is omnipotent: it makes even a  
Moor look fair.

*Fies.* Thy thought was better, than the soil  
that gave it birth. These words are favourable  
but do they bespeak actions of equal import?

*Moor.* Yes--As the murmuring of the distant  
thunder foretells the approaching storm. The  
people lay their heads together--they collect in  
parties--break off their talk whene'er a stranger  
passes by--Throughout Genoa reigns a gloomy  
silence--This discontent hangs like a threatening  
tempest, over the republic--It only wants a wind,  
then hail and lightning will burst forth.

*Fies.* Hush--hark!--What is that confused  
noise?

*Moor.* (*Going to the window*) It is the tumult  
of the crowd returning from the senate  
house.

*Fies.* To-day is the election of a procurator--  
Order my carriage! It is impossible, that the  
sitting should be over. I'll go thither--It is im-  
possible it should be over, if things went right.  
Bring me my sword and cloak--where is my gold  
chain?

*Moor.* Sir, I have stolen and pawned it.

*Fies.* That I am glad to hear.

*Moor.* But, how! Are there no more sequins  
for me?

*Fies.* No--You forgot the cloak.

*Moor.* Ah! I was wrong in pointing out the grief.

*Fies.* The tumult comes nearer. Hark! 'Tis not the sound of approbation. Quick!--Unlock the gates--I guess the matter. Doria has been rash. The state already trembles on an unsteady balance. There has surely been some disturbance in the senate-house.

*Moor.* (*At the window.*) What's here! They're coming down the street of Balbi--A crowd of many thousands--the halberds glitter--Ah, swords so!--Halloo!--Senators! They come this way.

*Fies.* Sedition is on foot. Hasten amongst them--Mention my name--Persuade them to come hither. (*Exit Moor hastily.*) What, reason, labouring like a careful ant, with difficulty grapples together, the wind of accident collects in the short moment.

SCENE V.—FIESCO, ZENTURIONE, ZIBO, and ASSERATO *rushing in.*

*Zibo.* Count, impute it to our confusion that we enter thus unannounced.

*Zen.* I have been mortally affronted, by the duke's nephew, in the face of the whole senate.

*Fies.* Doria, then, has soiled the golden book which each noble Genoese is a leaf.

*Zent.* Therefore come we hither--The whole nobility is insulted in me---The whole nobility must share in my revenge-- In the defence of my own honor I should not need assistance.

*Zibo.* The whole nobility is in him provoked--The whole nobility must spit forth flames.

*Asser.* The rights of the nation are trampled under foot--The liberty of the republic has received a deadly blow.

*Fies.* You raise my expectation.

*Zibo.* He was the twenty-ninth among the

electing senators, and had drawn forth a golden ball to vote for the procurator--Of the eight and twenty votes collected, fourteen were for me, and as many for Lomellino--His and Doria's were still wanting--

*Zent.* Wanting! I gave my vote for Zibo. Doria--Think of the wound inflicted on my honor--Doria--

*Asser.*--Such a thing was never heard of, since the sea washed the walls of Genoa.

*Zent.*--Doria drew a sword, which he had concealed under a scarlet cloak--Stuck it through my vote--called to the assembly--

*Zibo.* "Senators, 'tis good for nothing, 'tis pierced through--Lomellino is Procurator."

*Zent.* "Lomellino is Procurator." And threw his sword upon the table.

*Asser.* And called out, "'Tis good for nothing"--and threw his sword upon the table.

*Fies.* (*After a pause.*) On what are you resolved?

*Zent.* The republic is wounded to its very heart--On what are we resolved?

*Fies.* Zenturione, rushes may be broken by a breath, the oak requires a storm. I ask, on what you are resolved?

*Zibo.* Methinks the question should be, On what does Genoa resolve?

*Fies.* Genoa! Genoa! name it not--'Tis brittle, and will crack, where'er you touch it. Do you reckon on the nobles? Perhaps, because they put on grave faces--look mysterious, when state affairs are mentioned--Talk not of them! Their heroism is stifled among the bales of their Levantine merchandise. Their souls hover anxiously about their India fleet.

*Zent.* Learn to esteem our nobles more justly. Scarcely was Doria's haughty action done,

when hundreds of them rushed into the street, tearing their garments--The senate was dispers'd--

*Fies.* Like frightened pigeons, when the vulture darts upon the dove-cote.

*Zent.* No--like powder-barrels, when a match falls on them.

*Zibo.* The people are enraged. What may we not expect from the fury of the wounded boar!

*Fies.* (*Laughing.*) The blind, unwieldy monster, which at first rattles its heavy bones, threatening with gaping jaws, to devour the high and low, the near and distant, at last, Genocse, stumbles at a thread. No more! the epoch of the masters of the sea is past. Genoa is sunk beneath the splendor of its name. Its state is such as once was Rome's, when, like a tennis-ball, she leapt into the racket of young Octavius. Genoa can be free no longer. Genoa must be foster'd by a monarch. Therefore do homage to the mad-brain'd Gianettino

*Zent.* Yes--when the contending elements are reconciled, and when the north pole meets the south--Come, friends!

*Fies.* Stay--Stay--Upon what project are you brooding, Zibo?

*Zibo.* On nothing.

*Fies.* (*Leading them to a statue.*) Look at this figure.

*Zent.* It is the Florentine Venus. Why point to her?

*Fies.* At least, she pleases you.

*Zibo.* Undoubtedly, or we should be but poor Italians. But why this question now?

*Fies.* Travel through all the countries of the globe, and seek, among the living models, for that, which is most happily executed, in which,

the charms of this imagined Venus are all united—

*Zibo.* Then we perhaps may take her for our reward ?

*Fies.* Then your search will have convicted Fancy of deceit—

*Zent.* And what shall we have gain'd ?

*Fies.* Gain'd ?—The decision of the long protracted contest between Art and Nature.

*Zent.* And what then ?

*Fies.* Then ? Then ? (*laughing.*) Then you will have forgotten to observe the fall of Genoa's liberty.  
(*Exeunt all but FIESCO.*)

SCENE VI.—FIESCO *alone.*

(*The noise without increases.*)

*Fies.* 'Tis well—'tis well—The straw of the republic has caught fire. The flames have seized already on palaces and towers. Let it go on ! Let the blaze be general ! Let the tempestuous wind spread wide the conflagration !

SCENE VII.—FIESCO—MOOR, *entering in haste.*

*Moor.* Crowds upon crowds !

*Fies.* Throw open wide the gates. Let all, that choose it, enter—

*Moor.* Republicans ! Republicans indeed ! They drag their liberty along panting like beasts of burden, beneath the yoke of their magnificent nobility.

*Fies.* Fools ! Who believe Fiesco of Lavagna will carry on, what Fiesco of Lavagna did not begin. The tumult comes opportunely ; but the conspiracy must be my own. They are rushing hither—

*Moor.* (*Going out.*) Halloo ! You beat the walls down, there—(*The people rush in—The doors broken down.*)

SCENE VIII.—FIESCO—*twelve* ARTISANS.

*All art.* Vengeance on Doria! Vengeance on Gianettino!

*Fies.* Peace, my countrymen! Your waiting upon me bespeaks the warmth of your affection; but forbear these harsh expressions!

*All.* Down with the Dorias! Down with them both the uncle, and the nephew!

*Fies.* (*counting them with a smile.*) Twelve is a mighty force!

*Some of them.* These Dorias must away—The state must be reformed.

*First art.* To throw our magistrates down stairs!—The magistrates!

*Second art.* Think, Count Lavagna,—down stairs, when they opposed him in the election—

*All.* It must not be endured—It shall not be endured.

*Third art.* To take a sword into the senate!

*First art.* A sword—The sign of war—Into the chamber of peace—

*Second art.* To come into the senate drest in scarlet! Not like the other senators, in black.

*First art.* To drive through our capital with eight horses!

*All.* A tyrant!—A traitor to the country and the government!

*Second art.* To hire two hundred Germans from the emperor, for his body-guard!

*First art.* To bring foreigners in arms against the natives—Germans against Italians—Soldiers beside the laws!

*All.* 'Tis treason—'tis a plot against the liberty of Genoa.

*First art.* To have the arms of the republic painted on his coach!

*Second art.* The statue of Andreas placed in the centre of the senate-house!



*All.* Dash them to pieces—Both the figure and the man—

*Fies.* Citizens of Genoa, why this to me ?

*First art.* You shall not suffer it. You shall keep him down.

*Second art.* You are a wise man, and shall not suffer it. You shall direct us by your counsel.

*First art.* You are a better nobleman. You shall chastise them and curb their insolence.

*Fies.* Your confidence is flattering. Can I merit it by deeds ?

*All.* Strike ! Down with the tyrant ! Make us free !

*Fies.* But—Will you hear me ?—

*Some.* Speak, Count !

*Fies.* Genoese, the empire of the animals was once thrown into confusion ; parties struggled with parties ; till at last a bull-dog seized the throne. He, accustomed to drive the cattle to the knife of the butcher, ranged in a savage manner through the state. He bark'd, he bit, and gnawed his subjects' bones. The nation murmured : the boldest joined together, and killed the princely monster. Now, a general assembly was held to decide upon the important question, which form of government was best. There were three different opinions. Genoese, what would be your decision ?

*First art.* For the people—

*All.* For the people—

*Fies.* The people gained the question. The government was democratical : each citizen had a vote, and every thing was submitted to a majority. But a few weeks past, ere Man declared war against the new republic. The state assembled—horse, lion, tiger, bear, elephant, and rhinoceros, stepped forth and roared aloud, To arms !—The rest were called upon to vote. The



amb, the hare, the stag, the ass, the tribe of insects, with the birds, and timid fishes, cried for peace. See, Genoese ! The cowards were more numerous than the brave : the foolish than the wise. Numbers prevailed—the beasts laid down their arms, and Man exacted contributions from them. The democratic system was abandoned. Genoese, what would you next have chosen ?

*First and second art.* A select government.

*Fies.* That was adopted. The business of the state was all arranged in separate departments. Wolves were the financiers, foxes their secretaries, pigeons presided in the criminal courts, and tigers in the courts of equity. The laws of chastity were regulated by the he-goats ; hares were the soldiers, lions and elephants staid by the baggage. The ass was the ambassador of the empire, and the mole inspector-general of the whole administration.—Genoese, what think you of this wise distribution ? Those whom the wolf did not devour, the fox pillaged. Whoever escaped from him was knocked down by the ass. The tiger murdered innocents, whilst robbers and assassins were pardoned by the pigeon. And at the last, when each had laid down his office, the mole declared that all were well discharged. The animals rebelled—“ Let us,” they cried unanimously, “ choose a monarch, endowed with strength and skill, and who has only one stomach to appease.” And to one chief they all did homage. Genoese—To one—but—(*rising and advancing majestically*) that one was—The Lion.—

*All.* (*Shouting, and throwing up their hats.*)  
Bravo ! Bravo ! Well managed, Count Lavagna !

*First art.* And Genoa shall follow that example—Genoa also has its Lion.

*Fies.* Tell me not of that Lion ; but go home, and think upon him. (*The ARTISANS depart tumultuously.*) It is as I would have it. The people and the senate are alike enraged against Doria : the people and the senate alike approve Fiesco. Hassan ! Hassan ! I must take advantage of this favorable gale. Hoa ! Hassan ! Hassan ! I must augment their hatred—improve my influence. Hassan ! Come hither ! Whoreson of hell, come hither !

SCENE IX.—FIESCO,—MOOR, *entering hastily.*

*Moor.* My feet are quite on fire with running—What is the matter now ?

*Fies.* Hear my commands !

*Moor.* Whither shall I run first ?

*Fies.* I will excuse thy running this time. Thou shalt be dragged. Prepare thyself—I intend to publish thy attempted assassination, and deliver thee up in chains to the criminal tribunal.

*Moor.* Sir ! That's contrary to agreement.

*Fies.* Be not alarmed. 'Tis but a farce. At this moment, 'tis of the utmost consequence, that Gianettino's attempt against my life should be made public. Thou shalt be tried before the criminal tribunal.

*Moor.* Must I confess it, or deny ?

*Fies.* Deny. They will put thee to the torture. Thou must hold out against the first degree—This, by the bye, will serve to expiate thy real crime. At the second, thou may'st confess.

*Moor.* The devil may play me a trick—Their worships will perhaps desire my company a little longer than I should wish, and to conclude the farce, I should be broken on the wheel.

*Fies.* Thou shalt escape unhurt, I give thee my honor as a nobleman. I shall request to

have thy punishment left to my own discretion, and than pardon thee, before the whole republic.

*Moor.* Well—I agree to it. They will draw out my joints a little—but that will only make them the more flexible.

*Fies.* Then scratch this arm with thy dagger, till the blood follows. I will pretend, that I have just now seized thee in the fact. 'Tis well—*hallooing violently.*) Murder ! Murder ! Guard the passages ! Make fast the gates !—*(He drags the MOOR out by the throat, servants run across the stage hastily.)*

SCENE X.—LEONORA and ROSA enter hastily, alarmed.

*Leo.* Murder, they cried—Murder.—The noise came this way.

*Rosa.* Surely 'twas but a common tumult, such as happens every day in Genoa.

*Leo.* They cried murder !—and I distinctly heard Fiesco's name. In vain you would deceive me—My heart discovers, what is concealed from my eyes. Quick ! Hasten after them. See ! Tell me, whither they carry him.

*Rosa.* Collect your spirits, Madam. Arabella is gone.

*Leo.* Arabella will catch his dying look. The happy Arabella ! Wretch that I am, 'twas I that murdered him. If I could have engaged his heart, he would not have plunged into the world, nor rush'd upon the daggers of assassins.—Ah—he comes—Away—Oh, Arabella, speak not to me !

SCENE XI.—*The FORMER—ARABELLA.*

*Arab.* The Count is living and unhurt. I saw him gallop through the city. Never did he appear more handsome. The steed, that bore him,

pranced haughtily along, and with its proud hoof kept the thronging multitude at a distance from its princely rider. He saw me as I passed, and with a gracious smile, thrice kissed his hand to me. (*Archly.*) What can I do with those kisses, Madam?

*Leo.* Idle prattler! Restore them to him.

*Rosa.* See now, how soon your color has returned!

*Leo.* His heart he throws away upon these girls, whilst I am anxious to obtain a look! Oh wives! wives! (*Exeunt*

SCENE XII.—*The palace of ANDREAS.*

GIANETTINO, and LOMELLINO, enter hastily.

*Gian.* Let them roar for their liberty, as a lioness for her young—I am resolved.

*Lom.* But—most gracious Prince!

*Gian.* Away to hell with thy *Buts*, thou three-hours Procurator! I will not yield a hair's breadth. Let Genoa's towers shake their heads, and the hoarse sea rebellow *No*, to it—I value not the opposing multitude.

*Lom.* The people are indeed the fuel; but the nobility blow up the flame. The whole republic is in a ferment, people, and patricians.

*Gian.* Then will I stand upon the mount like Nero, and entertain myself with looking at the flames.

*Lom.* Till the whole mass of sedition falls into the hands of some enterprising leader, who will take advantage of the general devastation.

*Gian.* Poh! Poh! I know but one who can be dangerous, and he is taken care of.

*Lom.* His Highness comes—

*Enter ANDREAS—(both bow respectfully.)*

*And.* Signor Lomellino, my niece wishes to take the air.

Lom. I shall have the honor of attending her.

(Exit LOMELLINO.)

SCENE XIII.—ANDREAS and GIANETTINO.

And. Nephew, I am much displeased with you.

Gian. Grant me a hearing, most gracious uncle !

And. That I would grant to the meanest beggar in Genoa, if he deserved it. Never to a villain, though he should be my nephew. It is sufficient favor, that I address thee as an uncle, not as a sovereign.

Gian. One word only, gracious Sir !

And. Hear first what thou hast done, then answer me. Thou hast pulled down an edifice, which I had labored for fifty years to raise—that which should have been thy uncle's mausoleum, is only pyramid—the affection of his countrymen.—This rashness Andreas pardons thee—

Gian. My uncle, and my sovereign !

And. Interrupt me not—Thou hast injured that most glorious work of mine, the Constitution, which I brought down from Heaven for Genoa, which cost me so many sleepless nights, so many dangers, and so much blood. Before all Genoa, thou hast cast a stain upon my honor, violating my institutions. Who will hold them sacred if my own family despise them?—This only thy uncle pardons thee.

Gian. Sir, you educated me to be Duke of Genoa.

And. Be silent ! Thou art a traitor to the state and hast attacked its vital principle. Mark me, boy ! That principal is *subordination*. Because the shepherd retired in the evening from his labor, thoughtest thou the flock deserted ? Because Andreas' head is white with age, thoughtest thou, like a villain, to trample on the laws ?

Gian. Peace, Duke ! In my veins also boils the  
(VOL. II.) O

blood of that Andreas, before whom France has trembled.

*And.* Be silent, I command thee. When speak, the sea itself is wont to pay attention. Thou hast insulted the majesty of justice in its very sanctuary.—Rebel !—Dost thou know what punishment that crime demands ? —Now answer (*GIANETTINO appears struck, and fixes his eyes on the ground without speaking.*)

*And.* Wretched Andreas ! In thy own heart thou hast bred the canker of thy merit. I built up a fabric for Genoa, which should mock the lapse of ages, and am myself the first to cast firebrand into it. Thank my grey head, which wishes to be laid in the grave by a relation's hand.—Thank my unjust love, that I do not on the scaffold pour out thy rebellious blood, to satisfy the violated laws. (*Exit*)

SCENE XIV.—*GIANETTINO looking after the Duke, speechless with anger. LOMELLINO entering breathless and terrified.*

*Lom.* What have I seen ! What have I heard ! Fly, Prince ! Fly quickly ! All is lost.

*Gian.* What was there to lose ?

*Lom.* Genoa, Prince.—I come from the market-place. The people were crowding round Moor, who was dragged along, bound with cords. The Count of Lavagna, with above three hundred nobles, followed to the criminal court. The Moor had been employed to assassinate Fiesco, and in the attempt was seized.

*Gian.* What, are all the devils of hell loose at once ?

*Lom.* They questioned him most strictly concerning his employer. The Moor confessed nothing. They tried the first degree of torture. He confessed nothing. They put him to the



cond. Then he spoke—He spoke—My gracious Lord, how could you trust your honor to such a villain ?

Gian. Ask me no question !

Lom. Hear the rest ! Scarcely was the word *oria* uttered—I would sooner have seen my name inscribed in the infernal register, than have heard yours thus mentioned—Scarcely was it uttered, when Fiesco showed himself to the people.—You know the man—with the voice of persuasion, he commands, and plays the usurer with the hearts of the multitude. The whole assembly hung upon his looks, breathless with indignation.—He spoke little ; but bared his bleeding arm. The crowd contended for the falling drops as if for relics. The Moor was given to his disposal—and Fiesco—a mortal blow to us ! Fiesco pardoned him. Now the condensed anger of the people burst forth in one tumultuous clamor. Each breath annihilated a *ria*, and Fiesco was borne home amidst a thousand joyful acclamations.

Gian. Let the flood of tumult swell up to my very throat—*The Emperor !*—That sound alone will strike them to the earth, so that not a murmur shall be heard in Genoa.

Lom. Bohemia is far from hence. If the Emperor hasten, he may perhaps be present at our funeral.

Gian. (*Drawing forth a letter with a great sigh.*) 'Tis fortunate, that he is here already.—Wast thou surprised at this ? And didst thou think me mad enough to brave the fury of enraged republicans, had I not known they were betrayed and sold ?

Lom. I know not what to think !

Gian. But I have thought of something, which thou couldst not know. My plan is form-



ed. Ere two days are past, twelve senators must fall. Doria becomes sovereign, and the Emperor Charles protects him. Thou seemest astonished.—

*Lom.* Twelve senators ! My bosom trembles to encounter, twelve times, a deed so horrible as murder.

*Gian.* Fool that thou art ! upon these victims shall I build my throne. I consulted with the minister of Charles, on the strong party, which France still has in Genoa, and by which she might a second time seize on it, unless they should be rooted out. This worked upon the Emperor—He approved my projects—And thou shalt write what I will dictate to thee.

*Lom.* I know not yet what 'tis, you purpose

*Gian.* Sit down, and write—

*Lom.* But what am I to write ? (*Seats himself.*)

*Gian.* The names of the twelve candidates to death—Francis Zenturione.

*Lom.* (*Writes.*) In gratitude for his vote, he leads the funeral procession.

*Gian.* Cornelio Calva.

*Lom.* —Calva—

*Gian.* Michael Zibo.

*Lom.* To cool him after his disappointment in the procuratorship.

*Gian.* Thomas Asserato, and his three brothers. (*LOMELLINO stops.*)

*Gian.* And his three brothers—

*Lom.* (*Writes.*) Go on.

*Gian.* Fiesco of Lavagno.

*Lom.* Beware of that black stone. If you stumble over it, it will be fatal to you.

*Gian.* Scipio Bourgognino.

*Lom.* He may celebrate elsewhere his wedding—

Gian. Aye—Where I shall be director of the nuptials. Raphael Sacco.

Lom. I should intercede for his life, until, we shall have paid my five thousand crowns. (*Writes.*)—Death strikes the balance.

Gian. Vincent Calcagno.

Lom. Calcagno—The twelfth I write at my own risk, unless our mortal enemy be overlooked.

Gian. The end crowns all—Joseph Verrina.

Lom. He is the very head of the viper, that threatens us. (*Offers the paper to GIANETTINO.*) Two days hence death makes a splendid feast, at which twelve of the chief of Genoa's nobles will be present.

Gian. (*Signs the paper.*) 'Tis done—Two days hence will be the ducal election. When the senate shall be assembled for that purpose, these twelve shall on a sudden signal be laid low. My two hundred Germans will have surrounded the senate-house—At that moment, I enter, and claim homage as the Duke. (*Rings the bell.*)

Lom. And what of Andreas?

Gian. He is an old man. (*Enter a servant.*) If the Duke should ask for me, say I am gone to mass. (*Exit servant.*) I must conceal the evil, that's within, beneath a saintly garb.

Lom. But, my Lord, the paper?

Gian. Take thou, and circulate it among our party.—This letter must be dispatched by express to Levanto. 'Tis to inform Spinola of our intended plan, and to direct him to reach the capital early in the morning. (*Going.*)

Lom. Stop, Prince—There is an error in our calculation—Fiesco does not attend the senate.

Gian. Genoa will easily supply one more assassin—I'll see to that. (*Exeunt different ways.*)

SCENE XV.—*An antichamber in FIESCO's palace.*

FIESCO, *with papers before him*—and MOOR.

*Fies.* Four gallies have entered the harbour, dost thou say?

*Moor.* Yes, they're at anchor in the port.

*Fies.* That's well. Whence are these expresses?

*Moor.* From Rome, Placentia, and France.

*Fies.* (*Opens the letters, and runs over them.*)  
Welcome! Welcome news! Let the messengers be treated in a princely manner.

*Moor.* Hem!—(*Going.*)

*Fies.* Stop, stop, here's work for thee <sup>in</sup> plenty.

*Moor.* Command me. I am ready to act the setter, or the blood-hound.

*Fies.* I only want at present the voice of the decoybird. To-morrow early, two thousand men will enter the city in disguise, to engage in my service. Distribute thy assistants at the gates, and let them keep a watchful eye upon the strangers that arrive. Some will be drest like pilgrims on their journey, others like mendicant friars, or savoyards, or actors; some as pedlars, and musicians; most as disbanded soldiers, come to seek a livelihood in Genoa. Let every one be ask'd, where he takes up his lodging. If he answer, At the Golden Snake, let him be treated as a friend, and shown my habitation. Fellow, I rely upon thy prudence.

*Moor.* Sir, you may rely on that, as much as on my knavery. If a single head escape me, pluck out my eyes, and shoot at sparrows with them. (*going.*)

*Fies.* Stop—I've another piece of business for thee. The arrival of the gallies will excite suspicion in the city. If any one inquire of thee about them, say, thou has heard it whisper'd,

at thy master intends to cruise against the Turks. Dost thou understand me?

*Moor.* Yes, yes, the basket has a specious cover; what is within, Heaven knows. (*Going.*)

*Fies.* Stop once more—Gianettino has new reasons to hate me, and lay snares against my life. Go—see among the fellows of thy trade, thou canst not find out some plot on foot against me. Visit the brothels—Doria often frequents them. The secrets on the cabinet are sometimes lodg'd within the folds of the petticoat. Promise these ladies golden customers. Promise them thy master—let nothing be too sacred to be used in gaining the desired information.

*Moor.* Ha! luckily I am acquainted with one Diana Buononi, whom I have served above a year as procurer. The other day, I saw theignor Lomellino coming out of her house.

*Fies.* That suits my purpose well. This very Lomellino is the key to all Doria's projects. To-morrow thou shalt go thither. Perhaps he is to-night the Endymion of this chaste Diana.

*Moor.* One more question, my Lord. Suppose the people ask me—and that they will, I'll pawn my soul upon it—suppose they ask, "What does Fiesco think of Genoa?" Would you still wear the mask?—or—how shall I answer them?

*Fies.* Answer?—Hum!—The fruit is ripe. The pains of labor announce the approaching birth. Answer, that Genoa lies upon the block, and that thy master's name is—John Louis of Fiesco—

*Moor.* That business shall be managed neatly for you, I'll pledge the credit of my profession to it. Now be alert, friend Hassan! First to a tavern—My feet have work enough cut-out for them.

I must coax my stomach to intercede with my legs. (*Hastening away—returns.*) Oh! apropos! My chattering made me almost forget one circumstance. You wish'd to know, what pass'd between Calcagno and your wife. A refusal, Sir—That's all—(*Runs off.*)

SCENE XVI.—FIESCO *alone.*

I pity thee, Calcagno—Didst thou think I should, upon so delicate a point, have been thus careless, had I not relied on my wife's virtue, and my own superior merits? I approve this passion. Thou art a good soldier. This shall unite thy arm with mine, to the destruction of Doria.—Now, Doria, let us come to the contest! All the machines are ready for the grand attempt—the instruments are tun'd for the tremendous concert—Nought is wanting, but to throw off the mask, and show Fiesco to the patriots of Genoa, (*Some persons are heard approaching.*) Ha! Visitors!—Who can be coming to disturb me?

SCENE XVII.—FIESCO, VERRINA, ROMANO, *with a picture*; SACCO, BOURGOGNINO, CALCAGNO.

*Fies.* Welcome, my worthy friends! What important business brings you all hither? Are you too come, my dear brother, Verrina!—I should almost have forgotten you, had you not more frequently been present to my thoughts, than to my sight. I think I have not seen you, since my last entertainment.

*Ver.* Do not count the hours, Fiesco! heavy burdens have, in that interval, weigh'd down my aged head. But enough of this—

*Fies.* Not enough to satisfy the anxiety of friendship. You must inform me father when

we are alone. (*Addressing BOURGOGNINO.*)  
 Welcome, brave youth ! Our acquaintance is yet  
 green ; but my affection for thee is already ripe.  
 Has your esteem for me improv'd ?

*Bour.* 'Tis on the increase.

*Fies.* Verrina, it is reported, that this brave  
 young man is to be your son-in-law. Receive  
 my warmest approbation of your choice. I have  
 convers'd with him but once ; and yet I should  
 be proud to call him my relation.

*Ver.* That opinion might, on my daughter's  
 account, make me vain.

*Fies.* Sacco, Calcagno, all unfrequent visi-  
 tors—I should fear your absence were a proof,  
 that I had been deficient in politeness. And here  
 greet a fifth guest, unknown to me indeed,  
 but sufficiently recommended by this worthy  
 circle.

*Rom.* He, my Lord, is but a painter, named  
 Romano, who lives on what he steals from Na-  
 ture. His pencil is his only coat of arms. And  
 he now comes hither to catch some features for  
 a head of Brutus.

*Fies.* Give me your hand, Romano ! I admire  
 the mistress, whom you serve. Art is the right  
 hand of Nature. The latter gave us being, but  
 'twas the former made us men. What are the  
 subjects of your labor ?

*Moor.* Scenes from the heroic ages of anti-  
 quity. At Florence is my dying Hercules, at  
 Venice my Cleopatra, the Ajax furious, at  
 Rome ; where, in the Vatican, the heroes of past  
 times rise again to light.

*Fies.* And what just now employs you ?

*Rom.* Alas ! my Lord, I've thrown away my  
 pencil. The animation of my genius seemed  
 not to keep pace with the progress of my life.



The crown of popular applause shines but a while—This is my last production—

*Fies.* It could not come more opportunely. I feel to-day a more than usual cheerfulness—A sentiment of calm delight pervades my being, and fits it to receive the impression of Nature's beauties. Let us view your picture. I shall feast upon the sight. Come, friends, we will devote ourselves entirely to the artist. Place your picture.

*Ver.* (*Apart to the others.*) Now, Genoese, observe !

*Rom.* (*Placing the picture.*) The light must fall upon it thus—Draw up that curtain—Let fall the other—Right. It is the story of Virginia, and Appius Claudius. (*A long pause—all contemplate the picture.*)

*Ver.* (*With enthusiasm.*) Strike, aged father ! Dost thou tremble, tyrant ? How pale you stand there, Romans ! Follow him, senseless Romans ! The sword yet glitters—Follow *me*, senseless Genoese ! Down with Doria ! Down with him ! (*Striking at the picture.*)

*Fies.* (*To the painter, smiling.*) Do you require more applause ? Your art transforms this old man into a beardless dreamer.

*Ver.* Where am I ! What is become of me ! They vanish'd away like bubbles. Thou here, Fiesco ! and the tyrant living !

*Fies.* My friend, amidst this admiration, you have overlook'd the parts most truly beauteous. Does this Roman's head thus strike you ! Look there ! Observe that damsel—what soft expression ! What a feminine delicacy ! How sweetly touch'd are those pale lips ! How exquisite that dying look ! Inimitable ! Divine Romano ! And that white dazzling breast, that heaves with the last pulse of life. Draw more such beauties,



Romano, and I will give up Nature, to worship thy creative Fancy.

*Bourg.* Is it thus, Verrina, your hopes are answered ?

*Ver.* Take courage, son ! The Almighty has rejected the arm of Fiesco. We will be his instruments.

*Fies.* (*To ROMANO.*) Well—'Tis your last work, Romano—Your powers are exhausted—Throw away the pencil. Yet, whilst I am admiring the artist, I forget to devour the work. I could stand gazing on it, and disregard an earthquake. Take away your picture—the wealth of Genoa would be too little to pay for this Virginia—Take it away—

*Rom.* Honor sufficiently rewards the artist—I present it to you. (*Offers to go away.*)

*Fies.* Stay, Romano ! (*He walks majestically up and down the room seeming to reflect on something of importance—sometimes he casts a quick and penetrating glance at the others—at last he takes ROMANO by the hand, and leads him to the picture.*) Come hither, painter—So self-contented stand'st thou there, because thou animatest the dead canvas with unreal life, and, at no hazard, canst immortalize heroic deeds ? Thy boast is nothing but the glow of fiction, the idle play of fancy : it wants a heart, a spring of daring action. Thou verthrowest tyrants on thy tablet, and art thyself a miserable slave. Thou freest nations with thy pencil, but thine own chains thou canst not break asunder.—Go ! Thy work is trifling. Let appearance give way to reality ! (*Overturning the picture.*) I have done, what thou—hast only painted. (*All struck with astonishment—ROMANO carries away the picture in confusion.*)

SCENE XVIII.—*The FORMER, except ROMANO*

*Fies.*—Did you suppose the lion slept, because he ceas'd to roar? Did your vain thoughts persuade you, that none but you could feel the chains of Genoa? That none but you durst break them? Before you know their weight, Fiesco had already broken them. *He opens a scrutoire takes out a parcel of letters, and throws them on the table.*) These bring soldiers from Parma—These French money—These, four gallies from the Pope—What now is wanting to hurl the tyrant from his throne? Tell me, what think you wanting? *(All stand silent with astonishment.)* Republicans, you waste your time in curses, when you should overturn the tyrant. *(All but VERRINA throw themselves at FIESCO's feet.)*

*Ver.* Fiesco—my spirit bends to thine; but my knee cannot. Thy soul is great—but—Rise Genoese! *(They rise.)*

*Fies.* All Genoa was indignant at the effeminate Fiesco: all Genoa curs'd the profligate Fiesco. Genoese, my amours have blinded the cunning despot. My wild excesses served to guard my plans from the danger of an imprudent confidence. Conceal'd beneath the cloak of luxury, the infant plot grew up—Enough—I'm known sufficiently to Genoa, in being known to you. I have attained my utmost wish.

*Bourg.* Am I, then, nothing?

*Fies.* But let us turn from thought to action. All the engines are prepar'd—I can storm the city by sea and land. Rome, France, and Parma cover me. The nobles are disaffected—The hearts of the populace are mine. I have lull'd to sleep the tyrants. The state is ripe for revolution. We are no longer in the hands of Fortune. Nothing is wanting.—Verrina is lost in thought—

*Bourg.* Patience !—I have a word to say, which will more quickly rouse him than the trumpet of the last day—(*To VERRINA.*) Father ! awake !—Thy Bertha will despair.

*Ver.* Who spoke those words ?—Genoese, to arms !

*Fies.* Think on the means of forwarding our plan. Night has advanc'd upon our discourse : Genoa is wrapt in sleep : the tyrant, wearied by the sins of the day, sinks down to rest.—Watch for your country !

*Bourg.* Let us, before we part, consecrate our heroic union by an embrace ! (*They form a circle, with joined arms.*) Here unite five of the bravest hearts in Genoa, to decide their country's fate. (*All embrace.*) When the universe shall all asunder, and the eternal sentence shall cut in twain the bonds of consanguinity and love—when may this fivefold band of heroes still remain entire ! (*They separate.*)

*Ver.* When shall we next assemble ?

*Fies.* At noon, to-morrow, I'll hear your sentiments.

*Ver.* Well—at noon to-morrow. Good night, Fiesco ! Come, Bourgognino—you will hear something wonderful. (*Exeunt VERRINA and BOURGOGNINO.*)

*Fies.* (*To the others.*) Depart by the back-ates, that Doria's spies may not suspect us.

(*Exeunt SACCO and CALCAGNO*)

### SCENE XIX.—FIESCO alone.

What a tumult is in my breast ! What a course of dark, uncertain images ! Like guilty wretches stealing out in secret to do some horrid deed, with trembling steps, and blushing faces bent toward the ground, these flattering

phantoms glide athwart my soul. Stay—Stay—  
Let me examine you more closely—A virtuous  
thought strengthens the heart of man, and boldly  
meets the day—Ha ! I know you, robed in  
the livery of Satan—Avaunt ! —(*a pause*) Fiesco  
the Patriot ! the Duke Fiesco !—Peace ! On this  
steep precipice, the boundaries of virtue terminate :  
here heaven and hell are separated. Here have  
heroes stumbled, here have they fallen, and left  
behind a name loaded with curses—Here, too,  
have heroes paus'd, here check'd their course,  
and risen to immortality.—To know the hearts  
of Genoa mine ! To govern with a master's hand  
this formidable state !—O artifice of sin, that  
masks each devil with an angel's face ! Fatal  
ambition ! Everlasting tempter ! Won by thy  
charms, angels abandoned heaven, and Death  
sprung from thy embraces. Thy syren voice  
drew angels from their celestial mansions. Mar  
thou ensnarest with beauty, riches, power. To  
gain a diadem is great—To reject it is divine !—  
Perish the tyrant !—Let Genoa be free—and  
will be its happiest citizen.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

## A C T III.

SCENE I.—*Midnight. A dreary wilderness.*

VERRINA and BOURGOGNINO entering.

*Bourg.* Whither are you leading me, father? The heavy grief that hung upon your mind, when first you bade me follow you, still seems to labor in your panting breast. Break this dreadful silence!—Speak! I will go no further.

*Ver.* This is the place.

*Bourg.* You could not choose a spot more awful. Father, if the deed you purpose be like the place—Father—my hair will stand upright with horror.

*Ver.* Yet it is bright and cheerful, to the gloom that enwraps my soul. Follow me to yon church-yard, where Corruption preys on the mould'ring carcasses, and Death holds his abhorred feast—where shrieks of tormented souls delight the listening devils, and sorrow sheds her fruitless tears into the never filling urn.—There, my son, where the condition of this world is changed, and God's indulgence ceases—there will I speak to thee in agony, and thou shalt hear me with despair.

*Bourg.* Hear! what? I conjure you, father.

*Ver.* Youth!—I fear—Youth, thy blood is warm and rosy, thy flesh is soft and tender—Such natures are alive to human kindness—This warmth of feeling melts my obdurate wisdom. If the frost of age, or sorrow's leaden pressure had check'd the sprightly vigor of thy spirits—If black congealed blood had closed the avenues of thy heart against the approaches of humanity—then would thy mind be suited to the lan-

guage of my grief, and thou wouldst look with admiration on my project.

*Bourg.* I will hear it, and embrace it as my own.

*Ver.* Not so, my son—Verrina will not wound thy heart with it. O Scipio, heavy burdens lie on me. A thought more dark and horrible than night, too vast to be contained within the breast of man! Mark me—my hand alone shall execute the deed; but my mind cannot support the weighty secret. If I were proud, Scipio, I might say, Greatness unshared is torture. It was a burden to the Deity himself, and he created angels to partake his counsels—Hear, Scipio!

*Bourg.* My soul devours thy words.

*Ver.* Hear! But answer nothing—Nothing, young man! Observe me—Not a word—Fiesco must die—

*Bourg.* Die!—Fiesco!—

*Ver.* Die—I thank thee, God, the word is spoken—Fiesco must die.—My son—die by my hand.—Now go! There are deeds too high for human judgment. They appeal alone to Heaven's tribunal. Such a one is this. Go! I neither want thy blame nor approbation. I know my inward struggles, that is sufficient. But hear! These thoughts might weary out thy mind even to madness.—Hear! Didst thou observe yesterday, with what pride he viewed his greatness reflected from our wondering countenances! The man whose smiles deceived all Italy, will he endure in Genoa his equals? Go! 'Tis certain, that Fiesco will overthrow the tyrant.—'Tis as certain, he will become a tyrant still more dangerous. (*Exit hastily. BOURGOGNINO looks after him with speechless surprise, then follows slowly.*)



SCENE II.—*An apartment in FIESCO's house, which affords a view of the sea and Genoa. Day-break.*

(*Fiesco alone.*) The moon is down. The morning rises fiery from the sea. Wild fancies have despoiled my sleep, and drawn together all my faculties round one idea. Let me breathe the pure fresh-blowing air—(*he opens a window: the town and sea appear red with the tint of morning.*)—I, the greatest man in Genoa! And should not little souls bend down before the great?—But is not this to trample upon virtue!—Virtue? The elevated being feels not the vulgar impulse. Shall he share the vulgar virtues! Can the armour, which encases the pigmy's feeble body, be suited to the giant? (*The sun rises over GENOA.*)—This majestic city mine!—To flame above it like the god of day! To spread over it the strong protection of a kingly arm! To plunge my ardent wishes into the unfathomable ocean of greatness!—Surely, whate'er the guilt of the attempt, 'twill be ennobled by a prize so splendid! The petty thief meets only with contempt. The plunderer of thousand is thought audacious.—But he who seizes on a crown, gains deathless honor. As guilt extends its sphere, the infamy decreases. To obey, or, to command! To stand on the brink of a gulf which can be filled by nothing human. In vain the conqueror would bring his trophies, the artist his sublime productions, the epicure his pleasures. To obey, or, to command! To exist, or, to be annihilated!—The space between them is as wide as from the lowest seraph to the Almighty.—To form that awful height to look securely down upon the busy scene, which fortune with capricious sway directs! To quaff the deepest



draughts from the rich cup of pleasure ! To hold the law itself in chains, a frowning captive, and see it struggle, with fruitless efforts, against the power of majesty !—To curb the stubborn passions of the people, and guide them like foaming steeds, indignantly submitting to the bit !—With a breath to quell the rising pride of vassals, whilst the Prince can, with the motion of his sceptre, call to life even the dreams of his disordered fancy ! Ah ! What thoughts are these ! which urge the astonished mind beyond the boundaries of nature. Prince ! on one moment hang thy fairest hopes ! 'Tis the exalted station, that gives to life its value. The murmurs, which compose the thunder's sound, might singly lull to sleep an infant ; their united crash can rend the eternal vault of Heaven.—I am determined !

SCENE III.—FIESCO, LEONORA.

*Leo.* Pardon me, Count. I fear, I interrupt your morning rest.

*Fies.* Indeed, Madam, you surprise me very unexpectedly.

*Leo.* That cannot happen between those who live.

*Fies.* Charming Countess, you expose your beauty to the rude breath of morning.

*Leo.* I know not, why I should preserve its small remains, for grief to feed on.

*Fies.* Grief, my love ? I thought, that to be free from cares of state was happiness—

*Leo.* It may be so—but my weak female heart, even amidst this happiness is breaking. I come, Sir, to trouble you with a trifling request, if you can spare a moment's time to hear me. These seven months past I have indulged the idle dream of being Countess of Lavagna. It now has past away, and left a painful weight upon my mind. Amid the pleasures of my in-

nocent childhood, I must seek relief to my disordered spirits.—Permit me therefore, to return into the arms of my good mother—

*Fies.* Countess !

*Leo.* My heart is a poor trembling thing, which you should pity. Even the least remembrance of my visionary joy might wound my sickly fancy. I therefore restore the last memorials of your kindness to their just owner. *(She lays some trinkets on the table.)* This too, that like a dagger struck my heart—*(presenting a letter.)* This too !—*(going to rush out of the door in tears.)* And I will retain nothing but the wound.

*Fies.* *(Detaining her.)* For God's sake, stay !

*Leo.* To be your wife was more than I deserved.—But she, who was your wife, deserved at least respect. How will the wives and maidens of Genoa look down upon me ! “ See,” they will say, “ how fades the haughty female, whose vanity aspired to Fiesco ! ”—Cruel punishment of my pride !—I triumphed over my whole sex, when my Fiesco led me to the altar—

*Fies.* Madam !

*Leo.* 'Tis well—He changes color—I revive.

*Fies.* What only two days. Countess—Then judge my conduct—

*Leo.* To be sacrificed.—Let me not speak it in thy chaste presence, O thou virgin Day !—To be sacrificed to a shameless wanton ! Look on me, my husband ! Ah, surely those eyes, that make all Genoa tremble, must hide themselves before a weeping woman—

*Fies.* No more, Signora !—No more—

*Leo.* To rend the heart of a poor helpless female !—Oh, it is worthy of that manly sex. Into these arms I threw myself, and on their strength reposed my feminine weakness.—To

him, I trusted the heaven of my hopes.—The generous man bestowed it on——

*Fies.* No—my Leonora !

*Leo.* My Leonora !—Heaven, I thank thee ! These were the sounds of love yet unalloyed.—I ought to hate thee, faithless man ! And yet I fondly grasp the shadow of thy tenderness.—Hate ! said I ?—hate Fiesco ?—Oh, believe it not ! Thy perfidy may bid me die, but cannot bid me hate thee. I did not know my heart—

*(The Moor is heard approaching.)*

*Fies.* Leonora !—grant me one trifling favor—

*Leo.* Every thing Fiesco,—but indifference—

*Fies.* Well, well.—Till Genoa be two days older, do not ask—Do not condemn me—*(leads her politely to another apartment.)*

#### SCENE IV. FIESCO the MOOR.

*Fies.* Whence come you, thus out of breath !

*Moor.* Quick, my Lord !

*Fies.* Has any thing run into the net ?

*Moor.* Read this letter.—Am I really here ? Methinks Genoa is become shorter by twelve streets, or else my legs are so much longer. You change color—Yes, yes—They play at cards for lives, and yours is the chief stake. How do you like it !

*Fies.* Thou woolly-pated rascal ! How comest thou by the letter ?

*Moor.* Much in the same way, that your Grace will gain the state.—An express was sent with it toward Levanto. I smelt out the business ; way-laid the fellow in a narrow pass, dispatched the fox, and brought the poultry hither—

*Fies.* His blood be on thee !—As for the letter, 'tis not to be paid with gold.

*Moor.* Yet I will be content with silver for it.—Count of Lavagna ! 'twas but the other day I

sought your life. To-day (*pointing to the letter*) I have preserved it. Now I think his Lordship and the scoundrel are even. My further service is an act of friendship—(*presents another paper*)—Number two !

*Fies.* Art thou mad ?

*Moor.* Number two—The Lion has not acted foolishly in pardoning the mouse. Ah ! 'Twas a deed of policy. Who else could e'er have gnawed the net with which he was surrounded ? Now, Sir—How like you that ?

*Fies.* Fellow, how many devils hast thou in thy bay ?

*Moor.* But one, Sir, at your service ; and he is in your Grace's keeping.

*Fies.* What !—Doria's signature ! Whence dost thou bring this paper ?

*Moor.* Fresh from the hands of my Diana. I went to her last night, tempted her with your charming words, and still more charming sequins. The last prevailed—She bade me call early in the morning. Lomellino had been there as you foretold, and paid for his forbidden joys, with this deposit.

*Fies.* Oh these vile women's slaves ! They could govern kingdoms, and cannot keep a secret from a harlot—By these papers I learn, that Doria and his party have formed a plot to murder me, with eleven senators, and to place Gianettino, on the throne.

*Moor.* Even so—And *that* upon the morning of the ducal election, the third of this month.

*Fies.* The night of our enterprise shall smother that morning in its very birth. Speed thee, assassin ! My affairs are ripe. Collect our fellows. We will prevent our adversaries in this bloody business. Be active, Hassan !

*Moor.* I have a budget full of news beside.

Two thousand soldiers are smuggled luckily into the city. I've lodg'd them with the Capuchins where not even a prying sun-beam can espy them. They burn with eagerness to see their leader. They are fine fellows.

*Fies.* Each head of them shall yield to thee a ducat. Is there no talk about my gallies?

*Moor.* Oh, I've a pleasant story of them, my Lord. Above four hundred adventurers whom the peace 'twixt France and Spain has left without employ, besought my people to recommend them to your Grace, to fight against the infidels. I have appointed them to meet this evening in the palace-court.

*Fies.* I could almost embrace thee, rascal. A masterly stroke! Four hundred, said'st thou?—Genoa is in my power. Four hundred crowns are thine—

*Moor.* Ah, Fiesco! We two will pull the state in pieces, and sweep away the laws as with a besom.—You know not how many hearty fellows I have among the garrison—lads that can reckon on as surely as on a trip to hell. Now I've so laid my plans, that at each gate we have among the guard at least six of our creatures who will be enough to overcome the others by persuasion, or by wine. If you wish to risk a blow to-night, you'll find the centinels all drenched with liquor.

*Fies.* Peace, fellow! Hitherto I have moved the vast machine myself. Shall I now beg assistance from so vile a slave as thee? Give me thy hand—Whate'er the *Count* remains indebted to thee, the *Duke* shall pay.

*Moor.* And here, too, is a note from the Countess Imperiali. She beckon'd to me from her window, when I went up, received me graciously—asked me ironically if the Countess o

avagna had not been lately troubled with the spleen—Does your Grace, said I, inquire but for one person?

*Fies.* Well—What answer made she?

*Moor.* She answer, that she still lamented the fate of the poor widow—that she was willing to give her satisfaction, and meant to forbid your Grace's attentions.

*Fies.* Which, of themselves, may possibly be ended before the day of judgment. Is that all thy business, Hassan?

*Moor.* My Lord, the affairs of the ladies are next to those of state.

*Fies.* Without a doubt, and these especially. But for what purpose are these papers?

*Moor.* To remove one plague by another. These powders the Signora gave me, to mix one every day with your wife's chocolate.

*Fies.* Gave thee?

*Moor.* Donna Julia, Countess Imperiali—

*Fies.* If thou liest, rascal, I'll hang thee up alive in irons at the weathercock of the Lorenzo tower, where the wind shall whirl thee nine times round with every blast—The powders?

*Moor.* I am to give your wife, mix'd with her chocolate—So Donna Julia Imperiali order'd me.

*Fies.* Monster! monster! —This lovely creature!—Is there room for so much hell within a female bosom? And I forgot to thank thee, heavenly Providence, that hast frustrated it through such a devil. Wondrous are thy ways (*To the Moor.*) Swear to me to obey, and keep this secret.

*Moor.* Very well. That I can easily do—she paid me ready money.

*Fies.* This note invites me to her. I'll be with you, Madam, and bring you hither. Well



now haste thee, and call together the conspirators.

*Moor.* This order I anticipated, and therefore at my own risk appointed every one to come at ten o'clock precisely.

*Fies.* I hear the sound of footsteps, they are here. Fellow, thy villany deserves a gallows of its own, on which no son of Adam was ever yet suspended. Wait in the antichamber, till I call for thee.

*Moor.* The Moor has done his work—The Moor may go. *(Exit.)*

SCENE V.—FIESCO, VERRINA, BOURGOGNINO, CALCAGNO, SACCO.

*Fies.* The tempest is approaching; the clouds rush together. Advance with caution. Let all the doors be lock'd.

*Ver.* Eight chambers have I made fast behind me. Suspicion cannot come within a hundred steps of us.

*Bourg.* Here is no traitor, unless our fear become one.

*Fies.* Fear cannot pass my threshold. Welcome he, whose mind remains the same as yesterday. Be seated—

*Bourg.* I do not like to sit in cold deliberation, when action calls upon me.

*Fies.* Genoese, this hour is eventful.

*Ver.* Thou has challeng'd us to propose a plan for the dethroning of the tyrant. Demand of us—we are here to answer thee.

*Fies.* First, then, a question, which as it comes so late, you may think strange—*Who* is to fall?—

*Bourg.* The tyrants.

*Fies.* Well spoken. The tyrant. I entreat you weigh well the importance of the word—He who but pretends to trample on the liberties of

Genoa—who has it in his power—who else should be the tyrant?

*Ver.* The first I hate, I fear the latter. Let Andreas Doria fall.

*Cal.* Andreas? The old Andreas! who perhaps to-morrow may pay the debt of nature—

*Sacco.* Andreas?—That mild old man!

*Fies.* Formidable is that old man's mildness, O my friend—the brutality of Gianettino only deserves contempt. "Let Andreas fall." There spoke thy wisdom, Verrina

*Bourg.* The chain of iron and the cord of silk, alike are bonds. Let Andreas perish.

*Fies.* The sentence then is past upon the uncle and the nephew. Sign it—(*They all Sign.*) The question *who* is settled.—*How*, must be next determined. Speak first, Calcagno.

*Cal.* We must execute it, either as soldiers or assassins. The first is dangerous, because we must have many confidants. 'Tis also doubtful, because the people's hearts are not all for us. To do the second we have five good daggers. Two days hence, high mass will be performed in the Lorenzo church—both the Dorias will be present. In the house of God, even a tyrant's cares are ull'd to sleep.—I have done.

*Fies.* Calcagno, your plan is politic, but 'tis detestable. Raphael Sacco, yours?

*Sacco.* Calcagno's reasons please me, but the means he chooses, my mind revolts at. It were better, Fiesco, that you should invite the uncle and the nephew to a feast, where encircled by republicans they might receive their death either upon the dagger's point, or from a draught of Cyprian wine. This method is at least convenient.

*Fies.* Ah, Sacco! What if the wine, their dying tongues shall taste, become for us tor-

ments of burning pitch in hell ?—Away with this advice ! Speak thou, Verrina.

*Ver.* An open heart scorns a dissembling countenance. Assassination degrades us to banditti. The hero advances sword in hand. I propose to give aloud the signal of revolt, and boldly rouse the patriots of Genoa to vengeance.

*Bourg.* And with armed hand wrest Fortune's favors from her. This is the voice of honor.

*Fies.* And mine. Shame on you, Genoese ! (*to SACCO and CALCAGNO*)—Fortune has already done too much for us, let something be our own. Therefore open revolt !—And that, Genoese, this very night—

*Cal.* What ! To-night ! The tyrants are yet too powerful, our force too small.

*Sacco.* To-night ! And nought prepared ? The day declines.

*Fies.* Your doubts are reasonable, but read these papers—(*he gives them GIANETTINO's papers.*) Now, farewell thou proud and haughty star of Genoa, that didst seem to fill the whole horizon with thy brightness. Knewest thou not that the majestic sun himself must quit the heavens, and yield his sceptre to the radiant moon ? Farewell, thou star, Doria !

*Bourg.* This is horrible.

*Cal.* Twelve victims at a blow !

*Ver.* To morrow in the senate-house !

*Bourg.* Give me these papers, and I will ride with them through Genoa, holding them up to view. The very stones will rise in mutiny, and even the dogs will howl against the tyrant.

*All.* Revenge ! Revenge ! Revenge !—This very night !

*Fies.* Now you have reach'd the point. At sun-set I will invite hither the principal malcontents—all those that stands upon the bloody list

of Gianettino. Besides, the Sauli, the Gentili, Vivaldi, Vesodimari, all mortal enemies of the house of Doria; but whom the tyrant forgot to fear. They, doubtless, will embrace my plan with eagerness.

*Bourg.* I doubt it not.

*Fies.* Above all things, we must render ourselves masters of the sea. Gallies and seamen I have ready. The twenty vessels of the Dorias are dismantled, and may be easily surprised. The entrance of the inner harbour must be block'd up, all hope of flight cut off. If we secure this point, all Genoa is in our power.

*Ver.* Doubtless.

*Fies.* Then we must seize the strongest posts in the city, especially the gate of St. Thomas, which, leading to the harbour, connects our land and naval forces. Both the Dorias must be surpris'd within their palaces, and kill'd. The bells must toll, the citizens be call'd upon to side with us, and vindicate the liberties of Genoa. If Fortune favor us, you shall hear the rest in the senate.

*Ver.* The plan is good. Now for the distribution of our parts.

*Fies.* Genoese, you choose me, of your own accord, as chief of the conspiracy. Will you obey my farther orders?

*Ver.* As certainly as they shall be the best.

*Fies.* Verrina, dost thou know the principle of all warlike enterprise? Instruct him, Genoese. It is subordination. If your will be not subject'd to my own—Observe me well—If I be not the head of the association, I am no more a member.

*Ver.* A life of freedom is well worth some hours of slavery. We obey.

*Fies.* Then leave me now. Let one of you reconnoitre the city, and inform me of the strength or weakness of the several posts. Let

another find out the watch-word. A third must see the galleys are prepared. A fourth conduct the two thousand soldiers into my palace-court. I myself will make all preparations here for the evening, and pass the interval perhaps in play. At nine precisely let all be at my palace to hear my final orders—

*Ver.* I take the harbour.

*Bourg.* I the soldiers.

*Cal.* I'll learn the watch-word.

*Sacco.* I'll reconnoitre Genoa. (*Exeunt*)

#### SCENE VI.—FIESCO, MOOR.

*Fies.* Did they not struggle against the word *subordination*, as the insect against the needle which transfixes it? But 'tis too late, republicans.

*Moor.* My Lord—

*Fies.* (*Giving him a paper.*) Invite all those whose names are written here, to see a play this evening at my palace

*Moor.* Perhaps to act a part—and pay the admittance with their heads.

*Fies.* When that is over, I'll no longer detain thee here in Genoa. (*Going, throws him a purse.*) This is thy last employment. (*Exit.*)

#### SCENE VII.—MOOR alone.

(*Taking up the purse.*) Are we then on these terms?—"I will detain thee in Genoa no longer"—That is to say, translated from the Christian language into my heathen tongue, "When I am Duke, I shall hang up my friend the Moor upon a Genoese gallows."—Hum!—He fears, because I know his tricks, my talk may bring his honor into danger, when he is Duke.—When he is Duke? Hold, master Count! That event remains to be considered. Ah! old Doria, thy life is in my hands—Thou art lost, unless I warn

thee of thy danger. Now if I go and discover the plot, I save the Duke of Genoa no less than his existence and his dukedom, and gain at least this hat full of gold for my reward—But stay, friend Hassan, thou art going on a foolish errand. Suppose this scene of riot is prevented, and nothing but good is the result—Psha! what a cursed trick my avarice would then have play'd me! Come, Devil, help me to make out what promises the greatest mischief, to cheat Fiesco, or to give up Doria to the dagger. If Fiesco succeeds, then Genoa may prosper—Away!—That must not be. If this Doria escape, then all remains as 'twas before, and Genoa is quiet—That's still worse. Aye, but to see these rebels' heads upon the block!—Hum!—On the other hand, 'twould be amusing to behold the illustrious Dorias in this evening's massacre the victims of a rascally Moor—No—This doubtful question a Christian might perhaps resolve, but 'tis too deep a riddle for my Moorish brains. I'll go propose it to some learned man. *(Exit.)*

SCENE VIII.—*An apartment in the house of the Countess IMPERIALI.*

JULIA, in a dishabille. GIANETTINO enters, agitated.

Gian. Good evening, sister.

Julia. It must be something extraordinary, which brings the Prince of Genoa to his sister.

Gian. Sister, you are continually surrounded by butterflies, and I by wasps. How is it possible, that we should meet? Let us sit down.

Julia. You almost excite my curiosity.

Gian. When did Fiesco visit you last?

Julia. A strange question!—As if I burdened my memory with such trifles.

Gian. However, you must tell me.



*Julia.* Well—He was here yesterday.

*Gian.* And behaved without reserve?

*Julia.* As usual.

*Gian.* As much a coxcomb as ever?

*Julia.* Brother!

*Gian.* I say—as much a coxcomb—

*Julia.* —Sir!—What do you take me for?

*Gian.* —For a mere woman, wrapt up in her nobility. This in confidence. No one is by to hear us.

*Julia.* “In confidence!”—Impertinent! You presume upon the credit of your uncle. “No one by to hear us!”

*Gian.* Don’t be angry, my dear. I’m pleased to hear that Fiesco is still a coxcomb. That’s what I wished to know. Your servant—(*Going.*)

SCENE IX.—*The FORMER, LOMELLINO*

*Lom.* Pardon my boldness, gracious Lady. (*To GIANETTINO.*) Certain affairs which cannot be delayed—

(*GIANETTINO takes him aside. JULIA sits down angrily at the piano-forte, and plays an allegro.*)

*Gian.* (*To LOMELLINO.*) Is every thing prepared for to-morrow?

*Lom.* Every thing, Prince—But the courier, who was dispatched this morning to Levanto, is not yet returned, nor is Spinola arrived. Should he be intercepted—I’m much alarmed—

*Gian.* Fear nothing. You have that list at hand?

*Lom.* My Lord—The list?—I do not know—I think ’tis left at home.

*Gian.* Well—Would that Spinola were but here. Fiesco will be found dead in his bed. I have taken measures for it.

*Lom.* But it will cause a great confusion.

*Gian.* In that lies our security. Common crimes but move the blood, and stir it to revenge: atrocious deeds freeze it with terror, and

annihilate the faculties of man. You know the bleb power of Medusa's head—They who but looked on it were turned to stone. To animate this one requires no common effort.

*Lom.* Have you informed the Countess of it?

*Gian.* Peace! We must treat more tenderly her attachment to Fiesco. When the fruit is gone, the flavor will be soon forgotten. Come—I expect this evening troops from Milan, and must give orders at the gates for their reception. (*To JULIA.*)—Well, sister; has the music charmed away your anger?

*Julia.* Go! You're a rude, unmanner'd creature.

(*GIANETTINO going, meets FIESCO.*)

SCENE X.—*The FORMER, FIESCO.*

*Gian.* Ha!

*Fies.* Prince, you spare me a visit, which I just now proposed to pay.

*Gian.* And I, too, Count, am pleased to meet you here.

*Fies.* (*Approaching JULIA respectfully.*) Your harms, Signora, always surpass expectation.

*Julia.* Psha! that's a doubtful compliment—but—I'm in a dishabille—Excuse me, Count—(*Going.*)

*Fies.* Stay, beauteous Lady. An undress best becomes the female form. Permit me to unloose these tresses.

*Julia.* You men are always apt to cause confusion.

*Fies.* (*With a smile to GIANETTINO.*) In dress, I am in the state—Is it not so? (*To JULIA.*) This band too is awkwardly put on. Your Laura's skill may strike the eye, but cannot reach the heart. Let me arrange it—(*She sits down, he regulates her dress.*)

*Gian.* (*Aside to LOMELLINO.*) Poor fellow!

*Fies.* (*Engaged about her dress.*) Surely Countess, this will be a pattern to all the ladies in Genoa. (*Leading her to a glass.* May I have the honor, Signora, of attending you abroad?

*Julia.* Dissembling flatterer!—I've a head-ache and will stay at home—

*Fies.* Pardon me, Countess. You *may* be so cruel, but certainly you *will* not.—To-day a company of Florentine comedians arrived at my palace. Most of the Genoese ladies will be present this evening at their performance, and I am uncertain, whom to place in the chief box, without offending others. There is but one expedient—(*making a low bow.*) If you would condescend, Signora—

*Julia.* (*Confused, retiring to a side apartment.*)—Laura!

*Gian.* (*Approaching FIESCO.*) Count, you remember an unpleasant circumstance—

*Fies.* I hope we've both forgot it. The actions of men are regulated by their knowledge of each other. It is my fault, that you know me so imperfectly.

*Gian.* At least, I shall never think of it without begging your pardon from my inmost soul.

*Fies.* Nor I, without forgiving you from my inmost soul.—(*JULIA returns, her dress a little altered.*)

*Gian.* Count, I just now recollect that you are going to cruise against the Turks—

*Fies.* This evening we weigh anchor. On that account I had some apprehensions, from which my friend Doria's kindness may deliver me.

*Gian.* Most willingly. Command my utmost influence.

*Fies.* The circumstance might cause a course toward the harbour, and about my palace which the Duke your uncle might misinterpret.

*Gian.* I'll manage that for you. Continue your reparations, and may success attend your enterprise!

*Fies.* I'm much obliged to you.

SCENE XI.—*The FORMER. A GERMAN of the Body Guard.*

*Gian.* What's the matter?

*Ger.* Passing by the gate of St. Thomas, I observed a number of armed soldiers hastening toward the harbour. The gallies of the Count Fiesco were preparing to put to sea.

*Gian.* Is that all? Trouble yourself no more about it.

*Ger.* Very well. From the convent of the Cauchins came also some suspicious people. They stole cautiously across the market-place. From their appearance I should suppose them soldiers.

*Gian.* How officious is this blockhead!—(*To LOMELLINO, aside.*)—These are undoubtedly my Milanese.

*Ger.* Does your Grace command, that they shall be arrested?

*Gian.* (*Aloud to LOMELLINO.*)—Look to them, Lomellino.—(*To the GERMAN.*) Begone!—'Tis well.—(*Aside to LOMELLINO.*) Bid that German least be silent. (*Exeunt LOMELLINO & GERMAN.*)

*Fies.* (*In another part of the room with JULIA looks toward GIANETTINO.*) Our friend Doria seems displeased. May I know the reason?

*Gian.* It's no wonder—So troubled as I am with these eternal messages. (*Exit hastily.*)

*Fies.* The play awaits us too, Signora. May I offer you my hand?

*Julia.* Stay, let me take my cloak. I hope this is not a tragical performance. They always haunt me in my dreams.

*Fies.* Oh!—'Twill excite immoderate laughter.

## A C T IV.

SCENE I.—*Night. The court of FIESCO's palace. The lamps lighted. Persons carrying in arms. A wing of the palace illuminated. An heap of arms on one side of the stage.*

BOURGOGNINO *leading a band of soldiers.*

Bourg. Halt! let four centinels be stationed at the great gate. Two at every door of the palace. *(The centinels take their posts.)* Let every one, that chuses, enter, but none depart. If any one attempt to force his way, run him through! *(Goes with the rest into the palace. The centinels walk up and down. A pause.)*

SCENE II.—ZENTURIONE *entering.*

*Centinels at the gate. Who goes there?*

Zent. A friend of Lavagna. *(Goes across the court to the door of the palace on the right.)*

*Centinel there. Back!*

*(ZENTURIONE starts, and goes to the door on the left.)*

*Centinel on the left. Back!*

Zent. *(Stands still with surprise. A pause. Then to the Centinel on the left.)* My friend, which is the way to the theatre?

*Centinel. I don't know.*

Zent. *(Walks up and down with increasing surprise—then to the Centinel on the right.)* My friend, when dose the play begin?

*Centinel. I don't know.*

Zent. *(Perceives the weapons alarmed.)* Friend, what mean these?

*Centinel. I don't know.*

Zent. Strange!

*Centinels at the gate. Who goes there?*

SCENE III.—*The FORMER, ZIBO.*

Zibo. A friend of Lavagna.

Zent. Zibo, where are we?

Zibo. What mean you?

Zent. Look around you, Zibo!

Zibo. Where?—What?

Zent. All the doors are guarded!

Zibo. Here are arms—

Zent. No one, that will answer—

Zibo. 'Tis strange!

Zent. What is it o'clock?

Zibo. Past eight.

Zent. How cold it is!

Zibo. Eight was the hour appointed.

Zent. Things don't go right here.

Zibo. Fiesco means to jest with us—

Zent. To-morrow will be the ducal election.  
Zibo, things don't go right here.

Zibo. Hush! Hush!

Zent. The right wing of the palace is full of  
lights.

Zibo. Do you hear nothing?

Zent. A confused murmuring within—and—

Zibo. The sound of clattering arms—

Zent. Horrible! Horrible!

Zibo. A carriage—It stops at the gate.

*Centinels at the gate.* Who goes there?

SCENE IV.—*The FORMER, Four of the AS-  
SERATO Family.*

Asser. A friend of Fiesco.

Zibo. They are the four Asserati.

Zent. Good evening friends!

Asser. We are going to the play.

Zibo. A good journey to you!

Asser. Don't you go with us?



Zent. Walk on. We'll only take the air awhile here.

Asser. 'Twill soon begin. Come! (*Going.*)

Centinel. Back!

Asser. What does this tend to?

Zent. (*Laughing.*) To keep you from the palace.

Asser. Here's some mistake—

Zibo. That's plain enough.

(*Music is heard in the right wing.*)

Asser. Do you hear the symphony? The comedy is going to begin.

Zent. I think it has begun, and we are here to act the fools.

Zibo. I'm not too warm—I'll hasten home.

Asser. Arms here?

Zibo. Poh!—Mere play-house articles.

Zent. Shall we stand waiting, like ghosts upon the banks of Acheron. Come, let us to tavern! (*All six go toward the gate.*)

Centinels. (*Calling out loudly.*) Back!—Back!

Zent. 'Sdeath! We are caught.

Zibo. My sword shall open a passage—

Asser. Put it up. The Count's a man of honor.

Zibo. We are betrayed—The comedy was bait to catch us, and we're entrapp'd.

Asser. Heaven forbid! I tremble for the event.

SCENE V.—*The FORMER—VERRINA, SACCO and NOBLES.*

Centinels. Who goes there?

Ver. Friends of the house. (*Seven NOBLES enter with him.*)

Zibo. These are his confidants. Now all will be explained.

Sacco. (*In conversation with VERRINA.*) 'Tis as I told you. Lascaro is on guard at the St. Thomas

gate, the best officer of Doria, and blindly devoted to him.

*Ver.* I'm glad of it.

*Zibo.* (*To VERRINA.*) Verrina, you come opportunely to clear up the mystery.

*Ver.* How so? What mean you?

*Zent.* We are invited to a comedy.

*Ver.* Then we are going the same way.

*Zent.* Yes—The way of all flesh. You see the doors are guarded.—Why guard the doors?

*Zibo.* Why these centinels?

*Zent.* We stand here criminals beneath theallows.

*Ver.* The Count will come himself.

*Zent.* 'Twere best, that he made haste. My patience begins to fail.

*All the NOBLES walk up and down in the background.)*

*Bourg.* (*Coming out of the palace, to VERRINA.*) How goes it in the harbour?

*Ver.* They're all got safe on board.

*Bourg.* The palace is full of soldiers.

*Ver.* 'Tis almost nine.

*Bourg.* The Count is long in coming.

*Ver.* And yet too quick to gain his wishes—Bourgognino!—There is a thought, which frees me.

*Bourg.* Father, be not too hasty.

*Ver.* It is impossible to be too hasty, where delay is fatal. I must commit my second murder, to justify the first.

*Bourg.* But—When must Fiesco fall?

*Ver.* When Genoa is free.

*Centinels.* Who goes there?

#### SCENE VI.—*The FORMER, FIESCO.*

*Fies.* A friend—(*The NOBLES bow—The CENTINELS present their arms.*) Welcome my worth;

OL. II.)

R

guests! You must have been displeased at my long absence—Pardon me.—(*In a low voice to VERRINA.*) Ready?

*Ver.* As you would wish.

*Fies.* (*To BOURGOGNINO.*) And you?

*Bourg.* Quite prepared.

*Fies.* (*To SACCO*) And you?

*Sacco.* All's right.

*Fies.* And Calcagno?

*Bourg.* Is not yet arrived.

*Fies.* (*Aloud to the CENTINELS.*) Make fast the gates!—(*He takes off his hat, and steps forward with dignity toward the assembly.*)

My friends—I have invited you hither to a play—Not as spectators, but to act in it a most important part—

Long enough have we borne the insolence of Gianettino Doria, and the usurpation of Andreas. My friends, would we deliver Genoa, no time is to be lost. For what purpose, think you, are those twenty gallies, which beset our harbour? For what purpose the alliances which the Dorias have of late concluded? For what purpose the foreign force, which they have drawn together, even in the heart of Genoa? Murmurs and execrations avail no longer. To save all, we must hazard every thing. A desperate disease requires a desperate remedy. Is there one base enough in this assembly, to own an equal for his master?—(*Murmurs.*)—There is not one, whose ancestors did not stand round the cradle of infant Genoa. What—By all that's sacred! What have these two citizens to boast of, that they should urge their daring flight so far above our heads? (*Increasing murmurs.*) Every one of you is loudly called upon to fight the cause of Genoa against its tyrants. No one can yield a hair's breadth of his rights, without betraying the soul of the whole state. (*Interrupted by violent commotions—he pro-*

needs.) You feel your wrongs, then every thing is gained. I have already paved your way to glory—Genoese, will you follow? I am prepared to lead you. Those signs of war which you just now beheld with horror, must awaken your heroism. Your anxious shuddering must warm into a glorious zeal, that you may unite your efforts, with this patriotic band, to overthrow the tyrant. Success will crown the enterprise, for all our preparations are well arranged. The cause is just, for Genoa suffers. The attempt will render us immortal, for it is vast and glorious—

Zent. Enough—Genoa shall be free! Be this our shout of onset against hell itself—

Zibo. And may he, who is not roused by it, pant at the slavish oar, till the last trumpet break his chains—

Fies. Spoken like men—Now you deserve to know the danger, that hung over yourselves and Genoa. (*Gives them the papers of the Moor.*) Lights, soldiers! (*The NOBLES crowd about the lights, and read—FIESCO aside to VERRINA.*) Friend, it went as I could wish.

Ver. Be not too certain. Upon the left I saw countenances that grew pale, and knees that tottered.

Zent. Twelve senators!—Infernal villany! Seize each a sword—(*All, except two, eagerly take up the weapons, that lie in readiness.*)

Zibo. Thy name too, Bourgognino, is written here.

Bourg. Aye, and if Heaven permit, it shall be written to-day upon the throat of Gianettino.

Zent. Two swords remain—

Zibo. Ah! What say'st thou?

Zent. Two amongst us have not taken swords

Asser. My brothers cannot bear the sight of blood—pray spare them—

*Zent.* What! Not a tyrant's blood! Tear them to pieces—Cowards! Let the bastards be driven from the republic—(*Some of the assembly attack the two ASSERATI.*)

*Fies.* Cease! Shall Genoa owe its liberty to slaves? Shall our pure gold be debased by this alloy? (*He disengages them.*) Gentlemen, you must be content to take up your abode within my palace, until our business be decided. (*To the CENTINELS*) These are your prisoners: you answer for their safety. Guard them with loaded arms. (*They are led off—a knocking heard at the gate.*)

*Centinel.* Who is there?

*Cal.* (*Without, eagerly.*) Open the gate! A friend—for God's sake open!

*Bourg.* It is Calcagno—Heavens! What can this mean?

*Fies.* Open the gate, soldiers.

SCENE VIII.—*The FORMER, CALCAGNO.*

*Cal.* All's lost! All's lost! Fly every one that can!

*Bourg.* What's lost? Have they flesh of brass, and are our swords made of rushes?

*Fies.* Consider, Calcagno—An error now is fatal.

*Cal.* We are betrayed—Your Moor, Lavagna, is the rascal. I come from the senate-house. He had an audience of the Duke.

*Ver.* (*To the CENTINELS.*) Soldiers, let me rush upon your halberts. I will not perish by the hangman's hands. (*The assembly show marks of confusion.*)

*Fies.* What are you about? 'Sdeath, Calcagno!—Friends, 'tis a false alarm. (*To CALCAGNO.*) Woman that thou art, to tell these boys

this tale.—Thou, too, Verrina?—and thou, Bour-  
gognino? Whither would'st thou go?

*Bourg.* Home—to kill my Bertha—and then  
return to fall with thee.

*Fies.* Stay! Stay! Is this the valour, that  
must punish tyrants? Well didst thou play thy  
part, Calcagno. Did you not perceive, that this  
alarm was my contrivance? Speak, Calcagno—  
Was it not my order, that you should put these  
Romans to this trial?

*Ver.* Well, if you can laugh, I'll believe you  
—or you must be more than mortal—

*Fies.* Shame on you, men, to fail in such a  
boyish trial! Resume your arms—you must fight  
most bravely to atone for this disgrace. (*Aside*  
*to CALCAGNO.*) Were you there yourself?

*Cal.* (*Low.*) I made my way among the guards,  
to hear, as was my business, the watch-word  
from the Duke. As I was returning, the Moor  
was brought—

*Fies.* (*Aloud.*) So the old man is gone to bed  
—We'll drum him out of his feathers—(*Low.*)  
Did he talk long with the Duke?

*Cal.* (*Low.*) My sudden fright, and your im-  
pending danger, drove me away in haste—

*Fies.* (*Aloud.*) See, how our countrymen still  
tremble—

*Cal.* (*Aloud.*) You should have carried on  
the jest. (*Low.*) For God's sake, friend, what  
will this artifice avail us?

*Fies.* 'Twill gain us time, and dissipate the  
first panic. (*Aloud.*) Ho! bring wine here! (*Low.*)  
Did the Duke turn pale? (*Aloud.*) Well, bro-  
thers, let us drink success to this night's enter-  
tainment! (*Low.*) Did the Duke turn pale?

*Cal.* The Moor's first word must have been  
*Conspiracy*; for the old man step'd back as pale as  
ashes.



*Fies.* Hum ! the devil is an artful counsellor : the Moor was cunning, he betray'd nothing till the knife was at their throat. Now he's indeed their saviour.) (*Wine is brought, he drinks to the assembly*)—Comrades, success ! (*A knocking is heard.*)

*Centinels.* Who is without ?

*A voice.* A guard of the Dukes. (*The NOBLES disperse about the court.*)

*Fies.* No, my friends. Be not alarm'd—I am here—Quick remove these arms—Be men, I entreat you—This visit makes me hope, that Andreas still doubts our plot. Retire into the palace : recall your spirits. Soldiers throw open the gate ! (*They retire, the gates are opened.*)

SCENE VIII.—FIESCO (*as if coming from the palace.*) Three GERMAN SOLDIERS bringing the MOOR, bound.

*Fies.* Who called for me ?

*Germans.* Bring us to the Count.

*Fies.* The Count is here, who wants me ?

*German.* (*Presenting his arms.*) Greeting from the Duke !—he delivers up to your Grace, this Moor in chains, who hath basely slandered you : the rest this note will tell.

*Fies.* (*Takes it with an air of indifference.*) Have I not threaten'd thee already with the gallies ? (*To the GERMAN.*) Very well, my friend, my respects to the Duke.

*Moor.* (*Hallooing after them.*) Mine too—and tell the Duke, had he not made an ass his messenger, he would have learnt, that two thousand soldiers are concealed within these palace walls.

(*Exeunt GERMANS, the NOBLES return.*)

SCENE IX.—FIESCO, *the* CONSPIRATORS, MOOR.

*The Conspirators.* Ha ! what means this ?

*Fies.* (*After reading the note.*) Genoese, the danger is past—but the conspiracy is likewise ended—

*Ver.* What !—Are the Dorias dead ?

*Fies.* By heavens ! I was prepar'd to encounter the whole force of the republic, but not this blow. This old nerveless man, with his pen, annihilates three thousand soldiers. Doria overcomes Fiesco !

*Bourg.* Speak, Count, we are amaz'd !

*Fies.* (*Reading.*) “Lavagna, your fate resembles mine : benevolence is rewarded with ingratitude. The Moor informs me of a plot : I send him back to you in chains, and shall sleep to-night without a guard.” (*He drops the paper—the rest look at each other.*)

*Ver.* Well, Fiesco ?

*Fies.* Shall Doria surpass me in magnanimity ? Shall the race of Fiesco want this one virtue ? No, by my life—Disperse—I'll go and own the whole—

*Ver.* Art thou mad ? Was then our enterprise some thievish act of villany ? Was it not our country's cause ? Was Andreas the object of thy hatred, and not the Tyrant ? Stay ! I arrest thee as a traitor to thy country.

*Conspirators.* Bind him, throw him down—

*Fies.* (*Snatching up his sword, and making way through them.*) Peace ! Who will be the first to throw the cord around the tiger ?—See, Genoese, I stand here at liberty, and might depart unhurt : but I will not depart. My resolution's hang'd.

*Bourg.* Have you consulted the voice of duty ?

*Fies.* Boy, thou may'st learn from my example not to dictate to me—Peace, Genoese ! our plan remains unalter'd. (*To the Moor, whose*

*cords he cuts with a sword.)* Thou hast had the merit of creating a noble act—Fly!—

*Cal.* What! shall that scoundrel live, who has betray'd us all?

*Fies.* Live—though he has frighten'd all of you. Away, my lad! See, that thou turn thy back on Genoa: they might wish to exercise their bravery upon thee.

*Moor.* So then, the devil does not forsake his friends. Your servant, Gentlemen. I see that Italy does not produce my halter; I must go seek elsewhere for it. *Exit laughing*

SCENE X.—FIESCO, CONSPIRATORS. *Enter SERVANT.*

*Servant.* The Countess Imperiali has already ask'd three times for your Grace.

*Fies.* Ha! then the comedy must indeed begin. Tell her I come directly. Desire my wife to hasten to the concert-room, and there remain conceal'd behind the tapestry. *(Exit Servant)* In these papers your several stations are appointed: let each but act his part, the plan is perfect. Verrina will lead the forces to the harbour, and when the ships are seiz'd, will fire a shot, as a signal for the general attack. I now leave you upon important business: when you shall hear a bell, come all together to my concert-room. Meanwhile enjoy my Cyprian wine within. *(They depart into the palace.)*

SCENE XI.—LEONORA, ARABELLA and ROSA.

*Leo.* Fiesco promised to meet me here, and comes not. 'Tis past eleven. The sound of arms and men rings through the palace, and no Fiesco comes.

*Rosa.* You must conceal yourself behind the tapestry—What can the Count intend?

*Leo.* He directs me, and I obey. Why

ould I fear? And yet I tremble, Arabella, and my heart beats with apprehension. Damsels, for Heaven's sake, do not leave me.

*Arab.* Fear nothing : we are too timid to abandon you.

*Leo.* Where'er I turn my eyes, strange shapes appear, with hollow and distracted countenances. On whomsoever I call, they tremble like criminals, and withdraw from sight, into the thickest loom, a fit retreat for guilty consciences. Whate'er they answer, falls from the trembling tongue in doubtful accents. Oh Fiesco ! what horrid business dost thou meditate ! Ye heavenly powers ! watch over my Fiesco !

*Rosa.* Oh heavens ! what noise is that without ?

*Arab.* It is the soldier, who stands there as sentinel. (*The Centinel without calls "Who goes here ?"*)

*Leo.* Some one approaches. Quick ! behind the curtain—(*they conceal themselves.*)

SCENE XII.—JULIA and FIESCO, in conversation.

*Julia.* Cease, Count ! Your passion no longer meets with an indifferent ear ; but fires the raginglood. Where am I ? Nought but seducing light is here. Whither has your artful conversation led me ?

*Fies.* To this spot, where timid love grows bold, and where emotions mingle unrestrained.

*Julia.* Hold, Fiesco ! for Heaven's sake, say no more ! 'Tis the thick veil of night alone, which covers the glowing crimson of my cheeks, else would'st thou pity me.

*Fies.* Rather, Julia, thy blushes would inflame my feelings, and urge them to their utmost height. (*Kisses her hand eagerly.*)

*Julia.* Thy countenance is glowing as thy words. Ah ! and my own too burns with guilty fire, Hence, I entreat thee, let us seek the light !

The tempting darkness might lead astray the senses, and in the absence of the modest day, might stir them to rebellion. Haste, I conjure thee, leave this solitude !

*Fies.* Why so alarmed, my love ? you know your empire over me.

*Julia.* O man, eternal paradox ? then are you truly conquerors, when you bow as captives before our self-conceit. Shall I confess, Fiesco ? It was my vice alone, that could protect my virtue : it was my pride, that sav'd my honor. Thus far my principles prevailed : your arts were foiled, until you rous'd my blood—then vanish'd principles—

*Fies.* And what loss was that ?

*Julia.* What loss ! no less than all, if I yield up my honor a slave to thy caprice.

*Fies.* And yet, my Julia, where could'st thou bestow more worthily this treasure, than on my endless passion ?

*Julia.* Most worthily ! most unprofitable—How long, Fiesco, will this endless passion last ? But I've advanc'd too far to hesitate. In my charms I trusted, to captivate thee. To preserve thy love, I fear they'll prove too weak. Alas ! what am I saying !

*Fies.* You have urg'd two groundless charges, at once accusing your charms, and my fidelity. Which is the greatest crime ?

*Julia.* Deceit is base. Fiesco needs it not to gain his Julia.—Hear, Fiesco ! One word more.—When we know our virtue is in safety, we are heroines ; in its defence, no more than children ; Furies, when we avenge it. Hear me ! Should'st thou strike me to the heart with coldness—

*Fies.* Coldness, coldness ! Heavens ! what does the insatiable vanity of woman look for, if

he even doubt the man, that prostrate in the dust adores her ?—Ha ! my spirit is awaken'd : my eyes at length are opened.—What was this mighty sacrifice ? Man dearly purchases a woman's highest favors by the slightest degradation.—Take courage, Madam : you are safe.

*Julia.* Count ! what mean you ?

*Fies.* True, Madam—You judge most rightly ; we both have risk'd our honor. I will await your presence with my guests. (*Going.*)

*Julia.* Stay, art thou mad ? Must I then declare a passion, which the whole race of man, upon their knees, in tears, should not extort from my determined pride ? Alas ! in vain the darkness strives to hide the blushes, which betray my guilt—Fiesco—I wound the pride of all my sex—my sex will all detest me—Fiesco—I adore thee—

*Fies.* (*Laughing.*) That I am sorry for, Signora—(*rings the bell—draws the tapestry, and discovers LEONORA.*) Here is my wife—A lovely woman ! *embracing her.*)

*Julia.* (*With a shriek.*)—Unheard of treachery !

SCENE XIII.—*The CONSPIRATORS, LADIES, FIESCO, JULIA and LEONORA.*

*Leo.* Oh my husband, that was too cruel !

*Fies.* A wicked heart deserved no less. I w'd this satisfaction to your tears. (*To the company.*) No, my friends—I am not wont to kindle with the flames of irritation. The follies of mankind amuse me long ere they excite my anger ; but this woman merits my whole resentment. Behold the poison, which she had mingled for my Leonora. (*Shows the poison to the company—they start with horror.*)

*Julia.* Good ! Good, Very good, Sir ! (*Going.*)

*Fies.* (*Leads her back by the arm.*) You must have patience, Madam ; something else re-



mains.—My friends, perhaps, would gladly learn why I debased my reason with the farce of love for this unworthy woman.

*Julia.* It is not to be borne—But tremble ! Doria rules in Genoa—And I am his sister—

*Fies.* Poor, indeed, if that be the only sting ! know, that Fiesco of Lavagna has changed the diadem of your illustrious brother for a halter, and means this night to hang the thief of the republic. *(She is struck with terror—he continues with a sarcastic laugh.)* Ha ! that was unexpected. 'Twas for this purpose, that I tried to blind the eyes of the Dorias. For this I stoop'd to a disgusting passion—*(pointing to JULIA.)* For this, I cast away this precious jewel—*(pointing to LEONORA ;)* and by the shining bait ensnared my prey. I thank you for your complaisance, Signora—*(to JULIA ;)* and return the trappings of my assumed character. *(Delivers her the miniature with a bow.)*

*Leo.* *(To FIESCO.)* She weeps, my Lodovico. May your Leonora, trembling, entreat you ?

*Julia.* Silence, detested woman !

*Fies.* *(To a servant.)* Be alert, my friend : attend this lady. She has a mind to see my prison-chamber. See, that none approach to incommodate her. The night is cold abroad : the storm which is about to split the stem of the Dorias may, perhaps, too rudely blow against her.

*Julia.* Curse on thee, black, detested hypocrite ! *(To LEONORA.)* Rejoice not thou, in this thy triumph ! He will destroy thee also, and himself. Despair ! *(Rushing out.)*

*Fies.* *(To the guests.)* You were witnesses : let your report in Genoa preserve my honor. *(To the CONSPIRATORS.)* Call on me, as soon as the cannon gives the signal. *(All the guests retire.)*

## SCENE XIV.—LEONORA and FIESCO.

*Leo.* Fiesco! Fiesco! I understand but half your meaning; yet I begin to tremble.

*Fies.* Leonora! I once saw you yield the place of honor to another female. I saw you in the presence of the nobles, receive the second compliment. Leonora, that sight tormented me. I resolv'd it ne'er should be again—Nor ever shall it be. Do you hear the warlike noise, which echoes through my palace? What you suspect, is true. Retire to rest, a Countess—to morrow I will hail you Dutchess of Genoa—

*Leo.* O God! My very fears! I am undone—

*Fies.* Let me speak out, my love. Two of my ancestors wore the triple crown. The blood of the Fiescos flows not pure, unless beneath the purple. Shall your husband only reflect a borrow'd splendor? What! shall he owe his rank to capricious chance alone, which, from the monuments of mouldering greatness, has patch'd up his Fiesco? No, Leonora, I am too proud to accept from others, what my own merits may lay claim to. This night, the hereditary titles of my ancestors shall return to deck their tombs—Lavagna's Counts exist no longer—A race of Princes shall begin.

*Leo.* I see my husband fall, transfix'd by deadly wounds—I see them bear towards me, my husband's mangled corpse—The first—the only ball has struck Fiesco—

*Fies.* Be calm, my love—No ball will strike me—

*Leo.* Does Fiesco so confidently challenge heaven? If in the scope of countless possibilities, one lot alone were adverse to thee, that one might happen, and I should lose my husband—Think that thou ventur'est heaven, Fiesco; and though

a million chances were against thy loss, would'st thou yet tempt the Almighty, by risking on a die thy hopes of everlasting happiness? No, my husband—When thy whole being is at stake, each throw is blasphemy.

*Fies.* Be not alarmed. Fortune is more my friend.

*Leo.* Thinkest thou so, Fiesco? behold the eager circle intent upon the agitating play, which they call pastime. Observe this sly deceiver, Fortune, how she allures her votary with gradual favours, till heated with success, he turns to rashness, and ventures all upon a single stake. Then, in the important moment, she forsakes him, a prey to wretchedness. Husband, thou goest not to show thyself to Genoa, and be ador'd—'Tis no slight task to rouse the slumbering multitude, and turn them loose, like the unbridled steed before unconscious of his hoofs. Trust not these rebels. The wise among them, even while they instigate thy valour, fear it: the vulgar worship thee, with senseless but unsteady adoration.—Where'er I look Fiesco is undone.

*Fies.* To be irresolute, is the most certain danger. He that aspires to greatness, must be daring.

*Leo.* Greatness, Fiesco! Alas! thy towering spirit ill accords with the fond wishes of my heart. Should fortune favour thy attempt—should'st thou obtain dominion—alas! I then should be but the more wretched—Condemn'd to misery if thou fail—if thou succeed to misery still greater.—Here is no choice but evil. Unless he gain the Ducal power, Fiesco perishes—if I embrace the Duke, I lose my husband.

*Fies.* I understand you not.

*Leo.* Ah! my Fiesco, in the stormy atmosphere, that surrounds a throne, the tender plan

of love must perish. The heart of man, even of Fiesco, is not vast enough, for two all-powerful idols—idols, so hostile to each other.—Love has tears, and feels the tears of others. Ambition has eyes of stone, from which no drop of tenderness can e'er distil: Love views creation with neglect, except one favoured object: Ambition, with insatiable hunger, rages amid the spoil of nature. Ambition changes the immense world itself, into one dark and horrid prison-house: Love paints in every desert, a visionary paradise. Whenever thou would'st recline upon my bosom, the cares of empire, the rebellion of vassals, would fright away repose—If I should throw myself into thy arms, thy despot fears would hear a murderer rushing forth to strike thee, and urge thy trembling flight through all the palace. Nay, dark-ey'd suspicion would at last o'erwhelm even domestic concord—If thy Leonora's tenderness should offer thee a refreshing draught, thou would'st with horror push away the goblet, and call it poison.

*Fies.* Leonora, cease! These thoughts are dreadful.

*Leo.* And yet the picture is not finished. Let love be sacrific'd to greatness; let peace of mind be sacrific'd, if but Fiesco remain unchang'd. O God! that thought is torture—An unspotted mind seldom ascends the throne—but far more seldom, does it wield the sceptre uncorrupted. Can he know pity, who is rais'd above the common fears of men? Will he speak the accents of compassion, whose words are followed by the thunderbolt of law? Prince Fiesco! Those rash projects, that spurn the laws of nature, always fall as far below the dignity they aspire to, as they have tower'd above humanity.

*Fies.* Leonora, cease ! Reflection is too late—  
The bridge is rais'd behind me—

*Leo.* And why, my husband ! The past alone is hopeless. Thou once didst swear, that all thy projects vanished before my beauty. Hypocrite ! thou hast foresworn thyself—or else my charms have early wither'd. Ask thy own heart where lies the blame ?—Return, Fiesco ! Recall thy wandering mind ! Yield to my entreaties ! Love shall reward thee. If my heart cannot appease thy insatiate passions, O Fiesco, the diadem will be still poorer—Come, I'll learn the inmost wishes of thy soul—We'll melt together all the charms of nature, into one kiss of love, to retain forever, in these heavenly bonds, the illustrious captive. As thy heart is infinite, so shall be my passion. To be the source of happiness to a being, who places all its heaven in thee, Fiesco !—

*Fies.* Leonora—what hast thou done ?—*(He falls about her neck.)* I shall never more dare to meet the eyes of Genoa's citizens.

*Leo.* Let us fly, Fiesco ! Let us with scorn reject these gaudy nothings ; and pass our happy days only in retreats of love ! *(She presses him to her breast with rapture.)* Our souls serene as the unclouded sky, shall never more be blacken'd by the pois'nous breath of sorrow : our life shall flow harmoniously as the music of the murmuring brook. *(A cannon-shot is heard—FIESCO disengages himself—all the CONSPIRATORS enter.)*

## SCENE XV.

*Conspirators.* The moment is arrived.

*Fies.* *(To LEONORA.)* Farewell, forever, unless Genoa to-morrow be laid subject at thy feet. *(Going to rush out.)*

*Bourg.* The Countess faints !

*Fies.* Leonora ! Save her ! For Heaven's sake

save her ! (ROSA and ARABELLA run to her assistance.) She lives—She lives—Now let us seek Doria ! (CONSPIRATORS rush out.)

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.



## A C T V.

SCENE I.—*After midnight. The great street of Genoa. A few lamps, almost extinguished. In the back-ground is seen the Gate of St. Thomas, which is shut. Men pass over the stage with lanterns. The patrol go their round. Afterwards, every thing is quite, except the waves of the sea, which are heard at a distance, rather tempestuous.*

FIESCO (*armed, before the Doria palace*), and  
ANDREAS.

*Fies.* The old man has kept his word. The lights are all extinguish'd in the palace—The guards dismissed—I'll ring. (*Rings at the gate.*) Ho ! Halloo ! Awake. Doria ! Thou art betray'd. Awake ! Halloo ! Halloo !

*And.* (*Appearing on the balcony.*) Who rings there ?

*Fies.* (*In a feigned voice.*) Ask not, but follow me ! Duke, thy star has set ; Genoa is in arms against thee. The executioners are near, and canst thou sleep, Andreas ?

*And.* I remember, when the sea contended with my gallant vessel—when her keel crack'd, and the wind split her topmast. Andreas then slept soundly. Who sends these executioners ?

*Fies.* A man more dreadful than the raging sea, of whom thou speakest—John Louis of Fiesco.

*And.* You jest, my friend. Come in the day-time to play your tricks. Midnight suits them badly.

*Fies.* Do you mock your preserver ?

*And.* I thank him, and retire to rest. Fiesco, wearied with his rioting, sleeps regardless of Doria.

*Fies.* Wretched old man ! Trust not the artful

serpent. Its back is deck'd with beauteous colours; but when you would approach to view it, you are suddenly entwined within its deadly folds. You laugh'd at the perfidious Moor. Do not despise the counsels of a friend. A horse stands ready saddled for you—Fly, while you have time.

*And.* Fiesco has a noble mind. I never injured him, and he will not betray me.

*Fies.* Fiesco has a noble mind, yet he betrays thee.

*And.* There is a guard, which would defy Fiesco's power, unless he led against them legions of spirits.

*Fies.* That guard will quickly visit the regions of eternity.

*And.* Vain babler! Knowest thou not, that Andreas has seen his eightieth year, and that Genoa beneath his rule is happy? (*Leaves the balcony.*)

*Fies.* Must I then destroy this man, before I have learnt how difficult it is to equal him?—'Tis past, Andreas. I have repaid the debt of greatness. Destruction, take thy course! (*He hastens into remote street. Drums are heard in all sides. A hot engagement at the St. Thomas gate. The gate is forced, and opens a prospect into the harbour, in which lie several ships with lights on board.*)

SCENE II.—GIANETTINO (*in a scarlet mantle*).

LOMELLINO—(*Servants going before them with torches.*)

*Gian.* (*Stops.*) Who was it, that commanded the alarm to be beat?

*Lom.* A cannon was fired on board one of the allies.

*Gian.* The slaves will break their chains. (*Firing heard at the gate of St. THOMAS.*)

*Lom.* Hark !—A shot !

*Gian.* The gate is open. The guards are in confusion ! (*To the servants.*)—Quick, scoundrels ! Light us to the harbour. (*Proceeding hastily toward the gate.*)

SCENE III—*The FORMER ; BOURGOGNINO, with some CONSPIRATORS, coming from the gate of St. Thomas.*

*Bourg.* Sebastian Lascaro was a brave soldier ; he defended himself like a bear, till he fell.

*Gian.* What do I hear ?—(*to his servants.*) Stop !

*Bourg.* Who are those yonder, with torches ?

*Lom.* (*To GIANETTINO.*) Prince, they are enemies. Turn to the left.

*Bourg.* Who goes there with the torches ?

*Zent.* Stand ! Your watch-word ?

*Gian.* (*Draws his sword fiercely.*) Submission, and Doria—

*Bourg.* Violator of the republic, and of my bride ! (*To the CONSPIRATORS, rushing upon GIANETTINO*)—Brothers this shortens our labor—His devils themselves deliver him into our hands—(*Runs him through with his sword.*)

*Gian.* (*Falling.*) Murder ! Revenge me, Lomellino !

*Lom. and Servants.* (*Flying.*)—Help ! Murder Murder !

*Zent.* Doria's struck. Stop the Count Lomellino !—(*LOMELLINO is taken.*)

*Lom.* Spare but my life, I'll join your party.

*Bourg.* (*Looking at GIANETTINO*) Is this monster yet alive ?—Let the coward fly. (*Lomellino escapes.*)

*Zent.* St. Thomas' Gate our own—Gianettino slain.—Haste some of you, and tell Fiesco.

*Gian.* (*Heaving himself from the ground in agony.*) Fiesco ! Damnation !—(*Dies.*)

*Bourg.* (*Pulling the sword out of GIANETTINO's body.*) Freedom to Genoa, and to my Bertha! Your sword, Zenturione.—Take to my bride this bloody weapon—Her dungeon is thrown open. I'll follow thee, and give her the bridal kiss. (*They separate through different streets.*)

SCENE IV—ANDREAS DORIA, GERMANS.

*German.* The storm drove that way. Mount your horse Duke.

*And.* Let me cast a parting look at Genoa's towers. No—It is not a dream. Andreas is betray'd.

*German.* The enemy is all around us.—Away! Fly!—Beyond the boundaries.

*And.* (*Throwing himself upon the dead body of his nephew.*) Here will I die. Let no one talk of flight. Here lies the strength of my old age—My career is ended.

CALCAGNO appears at a distance, with CONSPIRATORS.)

*German.* Danger is near. Fly, Prince! (*Drums beat.*)

*And.* Hark, Germans, hark! These are the Genoese, whose chains I broke.—Do *your* countrymen thus recompence their benefactors?

*German.* Away! Away! Away! While we stay here, and find employment for their swords—  
(CALCAGNO comes nearer.)

*And.* Save yourselves! Leave me—and go declare the horrid story to the shuddering nations, that Genoa slew its father.

*German.* Slew! 'sdeath, that shall not be.—Comrades, stand firm: surround the Duke.—  
(*They draw their swords.*) Teach these Italian dogs to reverence his grey head.

*Cal.* Who goes there ? What have you ?

*German.* German blows—(*Retreat, fighting, and carry off the body of GIANETTINO.*)

SCENE V.—LEONORA. ARABELLA *following.*

*Arab.* Come, my lady, pray let us hasten onward.

*Leo.* This way the tumult rages—Hark ! was that not a dying groan ? Ah, they surround him ! At Fiesco's breast they point their fatal muskets—At my breast they point them. Hold ! Hold ! It is my husband.

*Arab.* For Heaven's sake my lady !—

*Leo.* O, my Fiesco ! my Fiesco ! His firmest friends desert him. The faith of rebels is unsteady—Rebels ! Heaven ! Is Fiesco then a chief of rebels ?

*Arab.* No, Signora. He is the great deliverer of Genoa.

*Leo.* Ha ! that would indeed be glorious ! And shall Leonora tremble ? Shall the bravest citizen be wedded to the most timid female ? Go, Arabella ! When men contend for empires, even a woman's soul may kindle into valour. (*Drums again heard*) I'll rush among the combatants.

*Arab.* All-gracious Heaven !

*Leo.* Peace ! What is that my foot strikes against ? Here is a hat. And here a mantle—a sword too ! (*she lifts it up*)—a heavy sword, my Arabella ; but I may drag it with me, and the sword never can disgrace its bearer. (*The alarm bell-sounds.*)

*Arab.* Hark ! Hark ! How terrible it sounds from the tower of the Dominicians ! God have mercy on us !

*Leo.* Rather say, how delightful ! In the majestic sound of this alarm-bell my Fiesco speaks

to Geona. (*Drums are heard louder.*) Ha! Never did flutes so sweetly strike my ear. Even these drums are animated by Fiesco. My heart beats higher. All Genoa is roused: the very mercenaries follow his name with transport—and shall his wife be fearful? (*Alarm-bells sound from three other towers.*) No—my hero shall embrace a heroine. My Brutus shall embrace a Roman wife. I'll be his Portia. (*Putting on the hat, and throwing the scarlet mantle around her.*)

*Arab.* My gracious Lady, how wildly do you rave! (*Alarm-bells and drums are heard.*)

*Leo.* Cold-blooded wretch! that dost not rave thyself amidst these scenes—Go—I'll pursue my way alone.

*Arab.* Great God! You will not act thus madly?

*Leo.* Weak girl! I will. Where the tumult most wildly rages—Where Fiesco himself leads on the combat—I hear them ask, “is that Lavagna, the unconquered hero, who with his sword decides the lot of Genoa? Is that Lavagna?” Yes, I will say, yes, Genoese, that is Lavagna: and that Lavagna is my husband.

*Sacco.* (*Entering with CONSPIRATORS.*) Who goes there?—Doria, or Fiesco?

*Leo.* Fiesco and liberty! (*Retires into another street—A tumult, ARABELLA lost in the crowd.*)

SCENE VI.—SACCO, with a number of followers.  
CALCAGNO, meeting him with others.

*Cal.* Andreas has escaped.

*Sacco.* Unwelcome tidings to Fiesco.

*Cal.* Those Germans fight like furies. They fix'd themselves around the old man like rocks: I could not get a sight of him. Nine of our men are done for: I myself was slightly wounded.—



Zounds ! If they thus serve a foreign tyrant, how will they guard the princes of their country !

*Sacco.* Numbers have flock'd already to our standard, and all the gates are ours.

*Cal.* They fight, I hear, still sharply at the citadel.

*Sacco.* Bourgognino is amongst them. Where is Verrina ?

*Cal.* He guards the passage between Genoa and the sea.

*Sacco.* I'll rouse the suburbs—

*Cal.* I'll march across the square of Sarzano—  
Drummer, strike up ! (*They march off, drums beating.*)

SCENE VII.—MOOR. *A troop of THIEVES, with lighted matches.*

*Moor.* Now I'll be even with the rascals.—  
'Twas I that cook'd this soup up for them, and they have driven me from the mess. Well—I care not—We'll set about burning and plundering. Let those fellows squabble for a dukedom, we'll make a bonfire of the churches to warm the silver beards of the apostles.

(*They disperse themselves among the neighbouring streets.*)

SCENE VIII.—BOURGOGNINO ; BERTHA, disguised as a boy.

*Bourg.* Rest here, dear youth : thou art in safety. Dost thou bleed ?

*Ber.* (*In a feigned voice.*) No—Not at all.

*Bourg.* Rise then, I'll lead thee, where thou may'st gain wounds for Genoa—Wounds beautiful like this. (*Uncovering his arm.*)

*Ber.* Heavens !

*Bourg.* Art thou frighten'd, youth, too early didst thou put on the man. How old art thou ?

*Ber.* Fifteen years.

*Bourg.* That is unfortunate. For this night's business thou art five years too young. Who is thy father?

*Ber.* The truest citizen in Genoa.

*Bourg.* Peace, boy! That name belongs alone to the father of my betrothed bride. Dost thou know the house of Verrina?

*Ber.* I think so.

*Bourg.* And knowest thou his lovely daughter?

*Ber.* Her name is Bertha.

*Bourg.* Go, quickly! Carry her this ring. Say it shall be our wedding-ring; and tell her, the blue crest fights bravely. Now, farewell! I must hasten yonder—the danger's not over.

*(Some houses are seen on fire.)*

*Ber.* Scipio!

*Bourg.* By my sword, I know that voice.

*Ber.* *(Falling about his neck.)* Am I so well known, then?

*Bourg.* Bertha! *(Alarm-bells sound in the suburbs—a tumult—BOURGOGNINO and BERTHA embrace, and are lost in the crowd.)*

SCENE IX.—FIESCO and ZIBO from different sides.  
*Attendants.*

*Fies.* Who set fire to those houses?

*Zibo.* The citadel is taken.

*Fies.* Who set those houses on fire?

*Zibo.* *(To the attendants.)* Dispatch a guard to apprehend the villains. *(Some soldiers go.)*

*Fies.* Will they make me an incendiary? Hasten with the engines! *(Attendants go.)* But Giannettino is surely kill'd.

*Zibo.* So they say.

*Fies.* They say! Who say? declare upon your honour, has he escaped?

*Zibo.* If I may trust my eyes against the assertion of a nobleman, Gianettino lives.

*Fies.* Zibo, your words distract me—

*Zibo.* 'Tis but eight minutes, since I saw him in the crowd, drest in his scarlet cloak, and yellow crest.

*Fies.* Heaven and hell! Zibo! Bourgognine shall answer for it with his head. Hasten, Zibo, make fast the barriers. Let all the vessels be lock'd together, to hinder his escape by sea.—This diamond, Zibo—the richest in Genoa—This diamond shall reward the man who brings me tidings of Gianettino's death. (*ZIBO hastens away.*) Fly, Zibo!

SCENE X.—FIESCO, SACCO, *the Moor*, *Soldiers*.

*Sacco.* We found this Moor throwing a lighted match into the convent of the Jesuits.

*Fies.* Thy treachery was overlook'd, when it concerned myself alone: The halter awaits the incendiary. Take him away, and hang him at the church-door.

*Moor.* Plague on it—that's an awkward piece of business—Can't one persuade you out of it?

*Fies.* No.

*Moor.* Send me for a trial to the gallies—

*Fies.* (*Beckoning to the attendants.*) To the gibbet.

*Moor.* Then I'll turn Christian.

*Fies.* The church refuses the dregs of infidelity.

*Moor.* At least send me drunk into eternity.

*Fies.* Sober.

*Moor.* Don't hang me up, however beside a Christian church.

*Fies.* A man of honour keeps his word. I promis'd thee a gallows of thy own.

*Sacco.* Let us not lose time with this blackguard, we've business of more consequence,

*Moor.* But—stay—Perhaps the rope may break—

*Fies.* (*To SACCO.*) Let it be double.

*Moor.* Well—If it must be so—The devil may make ready for my reception.

(*Soldiers lead him to execution.*)

SCENE XI.—FIESCO; LEONORA *appearing at a distance, in the scarlet cloak of GIANETTINO.*

*Fies.* (*Perceiving her, rushes forward—then stops.*) Do I not know that crest and mantle?—(*Rushes on furiously.*)—Yes, I know them. (*Runs her through with his sword.*) If thou hast three lives, then rise again—(*LEONORA falls with a hollow groan—The march of victory is heard, with drums, horns, and hautboys.*)

SCENE XII.—FIESCO, CALCAGNO, SACCO, ZENTURIONE, ZIBO.—SOLDIERS *with drums and colours.*

*Fies.* (*Advancing toward them in triumph.*)—Genoese, the die is cast. Here lies the viper of my soul, the abhorred food of my resentment. Lift high your swords—Gianettino is no more.

*Cal.* And I came to inform you, that two thirds of Genoa have declared for our party, and swear obedience to Fiesco's standard.

*Zibo.* By me, Verrina sends his greeting to you from the admiral's galley, with the dominion of the sea.

*Zent.* By me, the governor of the city sends his keys, and staff of office.

*Sacco.* And in me, (*kneeling*) the less and greater senate of the republic kneel down before their master, and supplicate for favor and protection.

*Cal.* Let me be the first to welcome the illustrious conqueror within his walls—Bow your colors. Hail, Duke of Genoa!

*All.* Hail! Hail, Duke of Genoa!—(*March*

of triumph—FIESCO stands the whole time with his head sunk upon his breast, in a meditating posture.)

Cal. The people and the senate wait to see their gracious sovereign invested in the robes of dignity. Great Duke, permit us to follow you in triumph to the senate-house.

Fies. First allow me to listen to the dictates of my heart. I was obliged to leave a most dear person in anxious apprehension—A Person, who will share with me the glory of this night. (*To the Company.*) Will you my friends, attend me to your amiable Dutchess? (*Going.*)

Cal. Shall this murderous villain lie here, and hide his infamy in obscurity?

Zibo. Let his mangled carcase sweep the streets—(*They hold lights toward the body.*)

Cal. (*Terrified, and in a low voice.*) Look, Genoese! By heavens, this is not the face of Gianettino! (*All look at the body.*)

Fies. (*Fixes his eyes upon it with an eager look which he withdraws slowly—then with convulsive wildness exclaims*)—No, ye devils!—That is not the face of Gianettino—Malicious devils!—Genoa mine, say you? Mine? (*Rushing forward with a dreadful shriek.*) Oh, hell! It is my wife! (*He sinks to the ground in agony—The CONSPIRATORS stand around in groups, shuddering—A dead silence.*)

Fies. (*Raising himself, exhausted—in a faint voice.*) Have I slain my wife, Genoese? I conjure you, look not so ghashly upon this illusion! Heaven be praised, man has not to fear such evils, because he is but man. Infernal tortures cannot be his lot, who is incapable of godlike pleasures. Genoese, can this be aught but a disordered fancy? (*With a forced calmness.*) Thank Heaven, it is no more.

SCENE XIII.—*The FORMER—ARABELLA enters weeping.*

Arab. Let them kill me! What have I now to

hread? Have pity on me, Genoese—'Twas here  
left my dearest mistress, and no-where can I  
find her.

*Fies.* (*Approaching her—with a low and trembling voice.*) Was Leonora thy mistress?

*Arab.* Are you there, my good Lord? Be not  
displeased with us. We could not restrain her.

*Fies.* Restrain her! Wretch! From what?—

*Arab.* From following—

*Fies.* From following what?

*Arab.* The tumult—

*Fies.* What was her dress?

*Arab.* A scarlet mantle.

*Fies.* Get thee to the abyss of hell!—The  
mantle?

*Arab.* Lay here upon the ground.

*Some of the conspirators* (*Talking apart.*) 'Twas  
here, that Gianettino was kill'd

*Fies.* (*To ARABELLA.*) Thy mistress is  
found—(*ARABELLA advances anxiously—FIESCO  
casts his eyes round the whole circle—then with a  
faltering voice*) 'Tis true—'Tis true—And I am  
the instrument of this horrid crime—Away with  
you, countenances of men! (*To the others that  
stand around trembling.*) See, how they stand there,  
a miserable race! meanly rejoicing, that they  
are not like me. I alone feel the blow, I?—why  
I?—Why not these together with me? Why is  
not my sorrow lighten'd by being shared with  
others?

*Cal.* Most gracious Duke!

*Fies.* Ha! Welcome! Here, Heaven be  
thank'd, is one whom the same thunderbolt has  
struck—(*Pressing CALCAGNO furiously in his arms.*)  
Brother of my sorrows! Come, and share their  
keenest pang. She's dead—Didst not thou also  
love her? (*Forcing him toward the dead body.*)  
Despair! She's dead—Oh, that I could stand.



upon the brink of the infernal gulf, and view below all hell's variety of torments !—could hear the horrid shrieks of howling fiends !—Let my own torture be placed before me in a visible form, and I perhaps may bear it. (*Approaching to the body, trembling.*) Here lies my murdered wife—Nay—Nay—The wife, that I myself, have murdered—Ha ! Hell itself will shudder at this deed. I was allured up to the topmost pinnacle of joy—To the very entrance of heaven—Then—In an instant down—Then—Pestilence upon it !—Then, I murdered my beloved wife—Fool that I was, to trust two erring eyes ! O fiends, this is your master-piece of torture !

(*All the CONSPIRATORS lean upon their swords, much afflicted—A pause—*)

*Fies.* (*Exhausted, and looking mournfully round the circle.*) Yes, by heavens ! They who dared lift their swords against their Prince, shed tears. Speak ! Do you weep over this havoc caused by treacherous death, or over the fall of your commander's spirit ?—The iron-hearted warriors were melted into tears ; but Fiesco uttered the execrations of despair. (*Kneels down, weeping, by her side.*) Pardon me, Leonora ! The decrees of Heaven are unchangeable : they yield not to mortal anger.—O Leonora, years ago my fancy painted that triumphant hour, when I should present thee to Genoa as her Dutchess—Methought, I saw the lovely blush that tinged thy modest cheek—The timid heaving of thy beauteous bosom beneath the snowy gauze—I heard the gentle murmurs of thy voice which died away in rapture.—Ah, how intoxicating to my soul were the proud acclamations of the people ! How did my love rejoice to see its triumph mark'd in the sinking envy of its rivals !—Leonora ! The hour, which should confirm these hopes, is come. Thy Fiesco is Duke of Genoa—And yet the

meanest beggar would not exchange his poverty for my greatness, and my sufferings. He has a wife to share his troubles—With whom can I share my splendor? (*He weeps bitterly, and hides his face against the dead body.*)

*Cal.* She was a lady of most virtuous excellence.

*Zibo.* This event must be concealed from the people. 'Twould damp the ardor of our party, and elevate the enemy with hope.

*Fies.* (*Rises, collected and firm.*) Now, hear me, Genoese! Providence, if rightly I interpret its designs, has struck me with this wound, to try my heart for my approaching greatness. The blow was terrible.—Since I have felt it; I fear neither torture, nor pleasure.—Come! Genoa, you say, awaits me—I will give to Genoa a Prince more truly great than Europe ever saw. Away!—for this unhappy Princess I will prepare a funeral so splendid, that life shall lose its charms, and cold corruption shall glitter like a bride. Follow your Duke!—(*Exeunt, with music and colors.*)

#### SCENE XIV.—ANDREAS, LOMELLINO.

*And.* Yonder they go, with shouts of exultation.

*Lom.* They are intoxicated with success. The gates are deserted, and all are hastening toward the senate-house.

*And.* It was my nephew only, that could check that unruly animal, the populace. My nephew is no more. Hear, Lomellino!

*Lom.* What, Duke, do you still cherish hopes?

*And.* Villain, thou mock'st me with the name of Duke, when all my hopes are past.

*Lom.* My gracious Lord, a rebellious nation lies in Fiesco's scale; but what in yours?

*And.* Heaven.

*Lom.* The times are past, my Lord, when armies fought under the guidance of celestial leaders.

*And.* Wretch, that thou art! would'st thou bereave an aged head of its support, its God! Go! Make it known through Genoa, that Andreas Doria is still alive. Say, that Andreas entreats the citizens, his children, not to drive him out in his old age, to dwell with foreigners, who ne'er would pardon the exalted state to which he raised his country. Say this—And further say, Andreas begs but so much ground within his country, as may contain his bones.

*Lom.* I obey—but I despair of success. (*Going.*)

*And.* Stay—Take with thee this snowy lock, and say, it was the last upon my head. Say that I plucked it from me on that night, when ungrateful Genoa tore itself from my heart. For fourscore years it hung upon my temples, and now has left my bald head, chill'd with the winter of age. The lock is weak, but 'twill suffice to fasten the purple on that young usurper.—(*Exit—LOMELLINO hastens into another street—Shouts are heard, with trumpets, and drums.*)

SCÈNE XV.—VERRINA, BERTHA and BOURGOGNINO.

*Ver.* What mean these shouts?

*Bourg.* They proclaim Fiesco Duke.

*Ber.* (*To BOURGOGNINO.*)—Scipio! My father's looks are dreadful—

*Ver.* Leave me alone, my children—O Genoa! Genoa!

*Bourg.* The populace adore him, and with transports hail'd him their Duke. The nobles looked on with horror, but dared not oppose it.

*Ver.* My son, I have sold all my property, and sent the gold on board thy vessel. Take thy wife

with thee, and set sail immediately. Perhaps I soon shall follow—Perhaps—But no more.—Hasten to Marseilles, and (*embracing them*)—may the Almighty guide you! (*Exit hastily.*)

*Ber.* For Heaven's sake, on what dreadful project does my father brood?

*Bourg.* Didst thou understand thy father?

*Ber.* He bade us fly.—Great God! Fly on the lay of marriage!

*Bourg.* He spoke it, and we must obey.

(*Exeunt toward the harbour.*)

SCENE XVI.—VERRINA, and FIESCO (*in the ducal habit,*) meeting.

*Fies.* Welcome, Verrina! I was anxious to meet thee.

*Ver.* I also sought Fiesco.

*Fies.* Does Verrina perceive no alteration in his friend?

*Ver.* I wish for none.

*Fies.* But do you see none?

*Ver.* I should hope not.

*Fies.* I ask, do you perceive none?

*Ver.* None.

*Fies.* See then, how idle is the observation, that power makes a tyrant. Since we parted, I am become the Duke of Genoa, and yet Verrina (*pressing him to his bosom*) finds my embrace still glowing as before.

*Ver.* I grieve that I must return it coldly. The sight of majesty falls like a keen-edged weapon, cutting off all affection, between the Duke and me. To John Louis Fiesco belong'd the territory of my heart. Now he has conquered Genoa, I resume that poor possession.

*Fies.* Forbid it, Heaven! That price is too enormous even for a Dukedom.

*Ver.* Hum! The worth of liberty is surely little known, when the whole state is thus easily yielded up to an usurper!

*Fies.* Verrina, say this to no one, but to Fiesco.

*Ver.* O wonderous ! Great indeed is that mind which can hear the voice of truth without being offended—Alas ! The cunning gamester has fail'd in one single card. He calculated all the chances of envious opposition, but overlook'd one antagonist, the patriot—And yet perhaps to crown the game, one glorious turn remains, and the oppressor of liberty may show his skill in overwhelming Roman virtue. I swear it by the living God, posterity shall sooner collect my mouldering bones from off the wheel, than from a sepulchre within that country, which is govern'd by a duke.

*Fies.* Not even when thy brother is the Duke ? Not, if he should make his principality the treasury of that benevolence, which was restrain'd by his domestic poverty ?

*Ver.* No—not even then—We pardon not the robber, because he gave away his plunder ; nor is it such generosity, as suits Verrina. I might receive a benefit from my fellow-citizen ; for, I should hope, that to my fellow-citizen I might at some time make an adequate return. That which a Prince confers, is bounty ; but mere unpurchased bounty I would receive from God alone.

*Fies.* It were as easy to tear Italy from the bosom of the ocean, as to shake this stubborn fellow from his prejudices.

*Ver.* Well may'st thou talk of tearing : thou hast torn the republic from Doria, as a lamb from the jaws of the wolf, only that thou mightest devour it thyself—But enough of this—tell me Duke, what crime the poor wretch committed, that you ordered to be hung up at the Church of the Jesuits ?

*Fies.* The scoundrel set fire to the city.

*Ver.* Yet the scoundrel left the laws untouch'd.

*Fies.* Verrina intrudes upon my friendship.

*Ver.* Away with friendship !—I tell thee I no longer love thee. I swear to thee, that I hate

hee—hate thee like the serpent of Paradise, that first disturb'd the happiness of creation, and brought upon mankind unbounded sorrow. Hear me, Fiesco? I speak to thee, not as a subject to his master, not as a friend to his friend; but as man to man—Thou hast committed a crime against the majesty of the eternal God, in permitting virtue to lead thy hands to wickedness, and in suffering the patriots of Genoa to violate their country. Fiesco, had thy villainy deceived me also—Fiesco, by all the horrors of eternity! with my own hands I would have strangled myself, and on thy head the venom of my departing soul should have been sprinkled.—A princely crime may crush the scales of human justice; but thou hast insulted Heaven, and the last judgment will decide the cause.

*FIESCO remains speechless, looking at him with astonishment.*

*Ver.* Do not attempt to answer me. Now we have done.—Duke of Genoa, in the vessels of the yesterday's tyrant, I have seen a miserable race, who, at every stroke of their oars, ruminate upon their former guilt, and weep their tears into the ocean, which, like a rich man, is too proud to count them. A good prince begins his reign with acts of pity. Wilt thou release the galley slaves?

*Fies.* Let them be the first fruits of my tyranny. Go, and announce to them their deliverance.

*Ver.* You will enjoy but half the pleasure, unless you see their happiness. Go thither. The great are seldom witnesses of the evils, which they cause. Shall they do good by stealth, and in obscurity? Methinks, the Duke is not too great to sympathize with a beggar.

*Fies.* Man, thou art dreadful; yet I know not why, I must follow thee. (*Both go toward the sea.*)

*Ver.* (*Stops, much affected.*) But once more



embrace me, Fiesco. Here is no one by, to see Verrina weep, or to behold a Prince give way to feeling—(*he embraces him eagerly.*) Surely never beat two greater hearts together—(*weeping much on FIESCO's neck.*) Fiesco! Fiesco! Thou makest a void in my bosom, which not mankind thrice numbered could fill up.

*Fies.* Be still my friend.

*Ver.* Throw off this hateful purple, and I will be so—The first Prince was a murderer, and assumed the purple to hide the bloody stains of some detested deed. Hear me, Fiesco! I am a warrior, little used to weeping—Fiesco, these are my first tears—Throw off this purple!

*Fies.* Peace!

*Ver.* Fiesco, place on the one side all the honors of this globe, and on the other all its tortures: they should not make me kneel before a mortal—Fiesco, (*falling on his knee*) this is the first bending of my knee—Throw off this purple!

*Fies.* Rise, and no longer irritate me!

*Ver.* I rise, and will no longer irritate thee.—(*They stand near a board leading to a galley.*)

*Ver.* The Prince goes first.

*Fies.* Why do you pull my cloak? It falls—

*Ver.* If the purple falls, the Duke must after it. (*He throws him into the sea.*)

*Fis.* (*Calls out of the waves.*) Help, Genoa! Help thy Duke! (*Sinks.*)

SCENE XVII.—CALCAGNO SACCO, ZIBO, ZENTURIONE—CONSPIRATORS. *People.*

*Cal.* (*Crying out.*) Fiesco! Fiesco! Andreas is returned—Half Genoa joins Andreas—Where is Fiesco?

*Ver.* Drown'd.

*Zent.* Does hell, or madness prompt thy answer?

*Ver.* Dead—if that sound better.—I go to join Andreas.

FINIS.

---

# Cabal and Love,

A TRAGEDY,

BY FREDERICK SCHILLER,

---

---

Dramatis Personae.

---

Count Faulkener, *President, of high rank at the Court  
of a German Prince.*

Major Ferdinand Faulkener, *his Son.*

Baron Mindheim.

Miller, *formerly a Merchant ; but by repeated losses obli-  
ged to give up trade, and to become Music-Master.*

Worm, *private Secretary to the President.*

An old Servant, *belonging to the Prince.*

Lady Jane Milford, *the Prince's Favourite.*

Louisa, *Miller's Daughter.*

Sophy, *Lady Milford's Maid.*

Constables, Servants, &c. &c.

---

# CABAL AND LOVE.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Room at MILLER'S House.*

(MILLER at Breakfast—Looking at his watch)

'T IS not so late as I thought it was—still it cannot be long before Louisa returns from church—Poor dear girl!—How my heart feels for her! Much I dread the result of Major Faulken-er's attentions to her. Would to heaven she had never seen him! The President, his haughty father, will spurn at a connection, so far beneath the birth of his son—(*pause*)—The thought of this brings afresh to my mind the days that are gone; when, unchecked by adversity, the chief part of my life passed in a comfortable independency: till, within a few years, by repeated losses in trade, (*pointing to the harpsichord, flute, and violin in the room*) I have been obliged to my music for support—(*pause*)—But, soft!—Louisa comes— I forbear to wound her susceptible heart by the sad narrative of my misfortunes.

SCENE II.—*Enter LOUISA, as coming from Mass.*

Louisa. (*Laying down her prayer-book and beads, and taking her father by the hand*) Good morning, dear father!

Miller. Whence do you come, Louisa?

*Louisa.* I come from mass, father—

*Miller.* That is right, Louisa—It joys me much to find your thoughts so early directed to your Creator—Ever thus, my child ; and his protecting arm will shield you, from the adverse frown of fate.

*Louisa.* I must indeed have been unworthy not to have profited by your precept as well as example—But, father, has he not yet been here ?

*Miller.* Who, child ?

*Louisa.* I forgot at the moment that there were other persons in the world besides him—My head is so wild : then my Faulkener has not been here ?

*Miller.* I thought Louisa that you had been at church ; and that your heart was all devotion—

*Louisa.* I understand you, father—I feel the reproach : the monitor here too (*pointing to her heart*) most sensibly feels it ; but, (*sighing*) it comes too late : reason has yielded ; my heart has surrendered ; and love prevails—Alas ! I have no devotion left ; the heart that once was warm with prayer and thanksgiving ; that palpitated with zeal ; that swelled, nay trembled with celestial ardour ; and glowed with ecstasy supreme, is now dead to all but thee, Ferdinand, thou sole object of my hopes—(*seems fixed in thought.*)

*Miller.* Good Heavens !—What days of bitterness are mine !—Louisa ! my child !—She hears me not—She is lost in delusion's dream.

*Louisa.* (*Still deep in thought*) Oh ! where is he now ?—My restless mind is ever on the rack, lest I should lose that affection, which I would not exchange for worlds. But have I not cause for this alarm, when I think of the vast distance between him and me ?—If I but consider the many women, his equals too, who are daily paying

homage to his father, in order to secure a connection with my Ferdinand? (*pause.*) But, fears avaunt—Do I not know thee, Faulkener? Do I not know thy virtuous mind to be proof against the lures and artifices of our sex?—(*turning to her father.*) Father! all is safe: He still is mine; and ever will be so. You fear that his heart may be ensnared by the proud beauties of the splendid court—No, my father, he scorns all grandeur, all pageantry of foolish pomp; and hates every mode of life, where virtue is forgotten.

*Miller.* You know that I love you—Lousia!—you are my only child; but try, oh! try to forget him.

*Louisa.* Why so, my dearest father?—'Twas but yesterday that he said to me, “Lousia!—fear not my father’s machinations to form for me a connection which may advance himself—You know what my mind requires: the woman whom I will call my wife, must possess thy disposition, thy heart: thine are the qualities, whose influence will last.”—Yes—this he said to me; what is there then to fear? This life of mine, Oh! how freely would I part with it, could I thereby secure to thee, my Ferdinand, a course of happy years—Father! You surely cannot blame me for so saying?

*Miller.* Blame you, Louisa! Every word that you say alarms me more and more; for I again affirm, he never can be yours—Does not reason plainly tell you so?

*Louisa.* My dear father, talk not of reason: 'tis the foil of love—But, suppose it for once—Granted—Suppose that all my hopes should be frustrated, I had rather fix my whole soul in secret upon him alone, than consent to an alliance with any other upon earth; for, let what will happen, (*pointedly*) we should still meet—A time



will come, my father, when this mighty edifice of distinction will fall ; when these bars of separation will be removed ; and all ranks be levelled ; when every one of us, high and low ; rich and poor ; great and small, shall be considered as equals—Merit, worth, and virtue will then give us consequence : Nothing else—and he who gains the laurel of reward can never feel it shake ; for eternal is bright glory's palm—(*with cool indifference*)—Why then should I care what may become of me here in this transitory state ? Oh ! what is this poor needle's point of now to a boundless eternity ?

*Miller.* (*Running to her and clasping her in his arms*) My beloved girl, my Louisa, check your sweet enthusiasm. Yet such is my affection for you, that I would willingly at this moment breathe my last, to set your heart free from this unfortunate attachment. (*Exit hastily.*)

*Louisa.* (*Alone.*) That clasp of paternal fondness overpowers me quite : amidst the chastenings of the father, I feel the soothings of the friend. All my alarms return—My lately exalted spirits sink—Ferdinand ! I fear that our doom is sealed ; and that misery is at last our lot—(*hearing some one coming*) But some one comes—'Tis he—Good Heavens !

SCENE III.—FERDINAND and LOUISA. (*He flies to her and embraces her—she sinks on a chair quite pale and depressed—They look at each other for some moments without speaking.*)

*Ferdinand.* Thou art pale ! my Louisa !

*Louisa.* 'Tis nothing—'Tis over—Thou art with me (*falling on his neck.*)

*Ferdinand.* And does my Louisa still regard me ? Is her heart still the same ? Does it answer to the warm and tender emotions of my throbbing breast ?

*Louisa.* Ferdinand! while this life remains,  
count on Louisa's love.

*Ferdinand.* Indeed!—I almost doubt this perfect  
joy; my peace and comfort are so dependant on  
thy smiles and happy looks, that, when but the  
faintest cloud appears upon thy beauteous brow,  
my heart is sunk in anguish. Methinks, even  
now, I trace some mark of gloom—Say, my Loui-  
sa, why that rising sigh?—And why that starting  
tear?

*Louisa.* (*Looking at him with great fondness*) Oh!  
—Why, my Ferdinand, should I conceal my pain  
from thee?—Yes, my beloved, my mind is big  
with apprehension—I consider the difference of  
our situations in life; You are born to rank and  
affluence; ill suited to a connection with the daugh-  
ter of a man of my father's avocation: Think then,  
on the President's austere pride; think on the  
reproaches that I have to endure from him: Alas!  
he will surely part us.

*Ferdinand.* Part us! Who is to part us! Who  
is to tear asunder our hearts, whose only division  
is their lodgement in two breasts? Why this fear,  
my love? Thou talk'st too of distinction of my  
birth; as if it could stand in competition with the  
brilliant beam of perfection, ever blazoning in thy  
lovely eye?

*Louisa.* Ferdinand! thy sanguine temper will  
not suffer thee to see our dangers as they are: it  
makes thee disregard thy father's stern commands,  
which I reflect upon with terror and dismay.

*Ferdinand.* Believe me, Louisa, I can only dread  
the deprivation of thy love. Let difficulties and  
impediments rise between us like mountains, they  
shall be no more than steps, which I will quickly  
ascend; and which will lead me to my Louisa's  
arms: the storm of adverse fate will only encrease  
my passion: dangers will only reflect additional  
charms on thee, sole object of my life: banish then

all fear: I will be thy guard—Trust thyself to me—I will throw myself between thee and fate; receive for thee every wound; and collect for thee every gem from the store of joy; then bring them to thee with the throb of ecstasy in the chalice of love (*tenderly embracing her.*) On this arm shalt thou hang through life: through life shall our hearts be one; and when, at last, it shall please thy all-righteous Judge to call thee to thy eternal home, the angels above, who will receive thee shall confess, that it is love, and love alone, can give a finishing perfection to the purity of the soul.

*Louisa.* (*Much agitated*) No more, my Ferdinand! not a word more! into what a chaos of tumult, agitation, and love hast thou thrown me: the very recesses of my being are invaded; and I know not how to sustain these trying emotions. Leave me, I beseech thee—In my heart thou hast kindled the very torch of madness, which I fear never, never can be extinguished.

(*Exit, Ferdinand following her with looks denoting great anxiety.*)

SCENE IV.—*A Saloon in the President's House. The PRESIDENT, (ornamented with a star, riband and cross) followed by WORM.*

*President.* What is that you say Worm, about my son?—A serious engagement with a citizen's daughter?—Impossible!—No, Worm, that you will never make me believe.

*Worm.* Well, Sir, if you do not chuse to credit my report, I cannot help it; but your Excellency will certainly find it to be a true one.

*President.* True!—How should that be?—That he may have shewn the girl some attention, flattered her, and caressed her, I can readily suppose, and do not blame him for it; but that he should have any serious views—Pshaw!—Nonsense! (*with*

a smile) I think you said that she was a music-master's daughter—Ha! ha! ha!

*Worm.* Daughter of music-master Miller, sir, but endowed with charms, that would eclipse half the beauties of the court.

*President.* Well, well!—I am glad at least, that Ferdinand has taste.—But, Worm, did you not once tell me, that you yourself had some thoughts of this great beauty—Now, Worm, that is all very well; and I commend your choice; but I should hope, that you do not mean to trifle with me; for, to tell you the truth, I begin to think that you are a little jealous of Ferdinand's jokes and liberties with this girl; and that you have trumped up this story, in order to serve your own purposes; to get the father to interfere, and by that means to drive away the son; to see the coast clear—You understand me, Worm?

*Worm.* Your Excellency must pardon me, nothing was ever more remote from my thoughts. The whole account comes from the mother of the family.

*President.* Take care, Worm, do not carry the jest too far—You know me—You know that I am furious when once I am angry; therefore, do not work me up to a pitch, with this nonsensical old woman's talk—you know too, when once I believe a thing, I believe it obstinately; and it is no easy matter to root out of my mind the credit once given—but I have something for your ear of a totally different nature—(pause)—It is very well understood, that the Prince's partiality for his favourite, Lady Milford, cools apace; and it is strongly rumoured at court, that upon the arrival of this celebrated dutchess, whom I mentioned to you yesterday, and who is daily expected, his Highness will be glad to get Lady Milford clearly off his hands; and will try to form a good connexion for her with some one of the first nobili-

ty. Now, Worm, though Lady Milford be no more that great favourite of the Prince; yet her influence must always be such, as to secure the first interest and power to whatever party she may be pleased to countenance and support—Therefore it is my plan, that Ferdinand should pay his addresses immediately to her Ladyship, (who, I know, is rather partial to him) and thereby make me a man of great importance at court, which, *entre nous*, Worm, is what I most wish for on earth.

*Worm.* A very good plan indeed, Sir, but take my word for it, that you will never be able to put it into execution.

*President.* No?—Well!—that we'll try—It will be the first time, that ever I was thwarted in a design, which I was determined to effect—Go immediately to my son, Worm, and tell him I want to speak to him—I will inform him this very day of my intention—I shall see by his countenance in one moment, whether your suspicions be well founded or not.

*Worm.* I will instantly obey your Excellency's commands—but, Sir, pray do not mention my name; or the Major will be very much incensed against me.

*President.* No—no—be assured I will keep your name concealed. But, do you hear, Worm, not a word about all this to any one in being—silent as the very grave—for if you prattle (*threat'ning.*)

*Worm.* Then, Sir, bring all my falsehoods and forgeries to light. (*Exit.*)

*President.* (*Alone*) I know him to be a downright villain; but he is, nevertheless, of great use to me in many of my schemes—the fellow has a ready wit and an apt conception.

*Enter SERVANT.*

*Servant.* Baron Mindheim, Sir.

*President.* Bid him walk up. (*Exit Servant.*)  
He comes most a *propos*.

SCENE V.—*Enter BARON MINDHIEM dressed quite en petit maitre ; very richly embroidered coat, two watches, chapeau-bas, &c. &c.*

*Baron.* Ah ! *mon cher President*—Good morning ? I hope I see you well—You will excuse me for not waiting on you sooner ; but, *des affaires pressantes*, morning visits, and fifty engagements prevented my seeing you before—Added to all this, those rascals the tailor and the hair-dresser, kept me waiting for them more than a whole hour.

*President.* But I see you are equipped at last quite *comme il faut*.

*Baron.* Oh ! *Pour cela fiez vous a moi*—but that is not all ; another accident, ten times worse than all my other disappointments, befell me soon after—Oh ! such a *malheur*, my friend.—

*President.* No, surely—What was it ?

*Baron.* Do but hear—Just as I stepped out of my carriage to pay a morning visit to a lady of my acquaintance, the horses began to kick ; and splashed my whole dress with dirt—What could I do ? Only put yourself in my situation—Ah ! you may laugh—but, curse me, if ever I was in such a trim before—*figurez vous seulement*—There was I besmeared all over—nay to my very hair—in the very dress I put on to appear before the Prince this morning. What do you think that I did ? I pretended to be suddenly taken very ill, and that I was going to faint—so they hurried me into my carriage—drove like desperados all the way home—I changed my dress *tout a fait, comme vous me voyez* ; and yet got the first into the antichamber—What do you say to that ? Was not that being *bien adroit* ?

*President.* Then you spoke with the Prince this morning ?



Baron. *Mais sans dante*—To be sure I did—and staid with him half an hour.

President. Indeed!—Then you heard without doubt some news.

Baron. (*Recollecting himself*) No—I do not recollect having heard any—I told you, did not I? that his highness had a most beautiful coloured coat, *verd pistache*.

President. Well then, I'll tell you a piece of information—My son Ferdinand, is soon to lead Lady Milford to the altar—there's news for you.

Baron. What! all settled?—*Diable!*

President. Already signed, Baron, and you would oblige me, by instantly going to her Ladyship, and informing her of my son's intention to do himself the honor of visiting her this evening. You may also let every one know of Ferdinand's determination.

Baron. (*Taking the President's hand*) *Je vous en felicite mon ami*—I will go this moment; and in less than an hour *sans faute* the whole court shall be informed of it. (*Bowing exit.*)

President. (*Alone*) Yes, yes, I know that, (*looking after the Baron and laughing*) Ha! ha! ha! Who can say these creatures are good for nothing?—Now Ferdinand must consent; else, the whole court will have lied—Thank you, Baron, for this visit—very *a propos* indeed.—I think I hear Ferdinand coming; I shall first try by gentle means and soothing words to draw him into my plan; but, if they will not do, I must be resolute.

#### SCENE VI.—PRESIDENT and FERDINAND.

Ferdinand. Agreeably to your commands, Sir, I have done myself the pleasure of waiting on you.

President. Yes, Ferdinand, I did command; else, I know, that I should not see you half so

often as I wish to do—I have observed of late, that the lively and open air, which was wont so to delight me in you, is totally gone—there is an unpleasant gloom upon your countenance, that I cannot bear—You fly from me, your family, and your connexions.—Fye upon it, son ! a thousand follies and excesses at your age are infinitely more pardonable than one lowering cast upon your brow—Dispel all care and solicitude ; leave them to me—You know I am constantly planning for your happiness—Give me your hand, Ferdinand ; I have always your welfare at heart.

*Ferdinand.* You are pleased to be particularly gracious to day, Sir.

*President.* To day !—and that with one of your sour grimaces too—(*seriously.*) Ferdinand, for whose sake have I ventured in this perilous line of life ; and forced my way through thousand nameless difficulties, in order to secure the Prince's heart ?—For whose sake am I forever at war with my own conscience ?—Listen, Ferdinand, (I am speaking to my son) for whose sake did I plunge the dagger in my predecessor's breast ; and shut my heart against his imploring voice ?—A tale which harrows up my very soul—a tale, the particulars of which, the more I try to conceal, the deeper it makes me feel the ever-gnawing gripe of a guilty conscience—Speak, Ferdinand, for whose sake did I all this ?

*Ferdinand.* (*Stepping back with horror,*) Surely not for mine, Sir ?—Surely the bloody reflection of this unheard of outrage cannot fall on me ! For, by the all-ruling God above, 'twere better never to have been born, than to be doomed to answer for such an atrocious deed.

*President.* Ungrateful boy !—And is it thus you make amends for all my restless cares and sleepless nights ? And do you thus atone for the

disquietude raging in my breast?—On me would you have all the burden of responsibility fall?—On me the curse and thunder of the Judge's arm?—Then none of the crime comes to your share, because you receive your honours second hand?

*Ferdinand.* I confess, Sir, my heart dreads no scrutiny upon past deeds—that is the test of truth. Re-act in your own mind that very time; and pronounce your son an accomplice if you can.

*President.* Take care, Ferdinand, and do not rouse my passion—Do you know, that in your twelfth year you was made Ensign; and in your twentieth, Major. This I procured you by my solicitations to the Prince. You are soon to be much higher advanced—His Highness spoke to me the other day of an embassy abroad—of your being privy counsellor, and of your receiving many other extraordinary honours. To whom are you beholden for all this?—In short, you have the most dazzling prospects before you—Does not this rouse you, and make you prize your good fortune and happiness?

*Ferdinand.* Not in the least, Sir—for your ideas of happiness and mine are as opposite as they can possibly be. Ambitious views, vile plottings, and cabal, fill up the courtier's life—his only bliss proceeds from malice, interest, and gain.—Such joys must for ever meet with envy's bitter dregs and faction's clamorous strife; with falsehood's treacherous voice, and jealousy's livid leer—*(with warmth)* Thank Heaven! mine is another existence—a different mould of being quite—My pleasure springs from another source—My ideas are of a nobler and a better kind; they rove through paths of never-fading bliss; and from the heart derive their purest joy. These

Sir, are my ideas of happiness, which, while I have life, I shall not change ; and, instead of wishing to be decked with blushing honours and exalted power ; to be raised by servile means to rank and state ; and strut my hour in empty gaudy pomp, my most fervent prayer to Heaven will ever be, not to deprive me of that solid bliss, which can alone proceed from a heart of innocence, and a mind of truth.

*President.* Bravo ! Incomparable !—The first lesson I have had for these last thirty years—'Tis pity, to be sure, that my head is too dull for instruction—But, however, in order to exercise this wonderful talent of yours, I will give you some one, who will have no objection to listen now and then to your eloquence—(*sternly*) You are to determine—this very day to determine—to marry.——

*Ferdinand.* (*Stepping back with astonishment*) Sir ?

*President.* In a word, then, I have just sent a note in your name to Lady Milford, informing her, that you would this evening do yourself the honour of declaring your intentions. You know she is partial to you.

*Ferdinand.* (*With increased surprize.*) Marry Lady Milford, Sir?——

*President.* Nay no surprizes—no starts—the note said that the marriage was to take place immediately.

*Ferdinand.* Surprized !—Indeed it is truly ridiculous in me, my dear Sir, to suppose you in earnest, when you can be but in jest ; for, would you own yourself the father of that infamous coundrel, who would consent to marry the Prince's mistress ?

*President.* Would I ?—To be sure I would—and what is more, I would marry her myself, were she fifty instead of twenty-three.—Would not you then delight in being my son ?

*Ferdinand.* No, Sir, as true as God is my Creator.

*President.* That is bold indeed—but your rashness I forgive. Ferdinand, I am fixed and resolved upon this matter—Lady Milford must and shall be yours. Do not forget your father's authority and power.

*Ferdinand.* (*Animated.*) Paternal authority I revere—I hold it ever in the utmost awe; and I respect it as the first of laws. But, Sir, even this, when stretched too far, becomes an abuse of that hallowed trust, deposed in your hands for other purposes and other ends. Nothing more sacred than a father's authority; and it should be used with a delicate hand. 'Tis not a lawless power, free from all duty and from all restraint—No, Sir, the father's duty is as sacred as the son's—A father's power is subject and amenable to the laws of justice and of right: and, when once these laws are spurned, infringed, and overlooked; then is the son's duty by no means violated, if he resists his father's will; and scorns his harsh commands—as, from my very soul, Sir, I do yours—

*President.* (*Under visible agitation during Ferdinand's whole speech, but suppresses his anger.*)—Rash boy, forbear! nor try my temper more.—Do you think, that there is a single man at court, who would not bless his stars for your chance of success with this glowing beauty?

*Ferdinand.* Sir, if there be any thing else, which I can do to serve your purposes; to raise you to the very summit of your ambition, even with the hazzard of my life, I'll do it—But, as for my honour—that I will never stain—the loss of that I cannot survive.

*President.* (*Aside.*) Now I'll try for the last time—Thy honour, foolish boy?—Is not my very

plan formed to exalt that honour, of which you are so jealous; and which you fear will be impeached by a step, the execution of which will raise you to the topmost height of honour, and make your days pass on in certain joy?

*Ferdinand. (Quite exasperated.)* Since, Sir, I find you really are in earnest; and see that your heart is base enough to strike all nature from your petrified frame; and that you wish me to perform a deed, that would forever seal my infamy; that would root all honour from my mind; and make me hooted, mocked, and despised, I must unfold my heart to you—Should I e'er wed the Prince's loathsome mistress—Should I e'er lead the strumpet to my bed; and in my ignominy blot her stigma out—Then, Sir, oh! then, sweep me from this hated earth—that hour the wretched Ferdinand breaths his last—That hour, with madd'ning pangs he bares his breast, and with a dagger arms his father's hand. *(Going.)*

*President. (Stopping him.)* Not yet, young fool—I have heard enough; and now I have found you out—But, hearken, Sir, Lady Milford expects you. I have given my word to the Prince—Court and city know it by this time—If you mean to make me a liar before his Highness—her Ladyship—the whole court and city—Or, do you hear? *(significantly)* If I come at the bottom of certain stories that have been told me—*(Ferdinand is frightened)* Why, what's the matter? Why so pale all at once?

*Ferdinand. (Pale and trembling.)* Nothing, Sir, I know of nothing—

*President.* But, I do, Sir, and know the source of all your obstinacy and moroseness. But mark me, boy—Obey my commands, and fulfil the engagement of to night—or, dread a father's wrath!

*(Exit.)*



*Ferdinand.* (*Alone, recovering from his surprise.*)  
Dread a father's wrath!—I dread? (*with the smile of self-approbation*) With these heavenly feelings of conscious rectitude? What, if he knows the whole!—that I adore Louisa!—When the heart is sure of being right and of beating in a just cause, it mocks the very suggestion of all fear. The mind-soothing emotions of self-content will ever in the hour of woe, secure our welfare, and preserve our peace—But, I'll to Milford go, this moment go—I'll hold her up a glass, where she shall trace each feature of my mind; and where she shall view each tumult of my soul—If, in despite of this, she still desire my hand; then in the face of all the glittering court; in the full presence of her servile friends; with all her courtiers fawning round; I will reject her with a manly pride—reproach her baseness with an upright zeal; and pay her fondness with the most marked contempt.  
(*Exit.*)

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

## A C T II.

SCENE I.—*Room in Lady MILFORD'S House.*

*On the one side is a sofa—on the other a harpsichord—Lady MILFORD in an elegant deshabelle—She just sits down to play; but finding herself too much unsettled, she rises. SOPHY just coming from a window which looks to a plain, where there has been a review of the Prince's guards.*

*Sophy.* The review is over—the officers are separating; but I see no Major Faulkener.

*Lady Milford.* Sophy, I don't know what is the matter with me to day—I am not at all well. 'Then you did not see Major Faulkener. He will take his own time, depend upon it, if he comes at all—I think I shall be better in the air—Go, Sophy, order the swiftest courser to be got ready; I'll ride out for an hour.

*Sophy.* If your Ladyship be indisposed to day, it would be better not to go out, but to have a small party at home to night—His Highness, I am sure, will be glad to spend the evening here; and, by asking a few other friends from court, you might play a comfortable game at *ombre*, without having the fatigue of dressing.

*Lady Milford.* (*Throwing herself on the sofa*) Hold your tongue, girl, if you cannot say any thing better—You are much mistaken, if you think me at present disposed to entertain such persons as you talk of—people, who watch every word one utters; and when I perchance say any thing, which in the least degree indicates the warmth of my mind, they stare with their eyes fixed, and their mouths open, just as if they saw a ghost or a hobgoblin. No, no, Sophy, I never said so

much to you before; but I am tired of them all without exception—cold phlegmatic beings, who live, 'tis true, but that is all; and drag on an existence, composed of nothing but the daily common course of lifeless scenes, suitable to that order of mortals, who, like them; are clad in apathy. (*she goes to the window.*)

*Sophy.* Surely your Ladyship will except his Highness, who is allowed by all to be not only one of the most graceful, but also one of the most accomplished men ever seen.

*Lady Milford.* And you don't know, child, that every thing said and done by the Prince, is by the oily tongue of flattery, stiled the all-perfect and the all-complete; however deficient and vague such things may in reality be. You are but little acquainted with the swarm of sycophants, with which courts are constantly surrounded. You tell me, that I am an object of envy to almost every one; whereas, knew they but all, they would think me worthy of their pity. What are to me the Prince's grandeur and his tinsel pomp?—Though he can turn a wilderness into a very Paradise; and can cause even rivers to roll with gold, like Cræsus' Pactolus of old, can he command his heart to beat—his soul to glow and soar? Can he change his lethargic nature? Can his inanimate and clay-cold mind answer to the heart-glowing emotions of passion's rapturous warmth; or satisfy the beating pulse of love's soft gentle fire?

*Sophy.* Pray, Madam, how long is it, that I have had the honour of serving your Ladyship?

*Lady Milford.* A very fair question, Sophy—because I find this is the first day you ever knew me. It is true, I have sold the Prince my honour; but, my heart I have ever kept free—a heart Sophy, perhaps well worthy of the efforts of many a man to possess—for, it is as yet only tainted

by the poisonous breath of the court, as steel or glass, which is but overcast; and quickly re-assumes its pristine lustre. Believe me, I should long ago have shaken off this mighty Prince, had my pride and ambition given me leave to yield my rank to any woman at court. But, I see you seem surprised at what I say—perhaps I have said too much; for to day I know not what I say—if so, let me tie your tongue with confidence; and may you once feel for your wretched mistress!

*Sophy.* I hope, madam, that you never yet have had cause for distrusting me; and I flatter myself that it is needless to renew my assurances of the most steady zeal in every thing which concerns your Ladyship's happiness.—But, madam, (*with diffidence*) this ambition, this pride—are they so difficult to suppress, if you find that they lead to nothing but vexation?

*Lady Milford.* We women have but two things to choose—to command or to obey—but, the highest delight of power is nothing, a mere bawble, if unattended by that bliss sublime, that joy supreme, of being at the same time slaves to the man we adore. As for the foolish sway of the sceptre, which has lately fallen to my lot, I have ever looked upon it as a child's play. But, *Sophy*, whilst I have been the envy of every eye, have you not observed the wild agitation of this panting breast?—The restless troubles of this fiery bosom?—Did you never think them indicative of other wishes and desires? Did they not discover a heart, torn with anguish and with rage? A mind teeming with projects, impossible to fulfil?

*Sophy.* (*Quite surprised*), Madam!

*Lady Milford.* (*Animated*) But, have a little patience—he may still be mine—I'll disappoint them all; and then revenge myself—The man, whom I worship, idolize, and adore—that man, *Sophy*, I must call mine, or———Heaven knows

what else must be—Oh ! let me hear from his lips, that the starting trembling tear of love more finely glitters than the diamond's blaze—then, oh then ! before the Prince's feet I'll hurl both sceptre, heart and all ; and with this man I'll fly to earth's remotest bounds—But hear still more.

*Sophy.* Madam, I am grieved at what I hear.

*Lady Milford.* Faulkener is this man—Know that the marriage with him, which I spoke to you about—that you and all the world suppose to be Court *Cabal*—(*Sophy*, blush not for your mistress) is only the result of my boundless *Love*.

*Sophy.* Heavens ! Can it be possible ?

*Lady Milford.* 'Twas all my contrivance, *Sophy*—'Twas I, who invented the report of a celebrated Dutchess coming to court to supplant me in the Prince's affection ; and that his Highness would be glad to get me off his hands—Oh ! 'twas a noble plan, and hitherto it has admirably succeeded ; but the grand matter is still to come—the interview with Faulkener. Would to God it were over !——Thus, *Sophy*, have I played with these state puppets—these mighty sirs are by a weak woman's arts o'erthrown ; and thus they will lead to me—to my very arms, the man of my heart.—If I once have him—once call him mine ; then an eternal farewell to the vile and detestable splendour of deceitful courts.

SCENE II.—*Enter an old SERVANT belonging to the Prince ; in his hand a case of jewels.*

*Servant.* I come with his Highness the Prince's respects to your Ladyship. He requests your acceptance of this set of jewels.

*Lady Milford.* (*Having opened the case*) And pray, what might his Highness have given for these inestimable jewels ?

*Servant.* (*With great agitation*) They do not cost him a single shilling—

*Lady Milford.* Are you mad? Nothing?—But, what is the matter, man, that my question calls forth tears from your aged eyes?

*Servant.* Yesterday seven thousand young men were sent to America—they pay for them—(*weeping*) I have two sons amongst them.

*Lady Milford.* (*Taking his hand*) But still friend, I hope volunteers—they were not compelled to go.

*Servant.* All by compulsion, Madam—They were led away yesterday, just after your Ladyship and his Highness took a ride out of the city gates—No sooner were they all counted over, and their names taken down, than “Huzza for America”—was the dreadful word all over the plain—The trumpets were ordered immediately to be sounded, and the city drums to be beaten, in order to drown the shrieks and cries of the poor young men, torn from their parents at an instant’s call;—bride and bridegroom parted by the pointed bayonet and drawn broad sword;—father and child separated by the inhuman threats and oaths of some bloody minded corporal—In short Madam, language is inadequate to the description of the most shocking and barbarous scene, that ever was witnessed by mortal man.

*Lady Milford.* A curse upon the jewels—I reject them:—In my heart they blaze like the forked flames of hell—But, my good friend, be comforted—these youths will all come back again to their native home.

*Servant.* Heaven alone knows that, Madam—Just as they were out of the city, they all looked back; and with one voice exclaimed—“God bless you Father! Mother! at the last day we shall all meet again.”—

*Lady Milford.* (*Much affected*) I say, my honest man, you shall have your boys again.  
(*Servant is going; but on Lady Milford’s throwing into his hat a purse of gold, he returns.*)



*Servant.* (*Laying the purse on the table*) Lay it to the rest I'll have none of it. (*Exit.*)

*Lady Milford.* (*Much affected she walks up and down the room in thought*) Sophy, was it not said generally some weeks ago, that in a neighbouring town, there had been a fire, which had ruined three or four hundred families?

*Sophy.* Yes, Madam, but how does your Ladyship come to think of that now? Most of them are at work at the mines.

*Lady Milford.* (*Rings a bell and a servant enters*) Desire my treasurer to carry these jewels instantly to one of the first jewellers; and let the produce be equally distributed among the unfortunate families who suffered by the late fire. (*Exit Servant.*)

*Sophy.* Does your Ladyship forget, that you will thereby incur his Highness's utmost displeasure?

*Lady Milford.* (*Laughing*) Ha! ha! ha!—and what is that to me?—Would you have me wear the curse of the whole land in my hair?—Or, would you have me sink beneath the weight of the tears which they must inevitably have caused?—Silly girl! do you not know, that, in exchange for them, I shall have more brilliants and gems, than are to be found in the diadems of an hundred crowned heads?

*Enter SERVANT.*

*Servant.* Major Faulkener, Madam.

*Sophy.* Heavens! Madam, what's the matter?—You seem alarmed.

*Servant.* Should I deny your Ladyship?

*Lady Milford.* Desire the Major to walk up. (*Exit Servant.*) Sophy, don't I look sadly?—You had better go—for he will not like the presence of a third person (*Exit Sophy.*) Oh! these wild throbs!—they oppress me quite.

SCENE III.—FERDINAND and LADY MILFORD.

*Ferdinand. (Very coolly)* If I am guilty of any intrusion, madam—

*Lady Milford. (Visibly agitated)* Not in the least, Major Faulkener.

*Ferdinand.* I wait upon your Ladyship by my father's desire—

*Lady Milford.* I acknowledge myself obliged to him.

*Ferdinand.* And am commissioned to inform you, madam, that we are to marry immediately—Such is my father's will.

*Lady Milford. (With increased agitation)* Not yours, sir—and is that all you have to say Major Faulkener?

*Ferdinand.* By no means, madam, I have something more to add; but I shall be brief.

*Lady Milford.* Will it not be agreeable, sir, to be seated?

*Ferdinand.* Most willingly, madam, (*drawing forward the sofa*) Give me leave to observe to your Ladyship, that I am a man of honour—

*Lady Milford.* Whose character, I know, claims my highest esteem.

*Ferdinand.* And a soldier.

*Lady Milford.* No better in the service—  
But, sir, you speak of qualities, that others possess in as eminent a degree as yourself.—Why are you silent in regard to other advantages, in which you stand unrivalled?

*Ferdinand. (Coolly)* Because, madam, I see no occasion for the mention of them here.

*Lady Milford.* Pray, sir, how am I to understand this?

*Ferdinand. (With pointed expression)* As the voice of wounded honour, for wishing to obtain my hand by force—as the dictates of my heart—

of justly offended pride—and as the language of this sword.

*Lady Milford.* That sword was given you by the Prince.

*Ferdinand.* I must beg your Ladyship's pardon—I obtained it of the State through the hand of the Prince. My pride and honour I had from my birth and character—My heart from God.

*Lady Milford.* Who disputes it, sir? Who is not sensible of your bravery and honour as a soldier; and of your distinguishing amability as the domestic man?

*Ferdinand.* Lady Milford, there is nothing more difficult to find out than the real ingredients of characters and minds; for, often, very often those persons, who pass in the eye of the world for upright people; and who are famed for their steadiness of conduct, are in reality by no means deserving of the credit given them; and, were their private manners of life brought to view, they would probably be found highly censurable.—My ideas of comfort and felicity are very little known and may appear to you very singular—but, such as they are, I am persuaded they are too deeply rooted in my mind, ever to admit of any change. The busy bustling life of courts I much dislike; their empty pomp and grandeur I despise; and only look to that mode of life, where virtue and integrity are caressed.—Having fulfilled each duty incumbent on me as a Christian and a Man, I consider all the rest with the utmost indifference—Therefore, I think it dangerous for me in the extreme, to form a connection, where solid joy and peace are scarcely known; where pure and stable comforts are contemned; and where principle and rectitude will meet with cold neglect and no return.

*Lady Milford.* Major Faulkener, this I have not deserved from you.

*Ferdinand.* (*Catching hold of her hand*) Your pardon, madam, we are alone—the subject, the circumstance, the occasion, that brings me hither—all, all justify, nay force me to speak thus freely to you ; and to open to you the very recesses of my heart—for, does it not shock even the most common mind, to see you so far forget yourself ; so deplorably humiliate yourself in the eye of the world ; and above all, in your own eye—thus to remove every sacred band of restraint—thus to burst and violate the hallowed laws of decency and decorum—thus to unlock the very springs of modesty and reserve ; and with unguarded warmth to rush into the arms of a dull heavy Prince, who knows not to value in you aught but your mere sex, which, having once rapaciously enjoyed, he will whistle you off his hands ; and see you then eclipsed in never-ending shame, stained with infamy's eternal blot.

*Lady Milford.* (*Scarcely able to support this speech, during which time she makes frequent attempts to rise, but is as often prevented by Ferdinand, who immediately catches hold of her hand.*) Have you done, Sir ?

*Ferdinand.* Nay, Lady Milford, but to drag on this hated life—to plunge with ardour, as you do, into this chaos of vice and sin ; to dive into this ocean of impurity and defamation :—Is it not the very height of female weakness and depravity—rank, wanton passion—foul propensity to pleasure and desire ?—You call yourself a Briton too—Make it appear so.—You a native of that far famed isle, for elevated acts of worth renowned ?—Impossible ! a nation, proud of itself ; and justly so—And can an Englishwoman, doating on the virtue of her native home, so sink herself, as to be attached—to cling to the vitiated morals of our foreign climes ?—(*with increased animation*)

You a Briton?—You a free-born native of the freest country under Heaven, and sell yourself for—*(looking at her with ineffable contempt)*—let me not say for what; lest every noble mind in Britain's fair domains, like Ferdinand Faulkener here *(striking his breast)* should, with an honest pride, spurn and reject Jane Milford's heart and hand—Madam I have done.

*Lady Milford. (With both mildness and dignity)* This is the first time, Major Faulkener, that any one has ever dared to hold such language to me; and you are the only man, whom I would deign to answer.—For rejecting my hand, I esteem you—For calumniating my heart, I pardon you. Whoever presumes to offer an affront of this kind to a lady, who has it in her power to ruin him in a day's time, must either have lost his senses; or must give her credit for great elevation of mind :—But you have roused all the Englishwoman in me; and it is but a debt due to my country, to make you a suitable reply.

*Ferdinand.* Madam, I am all attention.

*Lady Milford.* Hear then, sir, what I have never yet disclosed to a single person in the world; nor ever will to any other, whilst I am in being.—I am not the wild adventurer you take me for—I could talk big, and boast of old and noble blood; for I am lineally descended from the unfortunate Thomas, duke of Norfolk, who in the year 1572, fell a sacrifice in the cause of hapless Mary, Queen of Scots. My father was accused of treacherous intelligence with the court of France.—He was by a decree of the Parliament of Great Britain condemned, and was accordingly beheaded—All our estates became forfeited to the Crown; and we were obliged to fly our country—My poor dear mother died on the very day of my father's execution. I was left an

orphan, fourteen years old—came to Germany, accompanied only by an aged governess—a case of jewels our only means of subsistence ; and this family cross, hung around my neck by my dear mother's hand. (*taking the cross from her bosom.*)

*Ferdinand.* (*Much affected by this narrative.*)

*Lady Milford.* My health injured by incredible fatigues—deprived at once of my fortune, and of all my dazzling expectations ;—without protection, and devoid of friends :—my mind oppressed with ills too weighty to support, I arrived at Hamburg—I had never learned any thing but a little French and music ; therefore, there was nothing, that I could turn my hand to, in order to satisfy the calls of penury and want ; save this sole casket, which contained all our treasure, and our whole resource—Six years thus passed in wretchedness and distress—At length the last jewel went ; and, as if the measure of my woes was not yet full, and aught was still wanting to complete my fate, my sole surviving friend on earth, my aged governess—she, who reared me from my infant state, watched all my years, and trembling viewed my griefs—she, who even in my bitterest days was all my mind could wish—even this last source of comfort, by the inexorable and unsparing hand of death was torn from me—Then was I left in the wide world defenceless and forlorn—Not even the correcting power of time could alleviate the severity of this last blow, or sooth my aching breast—At this time, fate, adverse fate, brought your Prince to Hamburg—Once upon a summer's eve I do remember well ; I walked along the cooling shore, and, fondly musing on the Allster's banks. I saw the Prince approach me—He threw himself at my feet ; swore he had seen me often, and avowed the ten-



derest passion for me—The picture of my happy childhood now struck my fancy with seducing brightness and resistless force,—my dark and lamentable prospects of futurity now appeared in their most gloomy form—pleased with the Prince's captivating air,—he with a melting voice imploring me to listen to his vows,—and my warm heart susceptible of love—all, all disarmed my youthful mind of prudence and of thought—I could no more, and sunk into his arms. (*Much affected.*)

*Ferdinand.* Heavens! Madam, what do I hear?—Is it possible?—How can you pardon the unparalleled affront that I have offered to your Ladyship?

*Lady Milford.* Was it wonderful, that thus situated; exposed to temptation, unguarded by wisdom, I should forget first the restraints of prudence, then the obligations of virtue?—The Prince thus took me by surprize; but the blood of the Norfolks revolted within me, and seemed to call to me—"Jane, born of British blood, and now a Prince's concubine!"—Pride and fate were struggling in my breast, when the Prince brought me to this place, where I was doomed to witness a still more tremendous scene—Like the false fierce Hyæna, that with voraciousness and cunning seeks for its destined prey, so did I see the nobles of this land satisfy their pampered taste—To gratify their voluptuousness, (who could have thought it?) the very dictates of feeling and humanity were obliterated by these tyrants—the laws of nature were inverted—the close and sacred ties between father and child were torn with violence asunder; till even all nature was alarmed and startled at their unheard of crimes—'Twas mine Faulkener to step betwixt the tyger and the lamb; and from the Prince to force an oath, a

sacred oath, that tyranny should cease, and that humanity should reign again !”

*Ferdinand.* Did you, Madam ?—Oh ! ’twas heavenly in you ; and may your efforts meet their just reward !

*Lady Milford.* I thought these execrable deeds were past, and peace again restored ; but this day I hear, that they have recommenced afresh—But listen—Not long after my arrival here, the city swarmed with Parisian coquettes, who came to gain from me the Prince’s heart ; and some succeeded for a little space, during which time they swayed the sceptre, and by their folly and caprice, caused much blood to flow—but soon their reign was o’er—I saw them sink before me—I alone prevailed—I took the reigns from off his Highness’ neck, and guided him aright—He owned my wisdom ; and with applauding smiles reposed in my embraces—’Twas then your country first felt and perceived redemption’s hand—(*She pauses, then looks at him with tenderness*)—Oh ! that the man, to whom alone I wish to be known, must force me thus to boast, and annul my virtue, by holding it up to the light of admiration ! Faulkener ! Faulkener ! I have burst the very prison bars—have torn even death-warrants—it has been mine to pour the healing balsam into wounds deemed incurable ; and to aid the cause of the innocent, thrown into distress for want of protection and support—And now that man, comes to accuse me, who alone can reward me—that man, whom perhaps my exhausted fate has at last created to atone for all my sorrows past—that man, whom in my dreams already I embrace, and clasp to my heart with passion’s trembling warmth.

*Ferdinand.* (*Greatly agitated and stopping her.*) No more—not a word more for Heaven’s sake ;

or I must leave you this moment, though I have offended you beyond all hopes of pardon—but spare me now.

*Lady Milford. (In the softest tone of voice, catching hold of his arm.)* Should an unhappy miserable wretch, oppressed with the consciousness of her shame; and shuddering with horror at the retrospect of her past crimes—Should a penitent sinner, labouring with the burden of her profane and impious life, feel herself at once sublimely elevated by the animating call of virtue; and thus throw herself into your arms (*eagerly rushing into his arms*) for deliverance, in order to be led back to that path of rectitude, which she has unguardedly deserted; and to be restored to that Heaven, forfeited by her guilt and imprudence; can you start back from that fervid bosom, glowing with passionate warmth—Can you, I ask, by so doing, drive such a one, in sad obedience to despair, to plunge and riot still deeper in the vast and boundless ocean of infamy and vice?—Can you willingly cause a hapless being, (daring even the face of the almighty, and shutting her heart against all-self admonition) to rush at once into the immense torrent of irreparable ruin and destruction; and scorn the thoughts of eternity's tremendous scene (*much affected and with great emotion*)—You talked just now of Christian duty—Faulkener awake!—Be not the man of words.

*Ferdinand. (Rising in great agitation.)* Madam, in honour I can hear no more—I must make you a free and open confession of a circumstance, which, did you but know, you would cease to wound me with solicitations I can never grant.

*Lady Milford.* Not now—Not now, by all that is sacred I cannot hear it now—My afflicted heart is bleeding with a thousand stabs—Be it life, or death, I cannot hear it now! (*going*)

*Ferdinand.* (*Taking hold of her arm and pressing her to stay.*) Indeed, Madam, you must ; you must hear what I have to say ; for it will not only apologize for my blamable conduct towards you ; but will be a sufficient mitigation for all, that is past—I have been much mistaken in you Lady Jane—I expected, and hoped to find you an object for my contempt—I came hither, determined to excite your fiercest hatred and resentment—Happy had it been for both, if my plan had been crowned with success—for, be not surprized, if I disclose to you a secret, and acquaint you, that my heart is engaged—(*Lady Milford starts back in anguish*) Yes Lady Jane, my affections are rooted ; and my soul hangs with idolatry on my angelic Louisa—Be not displeased ; for I am blessed, when I further tell you, that she is not of rank, but the daughter of Miller, that unfortunate old man, who from losses in trade, now turns to his music for support.

*Lady Milford.* (*Clasps her hands in astonishment, and walks away from him.*)

*Ferdinand.* (*Following her.*) Your looks denote astonishment ; and you seem to think, that both reason and sense should have taught me to overcome a passion, so beneath my birth—If so, I say, that duty claims a previous thought ; for I alone was culpable—'Twas I, who first disturbed her golden days of peace ;—Even now she dreads the great disparity between us ; and will not yet consent, that I should lead her to the altar, and call her forever mine—Does not the voice of duty loudly call upon me, to fulfil her sacred will ? and quickly to restore the lovely maid her wonted peace of mind—This can never be, until she is wholly mine ; and Lady Jane, it must be done ; for, need I ask, what is cool reason to resistless love ?

*Lady Milford.* (*With the expression of great affliction.*) Major Faulkener, you are going to precipitate yourself, me, and a third person into irrecoverable ruin.

*Ferdinand.* Yourself, me, and a third person? I do not understand you, Madam.

*Lady Milford.* Then mark my words: (*With pointed expression.*) We must all infallibly be victims to your father's fatal precipitancy—My passion gives way to my tenderness; but my honour cannot. Our marriage is by this time the talk of all the land.—The indignity, the affront, which I suffer, in being rejected by a subject of the Prince, are indelible—All eyes are upon me—Already envy triumphs; and her sneer is fixed.—Manage you matters with your father as you please—only remember, that I shall move heaven and earth, to avert the shafts of ignominy and scorn, which with fury and spleen will be hurled against my stigmatized breast. (*Exit in violent agitation, Ferdinand, quite confounded, following her.*)

SCENE IV.—*The Scene changes to a Room in MILLER's House. LOUISA just rises from her harpsichord, and is going to leave the room; but meeting her Father just entering, she says to him,*

*Louisa.* Has not the Major been here within these three hours?

*Miller.* No, child—I have not seen him; and from my love to you, I say, that I most sincerely wish, that he would never enter these doors again—Hush!--I think I hear him now coming up.

SCENE V.—*Enter FERDINAND.*

*Ferdinand.* (*Entering frightened and out of breath.*) Has my father been here?

*Louisa.* (*Alarmed.*) His father?—Gracious God!--What will become of us?

*Miller.* Let him but come.

*Ferdinand.* (*Eagerly embracing Louisa.*) Thou art mine, Louisa ; were even the celestial powers to intervene--Oh ! let me once more repose upon that heavenly breast.--Such an hour is just now past.--Oh, Louisa ! it was a terrible one.

*Louisa.* Oh, speak !--What hour !--Let me but know the worst.

*Ferdinand.* An hour, my life, when 'twixt my heart and thee, did a third person force her powerful way--an hour, when my own conscience checked me for my love--an hour, when my Louisa ceased to be all my bliss on earth.

*Louisa.* (*She sinks down on a chair quite depressed.*)

*Ferdinand.* (*Pauses and fixes his eyes on her with extreme fondness.*) No--never--never, Milford, you ask too much.--No--by the eternal God above, I will not violate my oath, which warns me like Heaven's own thunder, through that fading eye.--Milford look there ! and wonder, if you can--There fix your eyes, if you dare own a heart of feeling--And you too, unnatural sire ! hither direct your austere looks ; then bid me, if you can, lead this heavenly lamb to sacrifice and fate.--That bosom you would have me turn into a scene of hell--But I will thwart your narrow schemes--defeat your malice, and confront your rage (*with animation*)--Yes, I'll conduct her to the throne of God ; and the all-righteous Judge will there attest, that passion, founded as mine is, forms the grand ultimatum of all earthly bliss.--Courage, my beauteous love ! I return triumphant from the perilous strife.

*Louisa.* Something lurks beneath those words--I dread the event--But tell me all--Declare the sentence, awful tho' it be ; and unrepining I'll



submit to fate.—Thou spokest just now of Lady Milford—I fear to ask it—But what of Milford's name?—I am told she is going to be married.

*Ferdinand.* To me, Louisa—such is my father's will.

*Louisa.* (*Pauses, then with the deepest anguish.*) But why this tremor and surprise?—The old man told me long ago I never could be thine; but I believed him not (*She runs weeping into her father's arms.*) Father, take back your daughter to your indulgent arms.—Pardon, dear father, the fault was not your child's.

*Miller.* My Louisa! my child! my only child!—(*Turning to Ferdinand.*) Oh, Major! Major! What wretchedness have you not entailed on my poor aged head!—See there, (*Pointing to Louisa.*)—How altered from her former self! How sunk beneath sharp sorrow's blighting blast!

*Ferdinand.* But it will soon be over—for, all my father's plans I will soon counteract, and restore to you, old man, peace and joy. (*Going.*)

*Louisa.* O go not now—but stay—Did'st thou not say thy father would be here?—Oh, do not quit us in this dreadful hour.

*Ferdinand.* (*Taking Louisa's hand.*) As I do hope for mercy on my soul, and wish for pardon in the hour of death, hear and receive my hallowed oath—that, that moment, which separates these hands, unlinks-also the chain of existence between the world and me. (*Looking rather wild.*)

*Louisa.* Hold! be not rash—thou tremblest and art pale—thine eye-balls roll—Ferdinand, look not so, thou terrifiest me.

*Ferdinand.* Fear not, Louisa, I do not tremble; nor am I pale. If my eye-balls roll, they do but tell thee that my mind is fixed. Heaven has not a more exquisite, nor a more admirable

gift to make, than those precious and delightful moments ; when the heart, pent up, and struggling with its pain, is by some blessed and unheard of grace relived--That was just now my case. Now to my father--(*Going, he meets the President, who just enters.*)

SCENE VI.—*Enter PRESIDENT with a retinue of Servants.*

*President.* (*Entering.*) Oh, there he is !

*Ferdinand.* In the house of innocence.

*President.* (*Turning to Miller.*) Are you the father ?

*Miller.* My name is Miller.

*Ferdinand.* (*Speaking to Miller.*) You had better lead Louisa out of the room ; for I am afraid she is very ill.

*President.* There is no occasion for that—I'll go to her—(*To Louisa.*) How long have you been acquainted with the President's son ?

*Louisa.* That is a question, sir, which I have never asked—Major Faulkener I have known since last November.

*President.* Has he ever given you any assurances ?

*Ferdinand.* Of the most sacred kind, some minutes ago, invoking Heaven to attest my hallowed vows.

*President.* Will you be silent, sir ? (*To Louisa.*) I wait for a reply.

*Louisa.* He has sworn me love.

*President.* Did you accept of his rash oath ?

*Louisa.* Our vows were mutual.

*President.* As is usual with girls of your dissolute line of life.

*Ferdinand.* (*In a rage*) Hell !—What was that ?

*Louisa.* (*With dignity*) Major Foulkener, now you are free.

*Ferdinand.* Sir, let me tell you, tho' I see you know it not, that, virtue, even in the beggars grab, commands respect.

*President.* Very pretty indeed !—the father is to respect the son's mistress !

*Louisa.* Heavens and earth !—Is it come to this ?

*Ferdinand.* Sir, you had once a life to ask of me—It is now paid. From this hour all obligations of filial piety are cancelled.

*Miller.* (*Coming forward.*) Your Excellency must give me leave to say, that I think your conduct in my house exceedingly improper and highly blamable.—Hitherto I have been silent ; but, if I witness a single affront more to my child, I shall forget the difference between us ; and give her that protection, which becomes her father.

*President.* (*Enraged.*) Rascal ! Villain !—What do you mean by this impudence to a man of my character ?—But I'll soon manage matters for you, depend upon it.

*Miller.* (*Indignant.*) Rascal ? Villain ?—Sir, do you imagine, that this language becomes you ?—Or do you think, that it adds to your dignity of station ?—If so, I pity you, Sir ; and look with sovereign contempt on the man, who is incapable of feeling his superiority which is the mere result of adventitious chance, without the low despicable insolence of triumph.

*President.* (*To some of his servants.*) Get some constables immediately—(*Servants exeunt*)—(*walking about the room in a rage*) To prison with that old varlet—to the pillory with the girl—Justice shall satisfy my wrath ; and this affront shall be dearly paid for.—That such a scoundrel

should counteract my plans !—Damnation !— Shall these wretches go unpunished for setting thus the father against the son ?—No—the whole race—father, mother, and girl, shall be victims to my vehemence, and rage.

*Ferdinand.* (*His eyes constantly fixed on Louisa with great anxiety.*) Be not afraid—I am with you. I will see no force or violence used against you. (*turning to his father*) Be not too hasty, sir. If you have any regard for yourself or me, use no violence. There is a place in my heart, where the name of father has never yet been heard ; I pray you, sir press not there—pierce not the regions of that sacred sphere ; lest, unawares, and quite thrown off my guard, I utter things—then, sir, nature will shudder at unthought of crimes, committed by a man, reguted just.

*President.* Peace, senseless fool !—nor dare to raise my fury higher than it is.

*Miller.* I'll see, whether justice can be done to injured innocence—I'll go this instant to his Highness the Prince, and look for mercy in a case like ours.

*President.* To the Prince—do you say ?—Don't you know, blockhead, that I am the threshold, over which you must unavoidably pass or break your neck ?—To the Prince ?—Yes, if you have a mind to be all your days locked up in a tower forty feet high.

#### SCENE VII.—*Enter* CONSTABLES.

*Ferdinand.* (*Runs to Louisa, who is overpowered by her fears, and rests on Ferdinand's bosom*) Help ! help ! this instant help !—Louisa !—Her fears have quite overpowered her.

*Miller.* (*Putting on his hat, and taking down his cane that hangs upon a nail in the corner of the room*) With all my heart, if it must be.

*President.* Lay hold of the girl, (*to the constables*) I say—In the name of his Serene Highness, your Prince, I charge you to lay hold of her immediately.

*Constables.* (*Are going to obey the President's commands*).

*Ferdinand.* (*Protecting Louisa*) Keep your distance, rascals! or dread my furious wrath.

*President.* (*To the Constables*) Mind what I say, blockheads, or——

*Constables.* (*Forcing their way towards Louisa.*)

*Ferdinand.* Off! dire bloodhounds, off!—nor, on your lives approach another step!

*President.* Must I speak again, scoundrels?—Lay hold, I say.

*Constables.* (*Again forcing their way towards Louisa*).

*Ferdinand.* (*Quite enraged, he takes both sword and sheath from his side and forces back the Constables*) Villains! again I warn you to keep your distance—(*to his father*) Sir, I would advise you not to drive me to extremity.

*President.* (*To the Constables*) Slaves! as you value your bread, obey my commands.

*Ferdinand.* Sir, I once more beg of you not to drive me to extremity.

*President.* (*To the Constables*) Don't mind my son—Lay hold, I say.

*Constables.* (*With increased violence forcing their way towards Louisa.*)

*Ferdinand.* If it must be, Justice! pardon me. (*Draws his sword, and, in defending Louisa, he wounds some of the Constables.*)

*President.* (*Enraged*) I'll see, whether I am to feel too the point of his sword—(*the President forces his way towards Louisa; lifts her from the ground, and gives her to the Constables.*)

*Ferdinand.* Sir, you'll drive me desperate—Rage is in my heart—Do you persist?

*President.* Away with her—(to the Constables.)

*Louisa is now between two Constables; the one having hold of her right hand, the other of her left.*

*Ferdinand.* (Pushes back with force one of the Constables; then, he puts one arm around Louisa's waist; with the other he rests the point of his sword against her breast) Do you persist, sir?—Rather than my Louisa should endure your affronts, I'll pierce her to the heart (Still resting the sword on Louisa's breast) Do you persist, sir?

*President.* Push home, I say, if the point of your sword will do.

*Ferdinand.* (Leaving hold on Louisa, and putting up his sword) Almighty God! who seest the emotion of all hearts, thou art witness, that I have left no human means untried—Now I am compelled to use diabolical ones—(to the Constables, with an elevated voice) Away with her to prison! (Staring wildly and grasping his father's arm with eagerness; then whispering into his ear, yet so as to be heard) In the mean while I must to Court; and tell 'em all a tale, whereby they may know the shortest way to get at a President's chair.

(Exit hastily.)

*President.* (Thunderstruck) Stop! Ferdinand, stop!—Come back! I say—(To the Constables quite alarmed) Set her free this moment. (Exit.

END OF THE SECOND ACT.



## A C T III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in the PRESIDENT's House.*  
*Enter PRESIDENT and Secretary WORM.*

*President.* This affair turned out cursedly unlucky.

*Worm.* Exactly as I expected, begging your Excellency's pardon—You should have been a little more upon your guard—He did before threaten to disclose the whole.

*President.* Yes—but I did not, I could not believe him in earnest—I considered it merely as the result of passion; and I paid no attention to what he said—But when I reflect in cool blood upon the manner in which he warned me not to make him desperate, I confess I did wrong to trust to him so far—However, there is no harm done; you recalled him in time, and told him that his girl was set free by my command.

*Worm.* I did, sir; and saw him return to Miller's where I suppose that he now is—But give me leave to observe to your Excellency, that you did very wong ever to have given your son the smallest hint about your pedecessor's death. You know the principles, that he imbibed early at college.—The upright notions of honour and truth, to which he has hitherto been a very slave, must render him a very unfit person to be entrusted with a secret of this kind,

*President.* But, to be sure, Worm, you are not ignorant of my motives for so doing—I fondly thought to have found in him the same ambitious views, that I have—I expected him to have been rejoiced at the news; and disposed to second my plans towards the fulfilling all my darling pojects.—But you know, how, I have been mistaken, and how I have been thwarted in every thing I have undertaken.

*Worm.* We will not give up all yet, sir.—To

be sure, there was no occasion for your son Ferdinand to have known any thing about this affair; for, what could be better managed?—You asked your predecessor to supper—he came—You were alone together—You finished, I remember, a couple of bottles of Burgundy; then called for cards; and at *piquet* you sat till four o'clock the next morning.—He never heard it strike five—Every one lamented the apoplectic fit, that carried him off so suddenly; and you were unanimously elected his successor. Was it not all admirably managed?

*President.* But, what signifies the mention of all this now?—The harm is done, and cannot be undone—I almost despair of success at present—the game is over.

*Worm.* Your Excellency's pardon—You have still cards left in your hands, whereby you may yet recover your game.—I have a plan, which, if followed I am sure, cannot fail of success.

*President.* Come, come, let us hear it this moment.

*Worm.* I must be most egregiously mistaken in all my observations on human nature, if the Major be not a man of remarkably strong passions, and quick feelings—consequently, under the impulse of jealousy he must be as violent as he is under that of love—Now, Sir, my plan is, to work him up to as high a pitch of jealousy as we possibly can—This to effect, we have only to make him suspicious to this Louisa Miller; and to go to work with such cunning and art, as at last to render her to him an object of the utmost detestation.

*President.* Yes, Worm, but how?—'Tis a very good plan, but I am afraid it will prove to be one of your impracticable ones.

*Worm.* I pledge myself to your Excellency to put it into execution—First, be so kind as to open

your mind a little to me—How far do you mean to persist in this alliance with Lady Milford?

*President.* What a question! Don't you know, that all my power is in danger, if I do not ultimately succeed in this affair—Consider how the matter stands—Court and city talk of nothing else—Lady Milford has not denied the truth of the report; therefore, if the match now go off, I do not know, what may be the consequence;—for it is madness to suppose, that her Ladyship will put up with an affront of this kind without revenging herself upon the author to the utmost of her power—And who is the author but the President?—Who would have thought Ferdinand fool enough to reject a connection of the highest kind?—Worm, we must bring it about some way or other:—or, ruin may ensue——

*Worm.* Now I see, sir, how the land lies; and I know what I have to do—The Major must be entangled in the nicest web of subtlety and craft—As for the girl;—the very power which she possesses over him, will prove our most propitious weapon—What we have to do, is this—We must so contrive, as to exact from her a love-letter to a third person, written by her own hand, which letter we must carefully throw in the Major's way—Your Excellency will be pleased to consider what I say—her own hand-writing to be read by her own doating Major—If this medicine do not operate, dismiss Worm the next morning.

*President.* (*Pleased*) A droll idea, upon my soul—But do you take the girl for an idiot?—Do you suppose, that she will quietly sit down, and sign her own death's warrant?

*Worm.* She must and will, if you leave the business in my hands—I know her thoroughly—There are but two weaksides, that we can possibly work upon, namely, her father and the Ma

—Now, after the scene, that passed at Miller's this morning, nothing is easier in the whole world, than to threaten the old man with an action—In the mean time, we must arrest him immediately ; —And having secured him, this precious letter I just now mentioned to you, must be forced from the girl, as a ransom for the father's deliverance—To ensure our success, the mother must be likewise secured—then leave the rest to me—I shall instantly go to the girl ; and obtain the letter, as the sole existing means of freeing her father and mother from imprisonment and risk of death.

*President.* Yes, but Worm, don't let the matter be too serious,

*Worm.* Oh dear Sir, it cannot—Your Excellency cannot imagine how she doats on her father—The danger of his life ; the reflection of having it in her power to release him ;—the reproaches of her own conscience in having been accessory to his confinement ;—the utter impossibility of ever being able to possess the Major ;—all, all will most powerfully coincide to forward the completion of the scheme—She must inevitably fall into the snare.

*President.* But you do not consider my son—should he get the smallest hint or item of the matter, all our designs will again be air.

*Worm.* I shall take care of that—there shall be nothing to apprehend ; for, after she has written the letter, I shall tell her, that even that will nought avail, if she does not take a solemn oath, never to reveal the subject of that letter to any one in being.

*President.* Pshaw !—What's in an oath Worm ?

*Worm.* Nothing, Sir, to you or to me, but to them a very bulwark to overleap—Take my word for it, Sir—it will do—And if it should fall out as I expect, I shall soon be able to conciliate mat-

ters with the parents ; and to convince the girl, that my views were perfectly upright, I will offer immediate marriage.

*President.* (*Much pleased.*) Ah Worm !—I give up to you—'tis Satan's own web, you dog ! 'tis well contrived :—the scholar beats his master all to pieces—Now the only question is—to whom shall this letter be directed ? Who is to be this third person—(*After a little thought.*) Why not Baron Mindheim ?

*Worm.* With all my heart, Sir,—Only were my name Louisa Miller, the Baron certainly would not be the object of my choice.

*President.* Why not ?—a plenty of cash—an emperors wardrobe—but a pretty ninny, sure enough—But he will do for our Purpose. I shall ring the bell, and send for the Baron. (*Rings.*)

*Worm.* And whilst your Excellency is occupied about the warrant, I shall go and compose a letter, proper for the subject.

*President.* Very well, only let me see it, when it is finished.

(*Exit Worm.*)

(*The President goes to the table in order to write the warrant.*)

*Enter SERVANT.*

*President.* Here take this warrant and tell the constables, that it must be put immediately into execution—Bid some of the other servants step to Baron Mindheim with my compliments ; and if it be convenient to him, I should be obliged to him to favour me with his company for half an hour.

*Servant.* The Baron's carriage, Sir, just stops at your door.

*President.* Oh then—desire him to walk up.

(*Exit Servant.*)

SCENE II.—PRESIDENT and BARON MINDHEIM.

Baron. (*In a hurry.*) *En passant mon cher*, I could not forego the pleasure of just calling for a how do you do—We see nothing of you now at court—What can be the reason?—To be sure, you are going to night to see the grand Opera of Dido—Oh! there will be such magnificent scenery—*spectacle a ravir, mon ami*.

President. No, no, Baron, I have scenes enow in my own house to take up my attention—You come very *a propos*; for I want to speak to you about some matters, which if they fall out as I apprehend, must inevitably ruin both you and me forever.

Baron. *Bon Dieu*.—What is all this?—Tell me quickly.

President. As I said before, ruin both you and me forever.—In a word, then, you know my project in regard to Ferdinand and Lady Milford—You know too, after what has passed, of what importance it is to us, that this connection should take place—But I see no probability of it; for the Major flies off.

Baron. Flies off?—What!—Change his mind? *Que diable!*—I have mentioned it to the whole court—No one talks of any thing else.

President. Yes—and for ought I know, you will have to pass in the eyes of the whole court for a notorious liar.—He is in love with some one else.

Baron. *Ah! vous badinez*—In love with another!—What does that signify?

President. Signify! Not a straw, I know that very well; but with Ferdinand it is an insurmountable bar.

Baron. Is it possible?—*Mepriser sa fortune de telle maniere!*—Not have Lady Milford?



*President.* Only ask him the question ; and you will hear what he has to say ?

*Baron.* *Parbleu !*—What can he have to say ?

*President.* Mindheim, we must take care of ourselves—Ferdinand threatens to discover the iniquitous means, by which we have got advanced ;—and to reveal the several forgeries of which we have been guilty.—In short, I do not know what will become of us, if you don't help us out.

*Baron.* *Diantre !*—What ! betray us !—*Nous livrer dans les mains de la justice ?*—Oh ? what can I do to avert this blow ?—*Mais dites mon cher.*

*President.* And I forgot to tell you another piece of news ; and that is, that the young French favourite, Monsieur de Monville has it in contemplation, to pay his addresses to her Ladyship—You know he is liked at court ;—There can be no doubt of his success—Then he will look prettily over our heads.

*Baron.* *Vous m'enragez*—Monville ?—What ?—My mortal foe ?

*President.* (*Hardly able to conceal his pleasure at hearing this.*) Whose mortal foe ?

*Baron.* Did you never hear of that damned trick he played me the other night at the Opera ? We are at this time absolutely at drawn daggers. Monville marry Lady Milford ?—*Sacre !*

*President.* I never heard of this affair before—But we'll speak more about it another time.

*Baron.* A French *petit maitre*, who came here from Paris *pas un Louis d'or dans la poche*—to be advanced to such a rank—*Que le diable l'emporte !*

*President.* Well, Mindheim, this is the man, that is to marry Lady Milford ; and who is to be the first person at court.

*Baron.* *Mon cher President*—This will indeed be my *coup de grace* ;—But, don't you know any

means, whereby we might prevent this impending storm?—Be it ever so difficult, we will attempt it—*Grand Dieu!*—What would I not do *de chagriner ce coquin de Monville?*

*President.* I know but one thing; and that rests with you.

*Baron.* (*Rejoiced*) With me!—*mille graces*—Do but name it.

*President.* To create a breach between Ferdinand and his girl.

*Baron.* I create a breach?—But how?

*President.* If once by any ways or means, we be able to create in Ferdinand's mind a suspicion of the girl's fidelity, success is at hand.

*Baron.* Do you mean that I should elope with her?

*President.* No, no—something deeper than all that—No such shallow plans—He might then suppose, that she was carried off by force,—No, Baron, we must manage so, that conviction of her falsehood must even stare him in the face; and he must be sure of having a rival—and you are to be this rival.

*Baron.* *De tout mon cœur*—She is of good family and rank, I take for granted.

*President.* Indeed she is not—but what is that to the purpose?—She is the daughter of Miller the music master.

*Baron.* *Comment!*—*Bourgeoise!*—Oh! that will never do for me—*mon cher President.* Consider a man of my consequence and reputation at court.

*President.* (*Very cool.*) Well, well, Baron, just as you please for that—To me it is a matter of little importance—I congratulate Monville on his good fortune in being likely to be made prime minister—I shall instantly resign all my employments, and leave the court.

Baron. *Et moi mon cher*, what is to become of me? You may well talk thus--having been brought up to the bar, you can help yourself any where; but, as for me, *que faire !--Que devenir !*

President. I cannot help that--You will not do as I would have you.

Baron. *Mais oui*--any thing--tell me only what I should do.

President. Will you consent to give your name for a rendezvous--I mean, will you suffer a supposed letter to be directed to you by this Louisa Miller's own hand?

Baron. I will.

President. And will you so manage as to throw it into Ferdinand's way, that he may find it; and, seeing that it comes from her, think himself deceived?

Baron. *Par exemple*--I'll call on him some time to morrow, and so pull it out of my pocket as *par hazard* with my handkerchief; and yet not seem to know it.

President. And, if requisite, will you play your part of the lover as you ought to do?

Baron. To be sure I will--*Je suis au fait de tout ce qui regade l'amour.*

President. Well, then, all will do; and we are friends again--To night you will call for the letter--You know the rest, Mindheim.

Baron. (*Taking out a card*) I have now just a dozen visits to make *de la derniere importance*.--*Celles faites, je ne manquerai pas de me rendre ici sur le champ.* (Exit.

President. (*Calling after him*) I depend upon your exactness Baron.

Baron. (*returning, he replies with an air of self-conceit*) *Mais vous me connoissez mon cher President.* (Exit

SCENE III.—PRESIDENT *and* WORM.

*Worm.* Miller and his wife are secured—Now will it please your Excellency just to read over this letter, that I have drawn up?

*President.* (*Having read it*) Charming!—Incomparable!—Worm—it will do vastly well—have at last got the Baron to come into our plans; but, not without a great deal of difficulty—Well, now, Worm, you know what you have to do—Fly immediately to Louisa; and if you manage matters there, as you expect; I say, that you are a much cleaverer fellow, than I took you for.

(*Exeunt on several sides.*)

SCENE IV.—*A Room in MILLER'S House.*

*The Scene discovers FERDINAND and LOUISA.*

*Louisa.* Cease, dearest Ferdinand?—My mind is cast in sorrow's gloomy mould; and now I cannot even think of things, which were wont to raise my heart, however sad; and delighted my very soul beyond all power of speech:—Yes, Ferdinand, thou wert indeed once my darling theme. When night's soft slumbers composed my mind, thou wert the subject of my happy dreams:—The morning gave me fresh delight; and all the live long day was joy and bliss:—But, now the sence is changed—far other objects must engage my heart; and other duties must engross my mind—I do not so much as think of happy days again—All my hopes are sunk.

*Ferdinand.* And mine are raised. My father is highly irritated, and will do his utmost to thwart us. But, hear, Louisa—a thought, just now, vast and immense as my own boundless passion, crowds on my troubled mind.—Thou Louisa, I and love—Is not all Heaven contained—

*Louisa.* (*Stopping him*) I shudder at thy thought I see where it extends.

*Ferdinand.* Why so, my lovely girl? What is the world to us?—Its views were never suited to our minds—Why seek its cold approval?—Why court its favour, or why beg its smiles?—Rather, with hearts elate, and dignified souls, let us look down with pity on their confined schemes; and soar above them with becoming pride, into the realms of rectitude and justice; conscious, that all our actions proceed from virtue and irrefragable truths; surpassing far their bounded notions and their shallow views—(*with the utmost tenderness*) Will not our affection increase with our increasing years?—Will not that heavenly eye as softly glisten, and as sweetly rove, whether we traverse rocks and burning sands; or cross the Rhine or Elbe, or ev'n the Baltic Sea?—That country's mine where my Louisa's blest; where she can return my passion without fear; where no controul shall mar our promised joy; where no parent's frown shall check each gladdened scene; but both our bosoms heave with mutual bliss.

*Louisa.* My faithful Ferdinand, think of this plan no more—It can never be—I have other duties to fulfil. Let not that voice, to which I have ever listened with delight, now breathe a thought, to sanction disobedience.

*Ferdinand.* Whither we wander, wheresoe'er we go, Heaven will protect us in the hour of need—With minds awake to our Creator's praise; With hearts uplifted to His glorious throne, together will we tread the walk of life:—Whithersoe'er we bend our lonely steps, a sun will rise to cheer the morning's dawn; a sun will set to gild the evening's calm, and settle comfort in our happy breasts; and, should it please high Heaven's Almighty hand, to snatch us from this orbit here below, shall we not meet in purer realms above, where time no limit knows, nor bliss alloy; where the fond tear of parting is not felt; nor

dire misfortune's pang is ever known?—(*Seeing Louisa in tears.*) Divine Louisa! Why those tears?—I have but told thee what our fate might be, if thou wouldst not refuse admittance to these rays of perfect bliss.

*Louisa.* Hast thou no other duty to fulfil?

*Ferdinand.* Thy repose and peace are my very first?

*Louisa.* (*Earnestly.*) Then thou must leave me—I have a father, who is wrapped up in me, his only child—To-morrow he will be sixty years of age—Should I leave the poor old man a victim to the President's rage; and rob him of his only joy on earth? It will not bear the thought—My Faulkener, thou wouldest not have me?

*Ferdinand.* Oh! let thy apprehension cease—He shall not be left a victim to my father's rage—Louisa, I have friends, to whom I could confide my life—they shall watch o'er thy father's safety; and under their protection he shall be secure against every possible injury or affront.—At one o'clock in the morning a chaise shall stop upon the plain, and thou, my love, wilt mark the time:—Then, in the dead of night, when father, mother, all are hushed to rest, then, Louisa, wake for me!—That moment we will fly.

*Louisa.* Yes; with thy father's curse attending us—with our own conscience, stern reproach—two dreadful curses, Ferdinand, which will pursue us in our every step; and serve to alienate our boasted bliss:—Though my heart's fondest wish would then be sealed, through life to press thee to my doating breast—Though the world's giddy joy I should despise, possessing thee, sole spring of all my hopes; yet, my beloved, if this can never be, without incurring my dear father's wrath and anger—If these bright scenes of joy can ne'er be tasted, save by the breach of every filial



tie ; then must I an arduous task perform, and try to sum up all my power and strength, to bear the loss of all I have on earth.

*Ferdinand. (With great emotion.)* And wilt thou—canst thou thus coolly give me up a prey to misery?—Canst thou thus plunge the dagger to my heart ; then, bid me live?—Oh ! thy regard for me is cool indeed.

*Louisa.* That to thy Louisa, Ferdinand!—*(Pointing to her heart.)* Is it not sufficiently torn here without inflicting any additional wounds?—Oh ! look but kinder ; nor bite thy nether lip, as if thou wert in wrath ; for I am but ill prepared to bear thy frowns, whilst my heart bleeds at what is now to pass.—We are now to part—I am now about to lose thee?—for ever too—*(Ferdinand looks wild.)* Forever to separate those bonds of amity and love, which have so long sustained me in the hour of woe ! 'tis too much—enough to turn my very brain.

*Ferdinand. (His looks become more and more uneasy, till they denote a violent agitation of mind.)*

*Louisa.* I alone am culpable—my giddy mind flattered itself with hopes by far too rash and too presumptuous—But my misery is my punishment.—Ferdinand, let me by my example animate thy drooping and departing courage. Let me restore to a father his long lost child ; and forget an alliance, which the vast disparity of our situations in life obliges me ever to renounce—Oh ! look not so, my beloved ; believe me, mine is a harder task than thine.

*Ferdinand.* Peace, peace, my love !—My mind is on the rack—every pulse seems to cease to beat : being in me is as it were suspended. *(Falling against the scene.)*

*Louisa. Falling on his bosom.)* But be advised—Thy rebellious bosom will soon be calm—This is

an hour that demands thy being collected.—Ferdinand it is our parting hour (*Weeping*) Thou hast a heart—I know it—Give it to a better and to a more deserving person—Whoever possesses it, will not envy the happiest of her sex :—Me shalt thou see no more—The lost Louisa shall consume her life in sorrow and in tears—Think no more of her—Ferdinand, what are now my prospects of futurity ?—Think'st thou not I shall now and then dwell on the fading picture of past scenes ?—Yes, my beloved, the thought of past days will constitute my soul delight—And ere we part, accept this sacred vow from thy Louisa's lips, that she never will be another's bride, since fate denies her to be thine. (*Bursts out of the room.*)

*Ferdinand.* (*With agitation falling on his knee.*) Divine Louisa !—Another word !

*Louisa.* (*Returning.*) 'Tis true—this is your due (*She falls upon his neck and embraces him*) This and no more, Faulkener ! dearest Faulkener, a long farewell ! (*Is going, but under the sudden impulse of tenderness she rushes once more into his arms, and clasps him with warmth.*) Eternal Providence protect thy ways ! (*is going.*)

*Ferdinand.* (*In the accents of despair*) Louisa, stay ! In the name of the All-wise, I do implore thee, stay !—We cannot, must not part—Thy father shall go with us ; and we will all fly together—Oh ! think of this, Louisa—To-morrow, early I'll be here to learn thy last resolves—But, remember what thy sentence bears—Thy Ferdinand's fate is now suspended by thy decree—Thou either bringst him life ; or worse than death. (*Exit hastily.*)

SCENE V.—LOUISA alone. (*Sitting down.*)

*Louisa.* (*Looking after him with affection*) Oh Faulkener ! Faulkener ! What a heart is thine !—

Warm as life is thy love ;—(*pause*) Oh, Heavens ! if I look forward, what a dreadful view !—'Tis now I feel with innate force, the hardest and severest lot, that can befall the human race—To live in the world with a susceptible heart, and yet not dare to feel—The fate is hard, beyond conception hard——'Tis this, that swells the note of woe—'Tis this, that wakes keen agony's nerve,——But, where can my father stay so long ? He promised me to return within the space of half an hour ; and yet five tedious hours are since elapsed. Should any accident have prevented his return—Why am I so alarmed ? (*Enter Worm unperceived*) 'Tis only the effect of my agitated mind.

SCENE VI.—LOUISA and WORM.

*Worm.* Good evening, Miss Miller.

*Louisa.* Heavens ! what voice was that ?—(*perceiving Worm, she starts back with surprise*) If you are looking for the President, sir, he has been gone many hours ago.

*Worm.* No, Miss, I am looking for you.

*Louisa.* For me ?——Pray what is at your service ?

*Worm.* I am sent to you by your father.

*Louisa.* (*Alarmed.*) By my father !—Where is my father ?

*Worm.* Where he does not wish to be.

*Louisa.* For God's sake, tell me quickly where he is, and ease my tortured mind.

*Worm.* In prison then, if you must know.

*Louisa.* (*Looking towards Heaven.*) Mighty God ?—And was there need of this too ?——But why in prison ?

*Worm.* By order of the Prince, for disrespect towards his minister.

*Louisa.* By order of the Prince for disrespect

towards his minister?—Have you heard aught of Ferdinand too?

*Worm.* He is to choose Lady Milford, or his father's irrevocable curse.

*Louisa.* Dreadful alternative!—My father in prison—the beloved of my heart forced to choose Lady Milford or his father's irrevocable curse (*sighing deeply*) And where is my mother, sir?

*Worm.* In prison too.

*Louisa* (*With anguish*) Good Heavens! To the very dregs must I then sip the cup of bitterness?—Eternal Powers!—Sustain my feeble frame—My fate is now complete—Now I am exempt from each attractive tie on earth—(*a long pause*) Have you any more tidings to communicate?—You may speak freely; for, now I can hear any thing you have to say--

*Worm.* What is past you know—(*With a malicious smile.*)

*Louisa.* Therefore not what is still to come—(*looking at Worm with great contempt*) Poor wretch!—what a miserable trade is yours!—It can never answer your purpose—To make a fellow creature wretched, is terrible enough; but, with a hardened face; nay with a pleasure too, to communicate the tale of grief—this is horrible indeed—In the very ear of the unfortunate to sound the hideous note of woe; and smile at misery's shriek—to see the human heart torn with restless fury, and bleeding in it's tenderest parts; and yet applaud the pang!—Oh Nature! Nature!--art thou indeed so base?—Have I heard all?

*Worm.* Ask me no more questions.

*Louisa.* Creature of malice!--were you not brought up in the school of cruelty?—Else, where did you learn thus dextrously to wield the weapon of destruction?—First with the tyger's stern fero-

cious eye to view the destined prey in all its parts ; and, having found the weakest, there aim the deadly blow—Oh Heavenly Powers !—that man can thus so far descend to copy the brute creation's arts !—Now tell me all ; for in that dark and plotting face I see you still have something in reserve—Pronounce it straight—what fate awaits my father ?

*Worm.* A criminal process.

*Louisa.* A criminal process !—a little more explicit if you please.

*Worm.* He must be tried for life or death.

*Louisa.* Thanks, sir, for this intelligence—  
(*running into an adjoining room*)

*Worm.* (*Rather alarmed*) What can she purpose ?—She surely cannot think of—I'll follow her—I must take care, that she does not lay violent hands upon her life——(*following Louisa, who just enters with a cloak under her arm.*)

*Louisa.* You will excuse me, Mr. Secretary but I always lock these doors after me.

*Worm.* And where are you going, Miss Miller ?

*Louisa.* To his Highness this moment (*going.*)

*Worm.* Where ?—When ? (*confused.*)

*Louisa.* To his Highness the Prince, I tell you—To that same Prince who will try my father for life or death.—No—not will, but must—because one or two villainous wretches choose, in order to serve their own infamous purposes, to blast the brow of innocence with criminal fraud and guilt.

*Worm.* (*Forcing a laugh*) To the Prince ?—Ha ! ha ! ha !—Well ! that is not a bad joke.

*Louisa.* Think you then, most fraudulent wretch, I do not understand your laugh ?—Yes I know it well—but hear—I want no pity from his Highness' hands.—Princes I have been told, whose wishes at all times are fulfilled as soon as known,



are ignorant what misery is—therefore I'll haste to the Prince this moment,—I'll paint the subject in its most bold and glaring colours ; and in his ear I'll shriek what misery is—Despair's all-he-dious sounds shall re-echo through his heart—The voice of wretchedness shall pierce his frame, and penetrate his very soul—and if he start not at the glowing tale ; and if his hair should not yet stand an end, I'll tell him still another truth, that there will be a period, when time shall have unplumed the pageantry of grandeur, and withered the arm of power—that, in the hour of death, which soon or late must once arrive, the lungs even of Princes will begin to fail them, to gasp and pant for vent ; that, under ground precedence's a jest—there prince, monarch, beggar, side by side consume. (*Going.*)

*Worm.* (*Maliciously friendly.*) Oh go by all means—I advise you to it ; for I give you my word, that his Highness will comply.

*Louisa.* What is that you say ? (*Returning*) What shall I do ?—I surely ought not to go, since this wretch advises me to it—(*To Worm*) How do know that the Prince will comply ?

*Worm.* Oh ! You wont find his compliance to be altogether gratis.

*Louisa.* What price think you that he will fix upon his kindness ?

*Worm.* (*Significantly.*) The fair suppliant herself will be the price sufficient.

*Louisa.* (*Understanding his meaning.*) Most righteous God !—Oh ye poor great !—How are ye encompassed and hemmed in by your crimes and vices !—The light of truth shines not to your debased minds :—May Heaven assist you father ! your Louisa has always considered what she owes you :—She would willingly give up her life for you, but not her virtue.



*Worm.* His last words to me were these—  
“ My Louisa has pulled me down to the ground :  
my Louisa will stretch forth her hand of comfort,  
and help me up again.”—I must go, Miss, to let  
him know your answer. (*As if going.*)

*Louisa.* Oh ! stay—a moment longer stay—  
“ I pulled him down to the ground ; and 'tis I,  
that must help him up again”—Great God !—  
What can I do ? (*To Worm with an imploring voice*)  
Oh speak !—Say !—What can I—what must I  
do ?

*Worm.* I know but of one thing.

*Louisa.* And what is that ?

*Worm.* What your father wishes too.

*Louisa.* What my father wishes too—Oh !  
quickly name it.

*Worm.* To set the Major free.

*Louisa.* Of his love do you mean ?—Is this a  
time for jest ?—Is it for me to root out passion  
from the Major's heart, or change his mould of  
mind ?

*Worm.* Miss, that is not what is meant—The  
Major must of his own accord forsake you.

*Louisa.* That he will never do—As soon may  
you with one shake stir yon temple's rocky base.

*Worm.* That we will try—only please to sit  
down.

*Louisa.* Wretch, what are you hatching now ?

*Worm.* Only set down at this table—Here are  
pen, ink, and paper.

*Louisa.* (*Sitting down in the utmost perturbation of mind.*) What shall I write ?—To what  
purpose ?

*Worm.* To redeem your father's life.

*Louisa.* Serpent ! you know how to writhe and  
wind yourself about the heart.

*Worm.* (*Dictating the letter.*) Sir—

*Louisa.* (*Writes trembling.*)

*Worm.* “What an age, my beloved, does it appear to me to be, since last we fondly met.”

*Louisa.* (*Starting up and laying down the pen.*) To whom is this letter written?

*Worm.* To the decider of your father's fate.

*Louisa.* (*Sighing deeply.*) From his decision lies there no appeal?

*Worm.* None—“But be careful when you come again; for the Major watches me all the day long with jealous eyes”—

*Louisa.* (*Hastily rising.*) A mere knavish trick, hitherto unparalleled.—What purpose is this letter to answer?

*Worm.* To redeem your father's life.

*Louisa.* (*Wringing her hands.*) Merciful Father!—Had it but pleased thee to render my fate less hard!—Why am I thus grievously oppressed?—Why tossed to and fro betwixt the dreadful gulfs of horror and despair?—And, above all, subject to this bloody-minded devil's cursed arts? My mind will soon become so desperate; as not to care what dire futurity dares to menace or portend—(*To Worm.*) Do what you will,—I'll not write another word.

*Worm.* Very well, Miss—that must be as you please—(*Takes his hat.*)

*Louisa.* As I please do you say?—Barbarian! hear—What!—lead a wretch forlorn up to the mount's stupendous height; and, having hurled him down the fatal precipice beneath, you call out to him to help himself as he can?—Obdurate man!—Too well you know, that the heart by nature's bent and instinct, is more closely tied, than by the strongest iron links—Go on—I'll write what you will—it is now alike to me—I have done thinking—(*Sits down again to write.*)

*Worm.* “ Watches me all the day long with jealous eyes.”—Have you gotten that ?

*Louisa.* Yes, yes,—Go on—Go on

*Worm.* “ Yesterday the President came here—It was really a good joke to see, how honest the Major was in defending my honour.”

*Louisa.* Admirable indeed !

*Worm.* “ For fear of bursting out into a fit of laughter, I made him believe that I was going to faint.”

*Louisa.* Oh Heavens !

*Worm.* “ But the mask will soon become insupportable—It must ere long drop off—All that I wish for, is, to escape from him, and rush into your arms.”

*Louisa.* (*Looking at him with the height of contempt.*) “ And rush into your arms.”

*Worm.* “ This to-morrow I shall be able to effect ; provided you come just as he leaves me, and stop at our usual place of rendezvous—you know where.”—Have you gotten “ you know where.”

*Louisa.* (*With the deepest anguish*) Yes, I have got all.

*Worm.* “ And you shall meet—Your affectionate  
——LOUISA.”——

*Louisa.* Now for the direction.

*Worm.* To Baron Mindheim.

*Louisa.* Merciful Father !—A name as foreign to my ear, as are these horrid lines to my heart—(*A pause, during which she looks at the letter with an eye of horror*) I see the fatal fruit of this—No matter—It must be done—’Tis to save a father’s life : And are not a father’s claims more valid than a lover’s ? (*Greatly agitated by the conflict of duty and passion*) Was ever fate thus cruel ?—Oh ! Power of rectitude ? quickly nerve my staggering mind ; and firmly fix its great resolve ! (*Another short pause*) ’Tis over !—The struggle is past !—(*Giving*

*Worm the letter in a faint and almost exhausted voice*) Here, sir,—Here it is—Here is my innocent name—Here sir, take this scrawl, the grave of Faulkener's peace, and of all my happiness in life—(*Having given it*) and now I am a beggar.

*Worm.* Do not say so, Miss Miller—Do not despair—I am sorry to see your affliction—Who knows but that I may be able sufficiently to apologize for certain actions, which at present may calumniate me in your eyes; but which will soon wear a different aspect.

*Louisa.* (*Interrupting him*) Have we done, sir? —May the bird spread its wings and fly?

*Worm.* Not quite yet, Miss—There is still another small trifle—You must now come along with me; and take a solemn oath, that this letter was not exacted from you by force; but that it was the result of your own free will and pleasure.

*Louisa.* (*Starting with horror*) Eternal Providence!—Must I then fix thy seal, in order to guard and preserve the very works of hell?—(*a pause, then animated*) But, fiend accursed, lead on!—and drag me where you will—Let me, all trembling, grasp the sacred writ; and, with all the daughter glowing in my soul, press the bless'd transcript to my quivering lips—Regardless, then, of each terrestrial tie, my frantic mind will rave till all be o'er—Come, let me haste to take this dreadful oath; and part with every treasure I possess—And, should mild justice, shocked, my arm arrest; and bid me pause, ere I seal Faulkener's fate; then shall my voice on highest pinions soar—with the wild shriek of madness and despair, I'll hollow the sweet sounds of filial love—'tis to redeem my sire, and die content.

(*Exit. Worm following.*)

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room at the PRESIDENT'S House.*

*On one side FERDINAND enters violently agitated, with a letter open in his hand; on the other a*  
SERVANT.

*Ferdinand.* Has not the Baron been here yet?

*Servant.* Sir, his Excellency the President is just enquiring for you.

*Ferdinand.* Damnation! I ask you whether the Baron has not yet been here?

*Servant.* No, Sir, he has not—His Excellency, Sir, is actually waiting for you.

*Ferdinand.* Tell him I'll come by and by.

*(Exit Servant.)*

SCENE II.—FERDINAND *alone.*

*(Running over the letter, staring wildly, and furiously agitated.)*

And can it be—can that heavenly frame contain such an infernal heart?—That seemingly beautiful structure, that apparently angelic composition to prove a monument of fraud and deceit?—Impossible! it can never be—And yet, if angels descended from above, to vouch for her truth, it is her hand—If heaven and earth were roused to bear witness to her innocence it is her hand.—Accursed guile!—This was the reason why she so obstinately opposed our flight—It was for this—O heavens!—now I awake; and all is clear—It was for this that she gave up all claim to my love with so much heroism and force—But thus to distract me all at once; and plunge me into misery's extreme!—*(Thoughtful)* And were all those tremors, those sudden agitations all affected? *(Passionately)* Could each warm



fiery emotion ;—those tears of tenderness ;—each tumultuous bosom's heave be forced ?—Impossible !—I'll not believe it ;—When my heart by warmth extreme was insensibly pitched on love's refined and sublimest heights—even there we also met ; and to every emotion of affection did not her heart beat responsive to mine ?—(*Walking up and down the room in great agitation*)—And this was all grimace !—Then what I thought the soft heaving bosom of love, was but a labouring form, wildly agitated, to dupe my easy unsuspecting mind ; and to light the flame of madness in my brain !—Damnation !—(*Striking his forehead.*) If falsehood and guile be so specious and attractive, why comes it to pass, that devils do not force their way through Heaven's blessed portals ?—With purity's own dignity did she not ward off my Father's insolence and affronts ?—And yet culpable she was—(*pause*) The hypocrite could even faint too—Oh sensibility !—what will now be thy language ; and how art thou to be known or understood ?—Innocence !—how wilt thou defend thyself, when vipers catch thy heavenly notes ; and array themselves in thy white robes of truth ?—Yes, she affected to faint in these arms—But coquettes sometimes can faint—Strumpets too can faint—(*in thought*) She knew her power, and used it for her purpose well—When my bosom glowed with ecstasy and love—when my soul hung with rapture on her charms ; and when, deluded fool, I thought to clasp all Heaven in her celestial form, Great God !—Did she all the while—Impossible—It can never be—And when, buried in her chaste embrace, I thought to revel in the very bliss of Paradise—when the world vanished from my view ; and when I dreamt of nought but eternity and her, could her heart be totally insensible to each soul denoting mark, that my rapt mind bespoke ?—



Could she then too think of guile and damned deceit?—Heavens !—In that perfect hour did she nothing feel?—Oh yes !—She felt the triumph of her arts—she felt her fraud succeed !----She gloried in her guilt !

SCENE III—BARON MINDHEIM and FERDINAND.

*Baron.* You were so good as to send me word, *mon cher ami*, that you wished to speak to me.

*Ferdinand.* (*Aside*) Yes——to break your bones for you——(*to the Baron*) Baron, you must have dropt this letter here this moning; otherwise, I cannot conceive, how it could have fallen into my hands; for I was by chance the lucky finder.

*Baron.* You !—(*Appearing surprised*) Dear me !——I am astonished.

*Ferdinand.* Pshaw! Pshaw !——Read it—You will find it worth the while—(*Giving the letter to the Baron, who pretends to run it over; during which time Ferdinand goes to a drawer for a pair of pistols.*)

*Baron.* (*Seeing what Ferdinand is about, he throws the letter upon the table; and is for taking to his heels.*)

*Ferdinand.* (*Taking him by the arm*) Not quite so soon, my dear Baron—Good news, in that letter, I perceive—Remember there is postage yet to pay—(*Shewing him the pistols*)

*Baron.* (*Frightened and stepping back*) You have not lost your senses, Major?

*Ferdinand.* No--No--I have senses enow left to settle matters with you--Here, sir, take one of these pistols immediately.

*Baron.* One of those pistols?——Are you mad, Major?

*Ferdinand.* Directly take one of them; or I'll break your bones for you this instant—See how the cowards trembles !—(*The Baron makes another attempt to run away*) Hold! a little patience——(*Bars the door*)

*Baron.* But surely not in a room.

*Ferdinand.* Oh--that matters not--but no dallying for me—Present, I say.

*Baron.* To be sure, so hopeful a young man will not risk his precious life in this manner.—*Mon cher* Major, be advised.

*Ferdinand.* Take your aim this moment, scoundrel; for I have nothing more to do in this world.

*Baron.* But I have a great deal, my excellent young man.

*Ferdinand.* You?—Blockhead—you much to do?—Caricature of ribaldry and folly?

*Baron.* Any thing that you like—only take those pistols away.

*Ferdinand.* How the fellow stands shaking!—Would it not be an insult to the creation to lay hands on such a deplorably pitiful wretch?—A baboon, the very refuse of our kind?—Not one idea to distinguish between right and wrong---a frenchified fop, brought hither, like the court fools of old, to amuse their sovereign; and to give us some faint idea of the last and most despicable order of mankind?—And this creature to possess her heart?—With this animal to inhabit the regions of love?—With this insect, this brute, to exchange the language of passion?—Oh Heavens!—Let me not think on it---a being, who is a shame to our sex; born, more to alienate, than to create, affection.

*Baron.* Thank God!--he has lost his senses——*C'est bien pour moi*——What would I give to be about a hundred miles off!--any where but not with him.

*Ferdinand.* But, rascal!--if her honour be not clear---Scoundrel!--if her purity be stained;---(*enraged*) 'twere better for you never to have been born;—'twere better for you to fly to Hell's remotest parts, than to meet my awakened rage---(*With the voice of terror*) Wretch! how far have you prevailed with her!--Villain!--confess.

*Baron.* Let me but go and I will tell you all.

*Ferdinand.* This moment, rascal ! or I let go (*holding the pistol to his breast*) Confess, or you breathe your last.

*Baron.* A moment's patience, and I'll tell you all---it is all nothing---a mere story---You are deceived---imposed upon---*ma foi*.

*Ferdinand.* Wretch !---do you dare to remind me of that too ?---(*Going to lay hold of him*)

*Baron.* *Mon dieu* !---if you would but hear me ---Your Father---I say your father.

*Ferdinand.* (*Interrupting him*) My father ? (*softening a little*) My father ?---What about my father ?

*Baron.* You rave, *mon cher* Major, I never saw her---I know nothing of her---nothing in the whole world.

*Ferdinand.* Never saw her ?---Know nothing of her ?---Away infamous liar !---(*Pushing him out of the Room*) Louisa's lost !

#### SCENE IV.---FERDINAND *alone*.

(*A long silence, during which Ferdinand's looks betray an extreme horror of mind*) It must be done---this rebellious heart calls aloud for retribution, and must have dire revenge !---Revenge ?---On whom ?---On her, who was my highest joy, my only bliss on earth ?---On her who alone of all creatures living could sway my mind, or charm my soul to rest ?---And is it her blood, that I must seek ?---Oh horrid, horrid fate ! (*Pause*) And yet, it must be done---Lost, lost Louisa !---Yes, unfortunate one, thou art lost ; but, am I not also lost ?---I am indeed---And if I be, by Heavens ! so art thou---Most righteous Judge !---she was my all---The world entire did I for her give up---And yet---O God !---She has roused my very soul ; and all nature within me loudly demands revenge---But

my arm is weak and faint, and knows not how to lift the murderous weapon—To sweep from earth a flower so lovely and so prime—to cut her off in all her blooming days; ere time's correcting hand has formed her youth, and given her feeble mind a proper mould!—'Tis torture, 'tis death to me—But, what!—Shall I then let her live?—Shall I be doomed to hear her make a laugh of Faulkener's credulous mind; and see her with impetuous warmth rush into her paramour's arms?—Distraction!—(*Striking his forehead*) Oh! for the gleaming dagger's point to hurl her to swift destruction, and quickly to open to her view eternity's tremendous scene!—(*Starting*) Eternity!—dread thought!—Faulkener!—Faulkener! that comes home—But, it must be done. (*is going out, but meets the President*)

SCENE V.—PRESIDENT and FERDINAND.

*President.* Son! I am glad to meet you here; for I have agreeable news to tell you—Something, which, I am sure, will surprise you.

*Ferdinand.* (*Affectionately*) Sir!—My father—(*looking at him with great emotion; then falls on his knee and kisses his father's hand.*) Oh my dear father!

*President.* What disturbs you, Ferdinand?—Your hand trembles and burns.

*Ferdinand.* Oh Sir!—can you pardon my ingratitude towards you?—I have abused your kindness, and entailed a curse upon myself—I am indeed a miserable wretch—Your motives were all so affectionate—Your mind was so prophetic—But, now it is too late—Your pardon, sir,—Do not reject an unhappy youth for his first offence towards you—Mine was an error of judgment; and I know, sir, you are always ready to forgive any, that does not proceed from the heart.

*President.* Rise, my son—I do not understand you—What mystery lurks beneath your words?

*Ferdinand. (Rising.)* Louisa Miller, sir,—Oh! how am I to tell you all?—Your rage was so properly founded—Your objections so solid—so fatherly warm—Oh sir, Louisa.

*President.* Ferdinand, do not torture me in this manner—*(feigning not to understand him)* I am heartily sorry for my behaviour towards her; but, I hope to make amends for every harsh word I uttered—I am come to conciliate matters; and restore all harmony and joy—Why do you look so wild, my son, as if the news were unwelcome to you?

*Ferdinand.* Conciliate matters?—Heavenly Powers!—look with an eye of pity down—your mercy here extend—lest my heart-strings should crack, and reason leave her seat—Oh my father!—How shall I tell you?—This Louisa—

*President.* Is a charming and a lovely girl—I recall every suspicion, which I too hastily harboured—She has acquired my fullest esteem; and I come to give my consent to your immediate union.

*Ferdinand.* Our immediate union?—Father of Heaven! heardst thou that?—Our union? *(starting)* Where?—On the wheel of damnation?—There amidst our groans and howls—with my wild rolling eyes fixed upon her tortured frame, twisting ourselves into a thousand hideous shapes to get from the infernal rack?

*President. (Stopping him.)* Ferdinand, what are you thinking of?—Does your joy overpower you?—Believe me, I never meant to deal hardly by you—Louisa shall soon be my daughter—I reckon her virtue for parentage; and her



beauty for gold (*Ferdinand's wild and staring looks shew that his mind teems with some horrid purpose*)—But, son, why do you look so wild?—Your stare terrifies me—All my former interested views yield to my strong affection for you ; and we now embrace, as having but one common pursuit after happiness. (*Embracing Ferdinand.*

*Ferdinand.* (*Tearing himself from his father's arms*) It must be done—and I'll about it straight—(*turning to his father*) Happiness, did you name?—Oh that the mother earth would swallow me ; and take me to her cheering bosom!—for, whilst my pulse beats, horror will be in every throb. (*Brusting out of the room.*

(*President.* (*Alone.*) All has operated to my wishes—he has by this time seen the letter ; and is raving about Louisa's perfidy—Rave on, my hot brained youth—Ere long you will be calm again—He little suspects the author of his troubles ; nor mean I, that he should—Now my prospects begin to brighten ; for, now I have no doubt of his accepting Lady Milford's hand ; and thereby crowning my fondest wish. (*Exit.*

SCENE. VI—*A splendid apartment at Lady Milford's*

*Enter LADY MILFORD and SOPHY.*

*Lady Milford.* You saw her then Sophy !—Is she coming ?

*Sophy.* She is madam—She said, that she would wait upon your Ladyship this moment.

*Lady Milford.* like a criminal do I tremble at the thought of seeing this happy one—And how did she take the message ?

*Sophy.* At first she seemed greatly surprised—looked at me ; then was silent for a minute ;—at length she said—“ My respects to her Ladyship, and I will do myself the honour of waiting on her immediately.”



*Lady Milford.* I am quite uneasy—If I find in her nothing but what we see in common, I shall be really vexed—If I find more, I shall be miserable.

*Sophy.* But, Madam, this is not the disposition in which a rival ought to find you.—Call to mind your birth, your rank your power—Elevated ideas will give you towering looks.

*Lady. Milford* (*Not having minded her*) What is the fool chattering about?

*Sophy.* (*Rallying her*) Then I suppose your Ladyship being thus superbly dressed to day, with that row of splendid jewels in your hair, is mere chance and accident; and by no means calculated to impress this Miss Miller with an idea of your magnificence, and a sense of her own inferiority.

*Enter SERVANT.*

*Servant.* A young lady, by the name of Miller, Madam.

*Lady Milford.* Desire her to walk up——(*Exit Servant*) *Sophy*, take yourself away——(*Sophy seems unwilling to go*) Do you hear what I say?—I desire you would go this moment——(*Exit Sophy*) I am glad to feel myself thus agitated; and yet I dont know how I shall be able to bear her presence——(*She throws herself on a sofa, which is situated at the end of the room; and assumes an air of the most forbidding dignity.*)

SCENE VII.—*LOUISA and LADY MILFORD.* *Louisa enters with the utmost diffidence; curtesies to Lady Milford, but remains at some distance from her*——*Lady Milford is sitting on the sofa at the lower end of the room—She looks at Louisa with all imaginable hauteur—(a pause.)*

*Louisa.* Madam, I wait upon you agreeably to your Ladyship's desire.

*Lady Milford.* (*Just turning her head*) Oh!——Is it you?——Miss——pray what is your name?

*Louisa.* My name is Miller, Madam?

*Lady Milford.* True—true—I recollect now—the poor music-master's daughter, of whom some one was talking the other day——(*a pause, then aside*) Very interesting, but yet no beauty——(*to Louisa*) Come nearer child!——nearer yet——To be sure, you are not afraid of me?

*Louisa.* Afraid Madam?——No——Sometimes I despise the opinion of the multitude.

*Lady Milford.* (*Aside*) This contumacy she has from him——(*to Louisa*) Your name then is Louisa Miller.

*Louisa.* It is, Madam.

*Lady Milford.* Miss Louisa, I have been told, that you are exceedingly accomplished; and that you possess most attractive qualifications——Indeed all the world says so——and I think all the world is very good authority.

*Louisa.* I confess, Madam, that I know no persons who would think of giving themselves the trouble of speaking of one so insignificant as Louisa Miller.

*Lady Milford.* And how old are you, pray, if I may ask.

*Louisa.* I am eighteen, Madam.

*Lady Milford.* (*Aside*) Eighteen?——the first pulse of passion——what so dangerous?——(*to Louisa*) Miss Louisa, I find myself prepossessed in your favour; and I have a mind to make your fortune——Sophy is going to be married; and I could wish you would come and live with me.

*Louisa.* (*With becoming dignity*) I am as much obliged to your Ladyship for your intended favour, as if I accepted the same.

*Lady Milford.* I beg your pardon, Miss, I did not know you were so proud——I suppose you think those fingers too delicate for work; and pride yourself upon that pretty face of yours——But be advised child——those cheeks are not enamelled

--What would you say, if you found your admirer's attention cease, as soon as your charms and beauties began to fade?

*Lonisa. (With pointed expression.)* Pity the admirer, Madam, who bought a jewel, because it appeared to be set in gold.

*Lady Milford. (Not seeming to have heard her.)* I think you would have no cause for repenting of your determination, if you accepted my offer.

*Louisa.* Pardon me madam, if I presume to differ from you—The houses and palaces of the great are but too often the asylums of the most unbounded luxury and extravagance—Who would give the poor Louisa credit for launching all at once into the perilous contagion, trembling at the same time at the fatal infection?—Or, who would suppose, that Lady Milford, the envied and distinguished Lady Milford, so highly renowned for affluence, splendour, and for every thing, which can possibly contribute in appearance to the purest felicity, should with all these attainments be in reality destitute of that solid happiness, which falls to the lot but of the “pure in heart;” and that her conscience should sometimes prove a scorpion in her breast?—Would your Ladyship, when crossed in any plan or pursuit be able to bear with the placid air of contentment, which would beam from my countenance?—Or, upon your return from any party, hurt or displeased by any occurrence, how could you witness the attractive mien of humble happiness, ever imprinted on my calm and unruffled brow, proceeding from inward satisfaction's smile?—We are all weak, when unsupported by our own esteem—there are times, when the heart, conscious of having acted amiss, dreads a scrutiny—the anvil of gnawing conscience is never cool—the contemplative hour must sometimes exist to a mind of your stamp—the serpent reproach may

sometimes assail you with all its venemous stings ; and your whole bosom may be turned into a scene of perturbation and disquietude—Under the impulse of these dreadful evils, your mind must be singularly endowed, Madam, to be able to view with indifference your attendant Louisa's face, dressed in artless looks of serenity, unclouded by care, unchecked by disappointment ; and boasting the purest bliss of innocence and a heart at peace.

*Lady Milford.* (*Aside*) Intolerable !——but what is still more intolerable, is, that I feel she is right——(*to Louisa*) I do not understand you, child——Your objections to live with me must be strong indeed—I find that you do not choose to name them ; but (*with a threatening air*) I shall discover all, and shall take my just revenge.

*Louisa.* Madam, forgive me ; but I defy your rage :——All your wrath, all your anger will prove unequal to subdue the mind, which conscience strengthens, and which innocence protects—Let the worst come——I am prepared for it——Let the destructive storm of fate bend me even to dejection's lowest ebb, still I shall always find a shelter, to afford me that enviable store of solace, which no power can ever ravish from me—I mean, Madam—the sanctuary within my own heart.

*Lady Milford.* Miss Louisa, you will be most assuredly happy, if you would come and live with me.

*Louisa.* In my opinion, Madam, the mind cannot be better employed than in the pursuit after happiness ; which grand end in life being once attained, our noblest efforts and views ought to be directed to maintain that blessed post, so often sought for, and too oft in vain—The difficulty is achieved in the possession of the object ; and, without doubt, it rests with us to render the

subsequent scenes of life in the highest degree pleasurable and happy, by keeping a constant guard upon our actions and conduct; lest we deviate from the unerring path of rectitude and truth—Happiness, Madam, I hold not to be a whim—It is a jewel of that inestimable value, as to be worthy of our utmost assiduity and our most strenuous exertions.

*Lady Milford. (Aside.)* Faulkener! no wonder thou art caught, if even I am fascinated—(*To Louisa.*) But, surely child, you would not, by living with me, be obliged to set aside those plans you have laid down in order to preserve that happiness, which you so justly prize—I wish you happy, and therefore propose to you this step, which may advance your prospects in life.

*Louisa.* But, Madam, as we advance in life, are we always the happier?—Is content always the concomitant of wealth and state?—If my apprehensions be just, the increase of riches does not in the smallest degree tend to enhance our comforts; but very often to augment our causes of discontent—Let us but watch the peasant's face—Is it not blithsome, gay and easy?—Day after day to him is still the same—Scene after scene is still alike; and yet he lacks for nought—Soon as he wakes, he knows his whole day's work; and his mind turns on that his only care—His labour o'er, homeward he bends his way; and joining his sweet fireside, he feels not a wish uncrowned—But, what is the security to this peasant's bliss?—Is it not his confined mind, his bounded notions, his contracted views?—Nature in him is satisfied, possessing all that she desires—Having each wish of his heart gratified, he cannot ask for more, knowing not what he should demand.

*Lady Milford. (Aside.)* What a Godlike mind!—(*to Louisa*) True, Miss Louisa, but



you have said nothing yet to substantiate your objections to live with me.

*Louisa.* Lady Milford, you said just now, that you wished me happy—then leave me to my humble lot—(*approaching Lady Milford, and with feeling*) Are you happy, Madam?—Does the inward festivity of that heart (*laying her hand on Lady Milford's heart*) answer to this external glitter? (*pointing to the splendour of Lady Milford's dress*)—(*looking at her with great softness*) Is every beat the throb of content; and each tumult the tumult of bliss?—Suppose we were to exchange bosom for bosom—destiny for destiny—and then were I to make a solemn appeal to you to declare the person benefited; on whom, think you, would the decision fall?

*Lady Milford.* (*Much agitated and throwing herself on the sofa*) No, girl, no—this elevation of mind you never could acquire from your father—but I find the lessons of another tutor.

*Louisa.* If in my language you can discern that tutor's instructions, (*with pointed expression*) how came it to pass, Madam, that you just now thought proper to propose to the pupil of such a tutor the offer even of a servant's place?

*Lady Milford.* (*Rising in anger*) Oh! this is no longer to be borne—But hear presumptuous girl—I know all—I am acquainted with all your hellish tricks—but henceforth dare not to look on him with the eye of love; or even to meet from him a glance, which passion may denote—else, fear my fury;—for I am mighty and can do wonders—And, if I be not obeyed; if on him thine eye shoot the faintest beam of love, by the eternal powers I swear you are forever lost.

*Louisa.* Beyond all possible recovery, Madam, when once (*pointedly*) you force him to love you.

*Lady Milford.* I understand you, Miss—but I



am above accepting his love on those terms—I will suppress this shameful passion;—obtain a victory over my own heart, but still defeat your plans—Yes, rocks and mountains will I raise, to sever your fond hearts—a very fury I will rage around you to confute your schemes :—My name like a hideous ghost shall haunt your cursed home ; hold each warm kiss from off your glowing lips, and check each sally in its very birth—then that young blooming form, locked in his arms, panting and trembling in his warm embrace, I will plunder with these destructive hands ; till each attraction cease, and beauty fade——To spoil enjoyment is enjoyment still.

*Louisa.* Oh Lady Milford !—Do not stamp upon your heart a calumny which it does not deserve—As soon as your bosom will have re-assumed its wonted calmness, you will recoil at the dismal effect of passion ; and find yourself unable to put your threats into execution—Be assured, that you will not be inclined to torture a poor creature, who has never done the least thing to injure you ; and whose sole offence is that of having loved—Now, Madam, only see the difference between you and me—I not only feel, but also respect every tumult and emotion of that heart which has been agitated like mine by one common object—In testimony of this assertion—

*Lady Milford.* (*Stopping her and quite softened by Louisa's impressive speech*) No more, sweet girl, lovely, noble, godlike Louisa !—Can you forgive a heart, by fury torn ?—Believe me, there was no meaning in my threats ; for I knew not what I said—Not a single hair upon your head shall be hurt by me—I will cherish you as a friend and as a sister—ask what you will, it shall be granted—your father is poor—here take these jewels, (*Taking some of her jewels from her hair*) take any thing you wish for—I will sell my wardrobe, carri-

ages horses—all, all are yours (*Dropping her voice*) Only renounce him.

*Louisa.* Oh Madam!—were I sure, that you do not hold me in derision; and that you were not accessory to that fatal letter—

*Lady Milford.* What letter?—I know of none—By all that is sacred, I know of no letter.

*Louisa.* No?—(*With great emotion*) Take him then away, Madam—Willingly do I resign to you that man, whom with the very grapples of Hell you could not have wrenched from my bleeding side—But, take him away—the world's no more to me—Unknowingly, perhaps, do you rob Heaven of two lovers; and tear asunder two hearts, which God himself united—Unknowingly, perhaps, do you crush a poor wretch, whom, Heaven created to be happy as well as you—A creature, whose heart is equally susceptible of every tender emotion as your's; a being, who prized the glow and throb of delight with rapture at least as fierce—But, take him away—now he is yours—(*wildly*) Drag him to the altar—Rush into his arms—But, have a care that the ghost of a self murderer do not stalk along the hallowed aisle, to interrupt the marriage rites; and step with violence 'twixt the bridal kiss. (*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.—LADY MILFORD, *alone.*

*Lady Milford.* (*Much agitated; her looks directed to the door, where Louisa went out*) How was that?—What said she Heavens!—those horrid sounds still vibrate in my ear—Take him away—Whom, hapless girl?—The gift of thy last hour?—The dreadful legacy of thy despair?—Eternal God?—Am I then fallen so low—all at once so precipitated from my throne of greatness, as to take advantage of liberality's kind gift?—Nay even a beggar's mite, her last only mite?—Louisa, No—Jane Milford has a mind as well as you; and can renounce a passion, though it should cost her many

a pang—Seducing scenes of love farewell!—Image of Faulkener! for ever quit my sight—To every fond deluding hope, to every golden vision of romantic bliss I bid adieu!—Generosity must be now my guide—Either this fond pair are lost; or I must withdraw all former claims——(*pause*) 'Tis done—I leave the court this day; for, here to stay, after what has passed——that will not even bear a thought——I am resolved—every bar is removed, and every difficulty achieved—Each shameful tie between the Prince and me with a willing hand I break; and draw a curtain upon all past scenes—I'll instantly write to his Highness; and inform him, that, before he receive my letter, I shall have for ever abandoned him and his court——(*With self satisfaction*) The thought how glorious!—The resolve how sweet!—Henceforth, Oh Virtue! be my constant guide; and steer me safely to thy realms of peace: Thy blissful barriers I'll no more o'erleap, but firmly cling to rectitude and truth:—Bear me, Oh! bear me from these baneful climes, where lurking vipers, mental rest corrode; where dire contagion's dart its flight doth wing; frail mortal reaches, and his manners taints; infects his habits, and his mind corrupts:—But if, like, me, by thy bless'd power relieved, the path of evil he would haste to shun:—like me, degenerate vice he would abhor, and fly those regions, once delight's gay throne:—And though with self-upbrading shame oppress'd, on the sad retrospect of former days; his prayer to Heav'n, like mine, would still be this; that, though to mercy ev'ry claim be lost:—though he have tresspass'd 'gainst the shrine of faith; still, life's grand bliss he fondly hopes to share, in the enjoyment of that grace divine, which to affliction yields a grateful balm; and to past gifts those peerless treasures adds—a mind to relish and a heart to feel.

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

## A C T V.

SCENE I.—*The dusk of the evening—A Room in MILLER'S House.*

(*The scene discovers LOUISA sitting in a corner of the room in a disconsolate posture—After a long pause, MILLER enters with a lantern in his hand ; looks anxiously about the room, without perceiving his daughter ; then lays his hat on the table, and sets the lantern down.*)

*Miller.* What!—not here neither?—(*wringing his hands*) Good God ! I can no more—Each street I have traversed—At every door I have knocked ; but no one has beheld my child—(*a short pause*) Oh Heavenly Powers!—If this fond father's heart glow with too warm affection for this child, let me not know the doom I dread—Let me not live to feel this worst of human ills ; but, kindly snatch me from so dire a scene ; and in death's sleep end each corroding pang.

*Louisa.* (*In a plaintive voice*) Why mourns my father thus ?

*Miller.* (*Overjoyed.*) And can it be ?—It is—It is my own Louisa—But why thus all alone, and in the dark ?

*Louisa.* When thus I am wrapped in sullen night, with me doth all seem well ; for, to me sweetly congenial is the sable gloom.

*Miller.* Did I not know your mind's unsullied purity, I should think that guilt had prompted this sad lower ; for, what but minds, that are corrupt, thus shun the light ?

*Louisa.* Ah father !—here is your inference not nice enough—Oh ! for once, away with common notions, and prescribed ideas—Off from the beaten track ; and, with a clear acumen consider a female's mind—They call us soft and weak ;

poor even in thought, and timid in resolve—So indeed sometimes we are—But, when once the fibres of the mind are strung ; once roused the passions that awake the soul ; trust me, by the bold nerve of intellect is our sex as well marked as your's—Father, will you take charge of this letter !

*Miller.* To whom, Louisa ?

*Louisa.* Singular question indeed—To whom should it be but to Ferdinand, the spring of my every thought.

*Miller.* (*Alarmed*) Louisa, I am determined to open this letter ?

*Louisa.* Do as you will ; but you will learn nothing—Dark is the character, in which each line is traced—No eye, save that of love, can see the drift ; but passion's ken will find, that with emphatic meaning every word is fraught.

*Miller.* (*Reads.*) “ Ferdinand, thou art betrayed—By a villainy unparalleled, the ties, which so sweetly united our faith, are dissolved—A tremendous oath has fettered my tongue ; and thy father's listeners watch all around—Yet my beloved, if, like me, all fear thou deride ; and like me, with courage be armed, I know a third place, where weak is the force of an oath ; and where listeners will find no access—(*Miller pauses here, and looks Louisa earnestly in the face.*)

*Louisa.* Why that earnest look, father ?

*Miller.* (*Proceeding with the letter.*) “ With unshakeable firmness thou must wander though a long dark passage ; thou must pierce the black regions, where thou wilt find Louisa thy guide—Tenderness must pervade thy whole frame—The breath thou breathest, must be the very breath of love—Louisa the grand goal of desire—If thus inflexibly thy mind be nerved, haste away when the clock of the Carmelite

“ steeple strikes twelve—But if soul thou do  
“ lack ; and like a tame dastard do shudder and  
“ shrink, dash out the word courageous from  
“ thy sex ; for, a maiden overwhelms thee with  
“ shame.”

*Miller.* (*Looks at Louisa for some time very fixedly, then in a low trembling voice*) And this third place, Louisa ?

*Louisa.* Seek not to know it—It will be in vain ; Ferdinand will find it.

*Miller.* Name it, my child ; nor keep me longer in suspense.

*Louisa.* I know no soft and lovely name that suits it—O love ! hadst thou created titles, then what a name would this heavenly spot have had ?—This third place, my good father, is, (*looking at him pointedly*)—the grave.

*Miller.* (*Staggering to a chair*) Oh Heavens !

*Louisa.* Doth brightness terrify ; or doth beauty appal ?—Why so shocked ?—’Tis but the name that is so hideous—Away with little fears !—What is in a name ?—Do I not invite him to the sweet abode of peace ?—To the mansion of the blessed ?—Suppress this dread ; and keep in view the dazzling edifice of eternal bliss—Thither I bend my way—’Tis time to shift this dismal scene—High time to withdraw, when every moment we feel that we are scorned.

*Miller.* Then all my comfort is to learn, that suicide is your fixed intent—Oh God !—Suicide, that most tremendous of crimes !—Of which to repent, no space of time is allowed ; for the very moment of guilt is the period of life.

*Louisa.* (*Sitting on the chair near the table, and hiding her face with her hands.*) Merciful powers !

*Miller.* (*Warmly*) Oh Louisa !—If in that heart of yours, there still be room to feel for him, whom once you gave the name of parent—Oh !



mark my words—Low have you bowed me, my only one ; low ! low perhaps even to the grave !—Need I say, you are my all, the very idol of my soul—And will you tear yourself, my only blessing from me ; and leave me destitute of all that life esteems ?

*Louisa. (Kissing his hand with great emotion.)* Dear father, I quit this world your greatest debtor ; but in the life to come I will pay your fondness ten fold back.

*Miller. (Fixing her with his eye.)* Take heed, my child, that your reckoning be not false—(*proceeding in a solemn manner.*) Shall we there meet, Louisa ?—On that grand and solemn day, when the avenging hand of the most High will punish every act, repugnant to the law of faith—(*Louisa falls on her father's neck ; he continuing with great earnestness*) On that awful day, when the final doom of all must be according to the work achieved, vain will be the voice of supplication—vain a fond father's intercession—The Judge of mankind will hold the scale of equity ; and must be deaf to entreaty and prayer—(*With great feeling*) How then ?—Unhappy girl, how then ?

*Louisa. (Clinging around her father's neck)* Father, forbear—forebear.

*Miller.* Once more I warn you—Each faculty of thought collect—To follow your bier to the tomb would almost turn my brain ; but (*shuddering*) thus to see you rush into your Maker's presence—

*Louisa. (Stopping him, violently agitated)* Hold here for mercy's sake, my father.

*Miller. (Very warmly)* Call me not so—you are no more my child—and, to the weight of sins, wherewith you are oppressed, add that, of having drawn upon yourself—a father's curse. (*Rushing out of the room.*)

*Louisa. (Falling on her knee and stopping him)*

One moment stay—You must not leave me thus—  
What should I do to regain my father's love?

*Miller.* If the kisses and caresses of a lover more warmly animate you, than the tears, and sobs of a father——die.

*Louisa.* (*After a violent conflict*) I am—I am again your child—Oh! how weak is all, when weighed against a father's love and tenderness!—Ferdinand, thus I sacrifice thee; (*Tearing the letter*) and thus I seal a parent's peace and comfort.

*Miller.* Merciful Heaven!—Let this act be recorded on high—(*overjoyed falling on his knee*) Let this mark of elasticity of mind be stamped on the annals of truth—To each parent I turn to attest this bright deed, as now is instanced in my heaven-born child.

*Louisa.* Cease, father, cease—nor let me hear my nothings, thus extolled—My own heart's pleasure is sufficient praise—(*Hearing some one coming*) Quick let us away—I hear some one.

SCENE II.—*Enter FERDINAND.*

*Louisa.* (*Shrieking she throws herself on her father's neck*) Heavens!—'Tis he!—'Tis he!—I am lost.

*Miller.* Who?—Where?

*Louisa.* (*Her face turned from Ferdinand*) 'Tis he himself!—To murder me he is come!

*Miller.* (*Perceiving Ferdinand and starting back*) You here Major Faulkener?

*Ferdinand.* (*He slowly, approaches; then goes up to Louisa, and looks her sternly in the face—a short pause*) Mark the infallible declaration of conscience—Thanks for this surprise—The avowal is terrible, but clear; and happily saves the pain of further enquiry—Good evening, Miller.

*Miller.* What brings you hither Major?—Why

thus take us by surprise, when we so little thought of seeing you?

*Ferdinand.* I have known the time, when for my coming every minute of the day was told—when anxious longing hung on every hour; and when by fond desire the lazy-pacing clock was chidden—Then, Louisa, some one was wont to exclaim “With what heavy and retarding weight doth expectation load the wings of time!”—(*turning to Miller*) Whence, friend, this wondrous change?

*Miller.* Major, I pray you, go—Depart, if yet one spark of pity dwell within your breast—Before you entered my house, sweet was the meal of the day: No wish we could form was uncrowned: Uncloudy each morn and each eve: But, since the fatal day, when first you saw this hapless maid, misery has pierced the roof, which till then was the abode of content.

*Ferdinand.* Cheer up, cheer up, old friend—Tidings of joy I come to communicate—Hopes, substantial hopes, I come now to impart.

*Miller.* Major, mock not thus distress—Hopes to us?—Then from the very ashes of despair these hopes must spring—No—No—No---No——To us set is the bright planet of hope.

*Ferdinand.* Lady Milford, the most dreaded obstacle to our love, has just left the country—Nothing else is talked of—My father now consents to our union—Fortune at length is propitious to our wishes; and I come to claim my lovely bride.

*Miller.* (*To Louisa, who during this scene is seated by the table, her head sunk on her arm*) Regard him not, Louisa; nor let his insults add to your distress.

*Ferdinand.* You think I am in jest—By Heavens I am not—My heart is open as my speech—

There is Louisa's throne—What ! still the mien of chilling doubt?—Not yet the timid blush of joy upon those beauteous cheeks ?—Wonderful !—Falshood must indeed here be current coin, when sterling truth meets such distrust—Believe then here a written evidence of purity and truth (*Throwing before Louisa her letter to the Baron.*)

*Louisa.* (*Opens the letter and sinks down quite oppressed, as soon as she finds it to be that, written by her to the Baron.*)

*Miller.* (*Without observing Louisa, to Ferdinand*) What mean you by that letter, Major?—I do not understand you.

*Ferdinand.* (*Pointing to Louisa*) Ask her, old man !—Too well she has understood me.

*Miller.* (*Seeing Louisa pale*) Oh Heaven !—my child !

*Ferdinand.* Pale as death !—Never before did she so beauteous seem—With that death-like face, what charms till now unseen !—Conscience !—Conscience !—Thy voice how comprehensive !—Thy compunction how eloquent !—To my struck mind appears the grand effects of the last judgment's blast, that will from subtle falsehood's mien tear the very gloss, which in this miserable world so often cheats fair rectitude's aim ; preys on integrity's truth : and makes us wretched mortals bear woe's galling fetters ; till, at length, harassed by rubs, we buckle on misanthroph's garb ; lose all cordial confidence towards human kind ; are foes to all, and think all foes to us—Oh heavy, heavy doom !—Here (*Pointing to Louisa*) is that gloss removed—Here is her first true face—There I will plant a kiss—(*Going to kiss Louisa.*)

*Miller.* (*Stepping between him and Louisa*) Stand back ! young man !—Do not thus harrow up a father's heart—From your insidious caresses I could

not guard her ; but, from your insults, I can and will.

*Ferdinand.* Old man, you much mistake me—Each parental feeling of yours I consider and respect—But, be advised—take henceforth no part in a game, so clearly lost—My business now is not with you—'Tis with Louisa I must speak—*(Taking the letter out of Louisa's hand)* Say, wretched girl, is that letter thine?

*Miller.* *(Earnestly)* Daughter be firm—For Heaven's sake now be firm.

*Louisa.* Oh! my father, that letter——

*Ferdinand.* Which by chance fell into my hands—Chance do I call it?—Oh Providence!—Dark and intricate, but wisely ordained are all thy ways—When but a sparrow falls, thy goodness is exerted—Why not when a demon is unmasked? I will be answerable——Didst thou write that letter?

*Miller.* *(Aside, imploring her by signs)* Steady, dear girl—Steady—But a bare yes, and the conflict is past.

*Ferdinand.* What! The father too deceived?—Well! each is cheated in his turn—Look how my fair one trembles!--determined, but half afraid, longer the mask to wear—Swear by thy God, the symbol of truth—Didst thou write that letter?

*Louisa.* *(After a struggle, in which she and Miller converse by looks)* I did write that letter.

*Ferdinand.* *(Stands terrified)* Louisa--No--If my pulse beat, 'tis false--If I still move, and have my being, it is false--Thou dost avow this crime, like the poor innocent wretch, from whom, when stretched upon the infernal rack, confession is forced of guilt, which never stained his mind--I was too violent--Was I not, Louisa?--and that letter thou didst not write.

Louisa. It was indeed truth which I confessed.

Ferdinand. (*Warmly*) 'Twas not—'Twas not—I say—'twas not—It is not within possibility's capacious sphere, that now thou dost speak truth—So conscious am I of it, that I again do ask, if that damned scrawl was penned by thee or not—But, no—I ask it not—I ask it not—lest, peradventure, another yes, tremendous as the former was, should strike my astonished ear; and hurl me into misery's abyss, whence no exit I should ever know—(*short pause, during which he contemplates Louisa with admiration*) But yes—(*animated*) my whole stock of bliss I'll stake upon this angel's brow; for, it appears to me, as easily could I with these two hands the earth's big chaos grasp; as that a mind of such seraphick sweetness could thus beguile the cause of truth—(*turning to Louisa*) Louisa, free from all doubt, I ask thee—Didst thou write that letter?

Louisa. Then by the God of all—I did.

Ferdinand. (*Thunder-struck and falling against the scene*) Merciful Heavens!

(*Here it is left to the judgment of the actor, how to express the anguish, which this last declaration of Louisa occasions—Let the actor sufficiently weigh Ferdinand's present dreadful state of mind, and he will readily allow, that it would have been a gross violation of nature, to have made Ferdinand here roar out a long speech, indicative of the agony experienced; since it is a very prevalent opinion amongst those who know the human mind, that all violent emotions are not expressed by speech;—judicious looks, gesticulation properly adapted to the situation, denotes mental disquiet with far greater effect.—During this struggle of Ferdinand's, Louisa's eyes should be rivetted on him, watching him with all imaginable anxiety; and they ought to express the lively concern which she takes in his distress—On the other hand, Miller's whole manner should discover the distrust which he has of Louisa's firmness on this occasion; and he ought to be constantly endeavouring, though in vain, to avert her attention.*)



*Ferdinand.* One more request—(*with an almost totally exhausted voice*) It is the last—My head burns—Louisa ! will you make me a glass of lemonade ?

*Louisa.* This moment—(*With great feeling*)  
Only be composed ! (*Leaves the room.*)

SCENE III.—FERDINAND and MILLER. *As soon as Louisa leaves the room, Ferdinand walks up and down for some minutes, arms across, head sunk—At length Miller with the voice of pity says to him*

*Miller.* Dear Major, how from my heart I pity you !

*Ferdinand.* O!—away with pity, my good friend, if that be all the comfort you can give—(*Continuing to walk about*) Miller, at this moment I can scarcely tell, what brought me hither.

*Miller.* Surely, sir, you have not forgot, that you sometimes come here to learn to play upon the flute.

*Ferdinand.* True—True—I fondly thought, that, where the soft charms of music were known ; there the mind, by harmony attuned, turned on sincerity's pole and echoed to concord's mild sound—But, harsh have been the tones of our flute—(*Falling upon Miller's neck*) But, you are not to blame, old man!—The fault is not in you.

*Miller.* No—as I hope for mercy, it is not.

*Ferdinand.* (*Short pause—walking again up and down the room.*)

*Miller.* I cannot conceive, what thus detains Louisa—With your leave, Major, I'll see for the lemonade.

*Ferdinand.* No haste, good Miller—(*aside*) especially not for you, old man—What was I going to say ?—Oh—I recollect—Louisa is not your only child ?

*Miller.* She is my only child ; nor do I wish

for more—In her is centred all my joy, my sole delight—My girl just fills up all the room within her father's heart—(*weeping*) And whilst with her I am blessed, I shall always say, that I am, though poor, a very very happy man.

*Ferdinand.* (*Violently agitated*) Ha!—see for the drink good Miller.

SCENE IV.—FERDINAND *alone.*

His only child?—Oh heavens!—All his stock of happiness in this wide world?—Murderer! feelst thou that? Deprive a venerable poor old man of the last gleam of comfort!—Am I then grown so callous?—What! Dash the crutch, on which the cripple leaned, in pieces before his feet?—(*short pause*) And when with soft affection's throb he hurries home, eager in his Louisa's face to cast up the sum of all his joy—Good God! will he not find her lifeless on the bed of death?—Clay-cold each animated charm of loveliness and youth?—Have I a heart for that?—No—no—no—I will proceed no further in this plan—Here let me pause; and of this picture take a sad survey—(*another short pause*)—Soft! soft!—A ray of radiant light breaks forth—(*again fixed in thought*) Oh! I am shallow-minded, and lack the faculty and power to distinguish between the amiably and insidiously disposed; for, can she, whose corrupt mind can thus dwell on duplicity's wiles, thus doat on hypocrisy's arts, be formed to watch around an aged father's bed; and smooth the brow of care?—No—Impossible!—By the hand above, that heart was never framed to perform those tender offices of sweet filial piety, which could thus renounce the lovely dictates of tenderness; and thus vilely abuse passion's sacred and refined glow. Then why so timid?—Why shrink from

that which merit and not cruelty reflects ?—Who knows, what heart-rending pangs by this one act I may a father save ?—For one, whose nature thus clings to mischief and deceit, is capable of all—(*in thought for a moment*)—It is resolved !

SCENE V.—FERDINAND, MILLER and LOUISA.

*Louisa.* (*with a faltering voice, handing Ferdinand the glass of lemonade*) If it be not to your liking, Major Faulkener, you will be so good as to mention it.

*Ferdinand.* (*Takes the glass, sets it down, and goes up to Miller*) My good Miller, I had nearly forgotten something—Will you do me a favour ?

*Miller.* With the greatest pleasure, sir.

*Ferdinand.* I am at this hour expected at my father's to supper—But I am just now in such miserable spirits, that all company would be absolutely intolerable to me—Will you just step, and leave word that I am prevented joining the party ?

*Louisa.* Father, let me go—I shall soon be back.

*Miller.* No—No—I will go—'Tis dark, child.

*Ferdinand.* And besides, here is a letter directed to him—It came this evening enclosed in one to me—Will you take charge of it ; and deliver it to his private secretary ?

*Louisa.* (*Alarmed at the thought of being left alone with Ferdinand.*) But, father I could do this as well as you—Let me go, I pray.

*Miller.* You go, Louisa ?—At this time of the night ? and alone too ?—No—No—No—I shall return in a few minutes—(*goes.*)

*Ferdinand.* 'Tis quite dark, Louisa—You had better light your father—(*As soon as Louisa leaves the room with the candle, in order to light her father, he goes to the table, and puts poison into the lemonade*) By Heaven it is decreed !—She falls !—

The powers above give the terrible nod of assent—  
Her guardian angel sleeps—and vengeance is  
awake ! ! !

SCENE VI.—FERDINAND and LOUISA.

*(Louisa returns slowly with the light, sets it down, looking at Ferdinand with great fear and anxiety—Then she places herself at the harpsichord which is at one side of the room.)*

*(A long and expressive silence should precede this scene)*

Louisa. Major Faulkener, I wish that you would take your flute ; and we would play this lesson together.

Ferdinand. *(Fixed in thought, and gloomy, he makes no answer—pause.)*

Louisa. Or, at a game at chess, shall I take the revenge which you know, you owe me?—  
Shall we play ?

Ferdinand. *(As before, he makes no answer—another pause.)*

Louisa. But perhaps you would like better to retaliate upon me at your favourite game of Piquet—*(Ferdinand makes no answer.)* Major Faulkener, I have just finished drawing the pattern for the waistcoat, which I promised to embroider for you ; would you like to see it ?

Ferdinand. *(Head sunk and lost in thought, he makes no answer—pause.)*

Louisa. Oh !—I am very wretched.

Ferdinand. Art thou indeed ?—That may well be true.

Louisa. As I apprehended, Major Faulkener, we do not suit each other at this moment—We are wretched company one to another—I trembled, I confess, at the thought of our being left alone, when just now you sent my father away.

*Ferdinand.* (*With affected levity*) We mope too much to night, to be sure—Suppose we call in some of the neighbours; and of this tedious duet make a merry quintetto—Ay, by my honour, the cleverest thought, in a situation like ours—We will be sprightly, and laugh at dull care; and, by the help of some sons of gay mirth, we will try to revenge ourselves on all the silly high-flown reveries of passion and love.

*Louisa.* (*Looking at him with surprise*) Ferdinand Faulkener!

*Ferdinand.* (*Pursuing the strain of levity*) Nay! why not?—Thou, Louisa, must be the very first to say, that they are all mere fools, who constantly prate of never fading affection, and everlasting love—Eternal sameness palls—Variety, dear, dear variety only forms the soul of delight—(*Aside, finding himself unable to support this levity any longer*) Oh Heavens!—That word must be the very last—I can no longer thus dissemble.

*Louisa.* (*With feeling*) Oh Faulkener! Faulkener!—How it grieves me to see thee so wretched!

*Ferdinand.* I wretched?—Who has told thee so?—Woman!—Too fiend-like art thou to feel—How then of others the sensations weight?—So—So—She knew, how her medicine would operate; Death and perdition!—She knew all this; and yet could—Oh!—Oh!—Oh!—thus overwhelm me in agony's gulf—(*bitterly*) Serpent!—This avowal seals thy doom—Had I not heard that word, to thy folly's madness I should have imputed thy crime; and in the bosom of contempt have buried all my rage—But now—now—(*Striking his forehead*) So, when this imp's trick thou playedst, thou didst it not in vile imbecility's form, but in that of the very demon of malice and guile—(*He snatches the glass and drinks*) The lemonade is

tasteless—(*Sneering horridly and shaking*) Sadly flat—Taste it!

*Louisa.* Oh heaven's—Groundless were not my terrors for this scene.

*Ferdinand.* (*In a commanding manner*) Taste it!

*Louisa.* (*Takes the glass and drinks*)

*Ferdinand.* (*Turns away, with a sudden paleness, to the farthest corner of the room, as soon as she begins to drink.*)

*Louisa.* The lemonade is good.

*Ferdinand.* (*Shuddering with horror*) May good come of it then!

*Louisa.* Oh Faulkener?—Didst thou but know, how cruelly thou wrongst my heart.

*Ferdinand.* (*Looks at her, but makes no reply*)

*Louisa.* The time will come, Ferdinand.

*Ferdinand.* (*Looks again severely at her, but says nothing.*)

*Louisa.* Yes, Ferdinand, a time indeed will come, when thou wilt own, how cruelly hard is my lot.

*Ferdinand.* (*Walks about with increasing animation, becoming every moment more and more disturbed*) Good God!—(*Taking off his sword, and looking at it with great emotion*) Once my pride!—my glory—my delight—farewell—(*Throwing it away*) My steel alas! will shine no more!—My sinewy arm I shall no longer toss!—My country I can serve no more!

*Louisa.* My God!—what is the matter with you?

*Ferdinand.* Oh!—only a little too confined—Now I shall be more at ease.

*Louisa.* You had better drink a little more of the lemonade—That will cool you.

*Ferdinand.* That is true—The wench is kind—But that they all are.

*Louisa.* (*Throwing herself into his arms with*



*the utmost tenderness*) Do I live to hear this from my Ferdinand?

*Ferdinand. (Rejecting her embrace)* Away!—we have done with that—No more of thy insidious lures—None of those soft and melting looks—Thy languishing eye I now behold with antipathy—Serpent with the tongue of guile, thou mayst now, if thou wilt, dart on me thy deadly venom—Armed with grisly terror, thou mayst now try to destroy me by thy touch; but mark—now I am awake; and thy fell aim I can parry with might.

*Louisa.* That it should come to this!—*(Going up the stage.)*

*Ferdinand. (Looking after her with admiration)* And still what harmony of form!—What perfect symmetry!—All so divinely beauteous!—In every part the work of Heaven's most happy hour! Celestial powers! I do not murmur, nor rebel;—but in a clime so exquisite, why should the dire blast of infection be known?

*Louisa.* Am I doomed to hear this?—And yet to undeceive him I dare not attempt.

*Ferdinand.* And then that heavenly melody of voice, so in concord with that soft look of melancholy, which captivates the soul—Oh!—would not one have thought, that she was the very mirror of sweetness and love, reflecting at once all that the high hand of Providence could give, even when most disposed to bless?—What pity, that, when by the Creator's hand, that grand, noble, finishing touch was given, the framing heart and mind—Good God!—How in that moment erred thy mighty arm!

*Louisa. (Aside)* Rebellious youth!—Even at the throne of Heaven he dares to level his attack.

*Ferdinand.* (*Falling upon her neck*) Once again Louisa—Once again let me fold thee in these arms, as on that day, when in my heart dawned affection's first morn : When o'er thy lovely form, fixed and enraptured I hung : and from thy Ferdinand's breast the first sigh of love was revealed—(*animated*) Oh Louisa ! call to mind that bright hour, when first faltered my name on thy tongue ; and soft tenderness flowed from thy lips—Heavens !—How then throbbed my warm heart with content !—How glowed my fond mind with delight !—The very harvest of joy seemed at hand ; and attained the summit of bliss—But, now—here (*pointing to the heart*) rankles the dart of distress ;—here (*striking his forehead with anguish*) grows black misery's fang ; and horror is around me as light—Where'er I look, I behold destruction's fell fiend—Wheresoe'er I turn, I feel the harrowing gripe of that monster despair—(*in tears*) Oh Louisa ! Louisa ! Louisa !—why was I thus so cruelly deceived ?

*Louisa.* Faulkener ! Faulkener !—I stop not thy tears—Weep on—Weep on—Check not the kindly gush—To thy tears I am entitled, but not to thy wrath.

*Ferdinand.* Oh ! be not deceived—From the source of dejection these tears do not flow—Those are precious, to mine if compared—Not those pearly drops that start from the bright humid eye, when the heart with mild tenderness melts—Not the gush of affection's sweet spring ; nor the torrent of rapture's warm stream—Touched are then sensibility's chords ;—awake each fine nerve—The tear then is the symbol of comfort, not sorrow—But mine are like the sad maniac's groans, which only re-echo the first cause of his wildness and woe.

*Louisa.* Oh spare me Faulkener!—Spare my aching breast! Durst I but open these lips, thy ears I could stun with surprize:—But, by the decree of stern fate, my tongue is clogged with the bars of restraint; and, whilst there those fetters remain, discord must sever our hearts, and our minds can know no relief.

*Ferdinand.* What meanest thou by restraint? If now obligation's curs'd shackles thou feel, Oh! 'tis time to loosen them all—If even by oaths thou be bound, forget them now; for, at hand is the hour, which all human ties must dissolve—Oh Louisa, declare—this moment declare—How long has the Baron thy love?

*Louisa.* Ask what thou wilt, for ever are sealed my lips.

*Ferdinand.* (*Very pointedly*) For thy own sake I implore thee to say—Has the Baron thy love or esteem?

*Louisa.* (*Makes no answer—pause*)

*Ferdinand.* Oh Louisa! the sands of life are rapidly running away—Then do not tarry; but say, has the Baron thy love or regard?

*Louisa.* (*Makes no answer—pause*)

*Ferdinand.* Oh!—knew thou but all, with haste wouldst thou solve every doubt; and each flying moment thou would'st strive to keep back—(*in a low voice*) Louisa! Louisa! Short—Oh short is thy time here on earth.

*Louisa.* (*Looks at him fearfully, but says nothing—pause.*)

*Ferdinand.* (*In great agitation*) Well then in thunder thus—Speak—How long has the Baron thy love?—(*falling on one knee, and grasping her hand eagerly; then with great emotion*) Louisa! Before this taper burn out, thou wilt be—no more.

*Louisa.* (*Terrified*) Gracious God!—What is all this? (*sinking down again upon the chair*) and now I am feeble and faint.

*Ferdinand.* What !—Already ?—Mysterious indeed ?—Those very nerves, unmoved, when the base act of guilt was performed—unshaken, when the comfort of man was at stake, by a poor grain of arsenic are fully destroyed.

*Louisa.* Ha ! Poison ! Poison !——Oh Heavenly Powers !

*Ferdinand.* Yes Louisa, when that drink thou didst taste, at that moment thou signedst death's bond.

*Louisa.* Is it indeed so ?—Death ?—Death !—Immediate death !—Father of mercy !—disregard me not.

*Ferdinand.* (*Looks at her with all imaginable anxiety.*)

*Louisa.* (*Growing weaker and weaker*) Oh my poor father !—Ferdinand can nothing save me ?—I speak for my father's sake.

*Ferdinand.* Nothing can save thee, Louisa——But be at peace—I shall close my eyes with thee—Hence we depart together.

*Louisa.* Ha !—Thou too Ferdinand ?—Poison from thee ?—Oh God of goodness !—On him turn thy meek eye of forgiveness.

*Ferdinand.* Look to thy own account, Louisa—That way I dread to think.

*Louisa.* Ferdinand, Ferdinand—I can no longer be silent——I am now about to tell thee something which will almost petrify thee.

*Ferdinand.* (*With great avidity*) Ha !—Speak !——Speak !

*Louisa.* Death annuls every oath ; therefore, now, though too late, I will tell thee a truth, which, if sooner divulged, might have saved and preserved us both.

*Ferdinand.* What do I hear ?—Impossible !

*Louisa.* The whole earth contains not a wretch so miserable as thou art ; for——innocent I die.

*Ferdinand.* (*Thunderstruck*) What!—What!  
—Recollect thyself—Declare the truth, even  
awful though it be—and swear—

*Louisa.* By what?

*Ferdinand.* (*Eagerly*) By what is dearest to thy  
parting soul.

*Louisa.* Then let me swear by our first kiss of  
love, affection's balmy pledge—By that I swear,  
that, since that hour, when first by tender con-  
cord and assent we sealed our mutual vows, I ne-  
ver have been false to my Faulkener, innocence,  
or truth—And what imports that letter, which thus  
fatally destroys us both—(*feeling the poison*) Oh!  
What shoots through all my veins? Ferdinand,  
now I may speak—Alas! that letter.

*Ferdinand.* Ha!--that letter!—I charge thee  
—Speak, I do conjure thee, speak!

*Louisa.* (*Speaking with difficulty, from extreme  
weakness*) Oh! dearest Ferdinand, that letter—  
Call up all thy mind to hear a dreadful tale—that  
letter—Oh!--that fatal letter was wrung from me  
by thy father—What my hand wrote, my heart  
abhorred.

*Ferdinand.* (*Clasping his hands towards Heaven,  
and all at once falling prostrate on the ground*) Oh  
inhuman father!

*Louisa.* (*In agony*) Oh!--now the poison works  
—Ferdinand, forgive—'twas—all—by—  
force—(*Ferdinand supports her*) Thy—Louisa  
—would—have—preferred—even—death  
—But—'twas—from—prison—to—  
release—my—father—also—I—cannot  
—tell—thee—all—(*sinking more and more.*)

*Ferdinand.* Heaven of my heart!—Quit me  
not thus.

*Louisa.* My—head—turns—round—  
All—is—dark—Blessings—on—thee  
—my—dearest—Ferdinand!—Oh Hea-



ven !——Mercy !——Oh !——Oh !——Oh !——  
(*dies*)

*Ferdinand.* (*Sinking down by the body*) Angel of Heaven !——fly me not thus——Nor leave me to madness a prey !

*President.* (*Without*) Is my son here ?——Where can I find my son ?

SCENE the last.

*Enter* PRESIDENT.

*President.* (*Ferdinand's letter in his hand.*) What can this mean, my son ?——I hope not——

*Ferdinand.* 'Tis now too late to hope——Murderer ! see your work——(*pointing to the body of Louisa*) Gaze on her, who is alas !——no more——She was my sweet Louisa——See you that mild angelic face ? It was——the mirror of truth——There fix your looks——How lovely is she, even in death !——Attempered to the ties of tenderness was her mind——Yet my father has deprived her of life——(*in agony*) Ha !——'Tis well——I feel the potent draught.

*President.* My son !——my son !——Is there no remedy ?

*Ferdinand.* None——None——You have cast the fatal die——She sleeps alas ! to wake no more !

*President.* (*Trying to take Ferdinand's hand*) Your hand, good Ferdinand.

*Ferdinand.* (*Refuses giving his father his hand, shaking his head.*)

*President* Who so miserable as I am ?

*Miller.* (*Behind the scenes.*) Louisa ! Louisa ! my child ! my child !

*Enter* MILLER.

*Miller.* Where are you my girl ?——Louisa, where are you ? They talk of poison——poison is the cry——(*seeing Louisa dead, he shrieks out*)



Who has done this !—My only one, speak !—*(receiving no answer, he takes her hand)* What !—lifeless ?——Gracious Powers !——Major !——explain.

*Ferdinand.* *(Pointing to the President.)* Look to my father for Louisa's life——He tore her from me——He could not bear to see the angel live.

*Miller.* *(Falls on one side of Louisa's body, Ferdinand being on the other, whence he does not move during the remaining part of the scene.)*

*Ferdinand.* *(With a faint voice)* I come Louisa——soon we shall be again united——No power, or time will part us then, soon we shall meet in those brighter regions, where no shaft of malice can ever reach us——*(in agony, and in broken accents)* Ha !—cruel poison !——'Tis the last struggle.

*President.* My dear Ferdinand !——Can you forgive your wretched father ?

*Ferdinand.* My moments are but short——*(voice more and more exhausted)* Why should I disturb your future days, by withholding my forgiveness ?——Take it——*(holding his father his hand)* And so may Heaven have mercy upon me !—Ah Sir !—How glorious the certainty, that, with this my act of reconciliation, the past could be obliterated from your memory !——But, alas ! I fear 'tis otherwise ordained ; and that, in some future day, the idea of her *(pointing to Louisa's corpse)* mournful image will obstruct all peace—Before your steps her faded form will glide ; Her dying moan, alas ! will strike your conscious ear——*(in agony)* Oh !—Oh ! my bursting heart !

*President.* *(Eagerly kissing Ferdinand's hand)* Oh ! my son, my son !——A curse on my ambitious views—A curse upon my former unkindness.

*Ferdinand.* Think not of it——*(sinking)* Oh !—Oh !—Oh !—If possible—Bright be your remaining days and Heaven grant, that you may happily

close life's finishing scene!—But my father—  
(*pointing to Miller*)—forget—not—that—broken  
hearted man——You have—robbed—him—of—  
his—all——He—is—old—and—poor——Need—I  
—say—more?—Oh!—Oh!—Oh!—That—pang  
is the last—Louisa—I—come—Oh!—(dies)

*President.* (*Kneeling down by the dead body of his son.*)

(*The curtain falls to slow music.*)

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.















